

The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS**

MARCH 1984 £1.20

Edward Lucie-Smith

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES

Nigel Sitwell

THE THREAT OF ACID RAIN

John Beatty

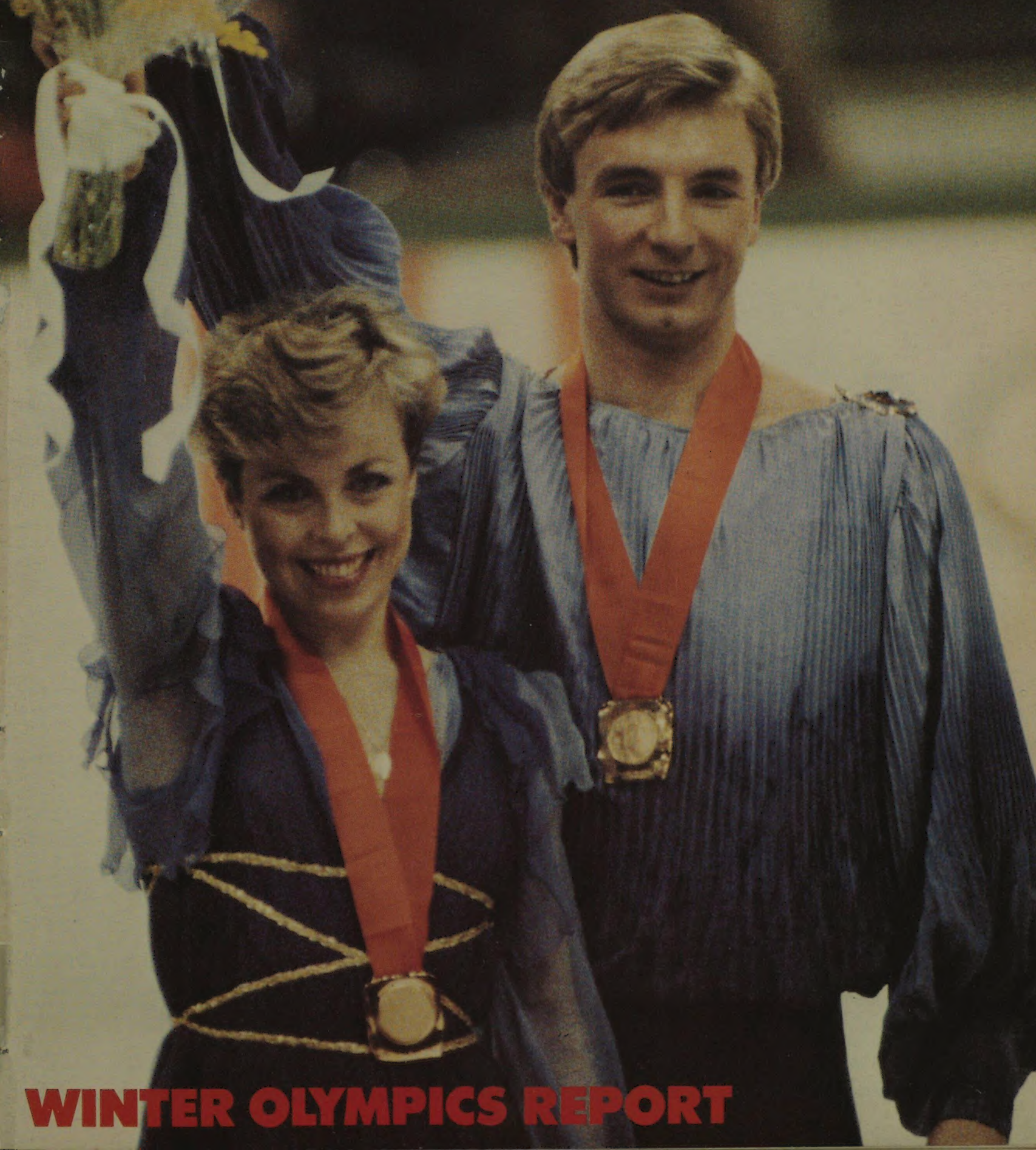
IN NANSEN'S FOOTSTEPS

Roger Berthoud

ENCOUNTER WITH STEFAN LORANT

The Counties:

SIR KENNETH LEWIS'S RUTLAND



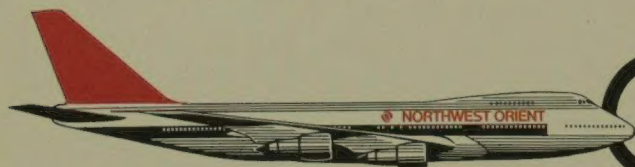
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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

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PROPERTY

Gracing Putney Heath

by Ursula Robertshaw

Putney Heath, with Hampstead Heath, has long been one of the most favoured of London suburbs for those seeking a degree of rural charm coupled with easy access to the metropolis. The Heath, which adjoins Wimbledon Common, has itself an area of about 400 acres—ample for gambolling even the largest dog. It abounds with history, from stories of highwaymen and footpads to memories of the famous old bowling green and of the mansion named after it where William Pitt died, or tales of famous duels fought in its glades.

The latest Putney development, on the very verge of the Heath, can only enhance the district's name for good buildings. It comprises a contiguous series of cobbled squares surrounded by Regency-style three-storey houses, ultimately to number 70. It is entered via an elegant wrought iron gate guarded by a gate-house and overhung by the lime tree which gives the estate its name: Lynden Gate. Mature trees and statues and period street lamps add to the feeling that the whole thing has been there for years. But in fact Lynden Gate is a new creation, built on the site of the Scio Hospital for veterans of the First World War.

The cream-painted houses are in small terraces and are uniform in aspect, each with a sub-basement and a pillared entrance up a small flight of stairs. Each has its own garage, behind, where you might once have expected stables to be. The houses vary in size between two- and three-bedroomed—or even a fourth bedroom is possible, for the room designated as dining room on the ground floor may be so used: there is a cloakroom and shower

adjacent, so this would be quite practical. In this case the delightful morning room in the sub-basement, which leads off into the garden, would be used for formal dining, and the spacious kitchen area for informal meals.

For those who prefer to retain the ground-floor dining room there is a dumb waiter installed, connecting directly with the kitchen below. The kitchen, and the utility room adjoining, are attractive and superbly equipped: two electric ovens, gas hob with extractor, dishwasher, refrigerator and washing machine are all provided. The built-in furniture is by Siematic, in either brown or blue with grey-white.

Throughout the keynote is elegance: in the graceful sweep of natural wood in the hall with its pretty balustraded stairs; in the high ceilings with their moulded cornices and central lighting bosses; in the Adam-style fireplace—for a real fire—in the drawing room. Discreet comfort is just as important. The houses have the very latest in insulation, conserving the central heating provided by a gas-fired boiler. The two bathrooms are luxuriously fitted. Both have shower as well as bath and the one attached to the master bedroom has a double basin and bidet, too; while taps and so on are of polished brass.

Maintenance of exteriors of the houses and of the grounds is undertaken by the Lynden Gate Resident Company at a charge of about £750 a year. Prices of the houses range between £155,000 and £175,000. Sixteen will be ready for occupancy in May and there are already show houses to see. The Lynden Gate sales office may be contacted on 01-789 5818 between 10am and 4pm. They have produced one of the most alluring brochures I have ever seen on these houses. Yet it does not do them justice ●



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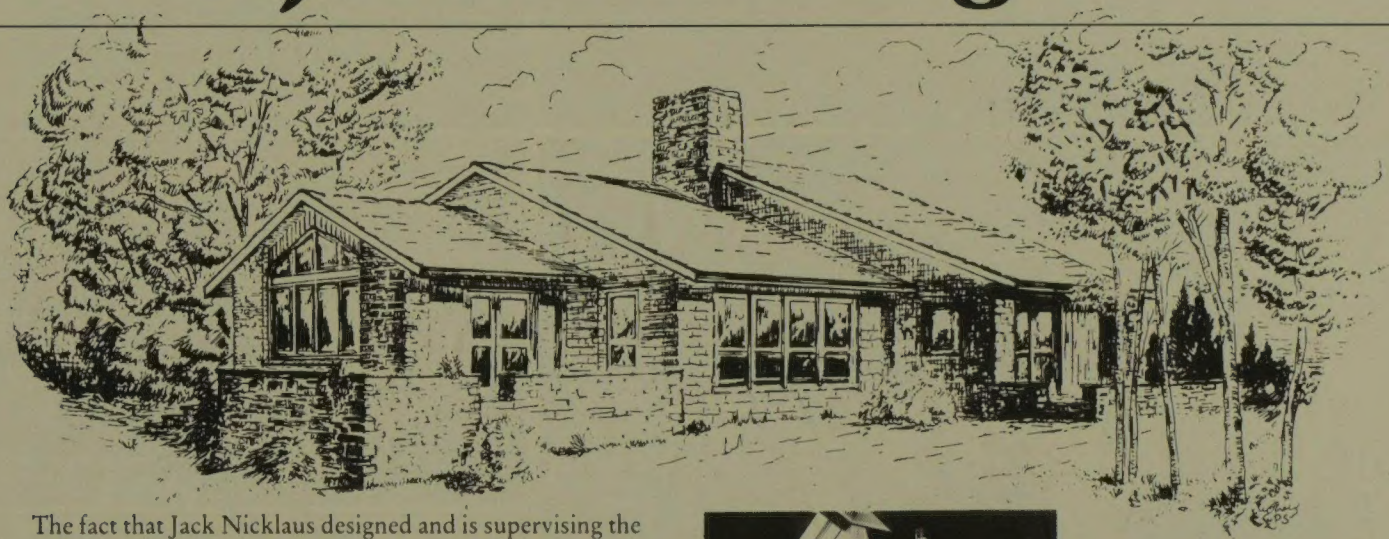
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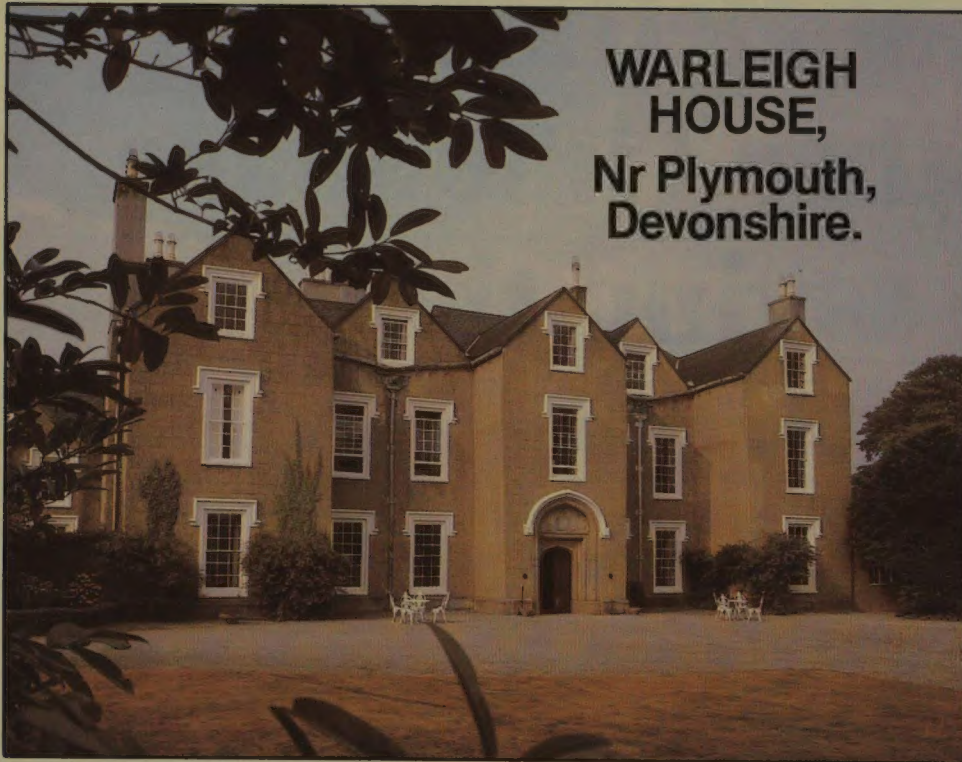
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Putting away the megaphones



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It was Lord Carrington who coined the phrase "megaphone diplomacy" to describe the aggressive verbal posturing that has characterized East-West relations during recent years, and though he removed the words from his prepared speech when he delivered it the phrase was vivid and accurate enough to stick. People tend to shout when they get excited, anxious or afraid, and no doubt the fear of both sides that the other had gained or was gaining some military advantage raised the volume of the politicians' voices and dimmed the prospect of serious or effective negotiations. The introduction late last year of the cruise and Pershing missiles to Europe brought the arms limitation talks to an abrupt end, but also stopped the shouting and brought a much needed pause for thought. Since then the decision of President Reagan to seek re-election for a second term in the United States and the death of Yuri Andropov in the Soviet Union, followed by the naming of Konstantin Chernenko as his successor, have given the kaleidoscope another shake and have perhaps provided an opportunity for a new and more constructive dialogue between East and West, conducted without megaphones.

Certainly that was the message and the hope conveyed by the western leaders who went to Moscow for the funeral of Mr Andropov on February 14. Both George Bush, the

American Vice-President, and Margaret Thatcher, the British Prime Minister, each of whom had a private meeting with Mr Chernenko after the funeral, expressed their concern that relations should be improved. Mrs Thatcher urged the Russians to return to the nuclear arms control talks in Geneva, but was also at pains to emphasize that it was not just in arms talks that progress was needed. The West was looking for improved relations on a broad front, as she had indicated during her visit to Hungary earlier in the month.

It is too early yet to judge how the Russians will respond to these very clear signals. The appointment of Mr Chernenko looked like expediency and compromise. But old men are often tenacious of power when they get it, and as an experienced *apparatchik* Mr Chernenko will know how to operate the levers to maintain his position as long as his own determination and health hold out, even though a longer-term power struggle may go on underneath him. Mr Chernenko told Mr Bush that he agreed about the need to put the East-West relationship on a more constructive path, but in his first public announcements he made it clear that Russia would not permit "the military equilibrium" to be upset.

In Washington it was cautiously assumed that the change in leadership would not prompt any immediate change in Soviet poli-

cies, although Mr Reagan has recently been concentrating on his desire to negotiate. "There is no better time than now," he has said, and he believes this to be so because the combination of his earlier rhetoric and concentration on building up American defence will have convinced the Russians of the West's determination to negotiate not out of weakness but from strength. "The United States is safer, stronger and more secure in 1984 than before," Mr Reagan said in his State of the Union address this year. "We can now move with confidence to seize the opportunities for peace."

It is also, of course, an election year in the USA, and the cynical will note the electoral advantages that might accrue to a President who could during his campaign make significant progress towards the reduction of current East-West tensions. But there is more to it than simple electioneering. America's allies have been pressing for a new approach, and there is renewed confidence in Washington over the current balance of power. Mr Reagan has demonstrated clearly enough during his first years of office his anti-communism and his determination not to lower his guard. There now seems little to lose and much to gain from a serious attempt to renew negotiation with Russia. A display of such *realpolitik* could even offer a prospect of real peace.

Monday, January 16

A 4 per cent increase in the Civil List payments to the royal family was announced which it was believed would "just be adequate to maintain existing standards".

Tuesday, January 17

Representatives of 35 nations met in Stockholm for the Conference on Disarmament in Europe.

The BBC withdrew its print order for London editions of the *Radio Times* from Robert Maxwell's British Printing and Communications Corporation after losing 32 million copies as a result of industrial action by the print union Sogat 82. The union was acting in defiance of a High Court order to end its action.

Wednesday, January 18

The President of the American University, the political scientist Malcolm Kerr, 52, was shot dead in the university by members of Islamic Jihad, a pro-Iranian terrorist group which had kidnapped the Saudi Arabian consul in Beirut the previous day.

British Aerospace and Ferranti announced 1,800 redundancies between them at plants in the north-west of England.

At least 83 miners died in a fire in the Mitsu Mi-ike pit on the island of Kyushu, Japan.

Friday, January 20

Armed raiders stole jewelry worth about £1 million from Christie's auction rooms in St James's, London, where the £2.5 million Gould collection of jewelry was on display.

Prices in Britain rose by 4.6 per cent in 1983, the lowest annual increase since 1967.

More than 100 casualties were reported in three days of riots in Morocco as people protested at rising prices of basic foodstuffs.

In Lebanon there was renewed shelling by Druze artillery of the Christian eastern sector of Beirut.

The 7th Earl of Warwick died in Rome aged 72.

Saturday, January 21

Britain conceded in principle that China would have sovereignty over Hong Kong and would control its administration after 1997 when the lease on the colony runs out. After that date the people of Hong Kong would no longer have British protection.

Members of Yorkshire Cricket Club voted to reverse the committee's decision to sack Geoffrey Boycott, the 43-year-old former England opening batsman. On January 23 the committee resigned *en bloc*.

Sunday, January 22

Left-wing Peter Heathfield was elected general secretary of the National Union of Mineworkers, narrowly defeating the challenge of John Walsh who was campaigning on a ticket of "negotiation, not confrontation" and calling for a ballot on the 12-week overtime ban.

Eleven people died and thousands were stranded during a weekend of blizzards and gales in Scotland. The bitter weather later spread south as far as the Midlands bringing chaos and blocked roads.

A British accountant, Eric Walsh, and three Swiss businessmen were shot dead in two separate incidents by unidentified gunmen near Kampala, Uganda.

Monday, January 23

The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries warned North Sea fishermen to report catches made in the area of the Dogger Bank where 80 barrels of the highly poisonous weedkiller Dinoseb had been lost overboard from a Danish ship on January 13.

The 3,000 ton Liberian registered cargo ship *Radiant Med* sank in storms

off the Channel Islands with the loss of 17 men. Nine of the crew were rescued.

Tuesday, January 24

Responding to President Reagan's call for a resumption of arms negotiations and a better working relationship, the Soviet leader Yuri Andropov declared that dialogue with the United States could only be achieved "on an equal footing" and that he rejected what he called the President's use of "power diplomacy".

Britain's largest ship repair yard, Tyne Shiprepair, was bought by a private group headed by the yard's former finance director. The yard made a trading loss of £6.1 million in 1983 and £7.7 million in 1982.

Most of London's 1,100 schools were closed and government services disrupted as thousands of staff demonstrated against the Government's plans to abolish the Greater London Council and the Inner London Education Authority.

Wednesday, January 25

The Government announced that staff employed at Government Communications Headquarters at Cheltenham would no longer be allowed to belong to a trade union. This was said to be for fear that union activities might lead to breaches of security or disruption of work of crucial national importance. Members would receive a payment of £1,000 each for loss of union rights, or the option of moving to other jobs, or taking early retirement. The following day at least 148 offices throughout the country were affected by Civil Servants' protests and token strikes.

British Shipbuilders announced the closure of three yards—Clelands Shipbuilders on the Tyne, Goole Shipbuilders on Humberside, and Henry Robb on the Firth of Forth—and the loss of a further 1,872 jobs in the next two months.

Friday, January 27

After an apology from the general secretary the assets of the National Graphical Association, seized in December, 1983 under a High Court order over the illegal picketing of the Messenger Group of Newspapers, were returned to the union, but fines and costs of £625,000 were not reduced.

Production of *The Times* and *The Sunday Times* was stopped in a dispute with the print union Sogat 82 over an appointment in the picture library. Management dismissed 750 union

members. The papers resumed publication on February 4 following agreement between the two sides.

Sir Joshua Hassan was re-elected Chief Minister of Gibraltar with a majority of one. The trade union-backed Socialist party more than doubled its support.

Saturday, January 28

Oleg Bilov, a leading Russian editor, was granted asylum in Britain.

Sunday, January 29

President Reagan announced his decision to stand for a second term of office.

About 30 people including women and children were massacred at the village of Muduuma, near Kampala, Uganda, on the eve of the installation of the country's new archbishop, the Most Reverend Yona Okoth.

France halved the number of ports and border posts allowed to check imports of meat from Britain and other EEC countries because of foot and mouth disease and swine fever.

Monday, January 30

Nissan decided to go ahead with plans to build a car plant in Britain, but the operation would be on a smaller scale than was planned three years ago.

Tuesday, January 31

A government White Paper proposed parliamentary election deposits should be increased from £150 to £1,000, and that British holidaymakers and Britons abroad should have the right to vote.

Two Royal Ulster Constabulary men were killed by a remotely detonated land-mine near Forkhill, south Armagh, bringing to 197 the number of RUC personnel killed since 1969.

Wednesday, February 1

The Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that the 1p coin would be phased out by the end of the year.

The print union Sogat 82 was fined £10,000 for contempt of a High Court order to lift its blacking of London editions of the *Radio Times*. The union's executive decided not to pay the fine; it had voted to end the blacking less than an hour before the case was heard.

Norway expelled nine Russian diplomats and trade delegates for espionage activities.

Thursday, February 2

Britain's jobless figure rose in January by 120,300 to 3,199,678.

Sites for Britain's first six freeports—at Prestwick, Liverpool, Birmingham, Cardiff, Southampton and Belfast—were announced. It was hoped they

would be operational within six months.

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher arrived in Hungary for a two-day tour. It was her first visit to a Warsaw Pact country.

Beirut was hit by the heaviest shelling for some months, and at least 40 people were killed in street fighting over three days. On February 5 the entire Lebanese Cabinet resigned, and on the next day, after fierce fighting and an intense barrage, Muslim troops seized large portions of west Beirut. Among many casualties, one French soldier was killed and two French and one American soldier were injured.

Friday, February 3

The Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to the Ulster Defence Regiment's headquarters in Armagh as Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards, to meet that regiment's officers and men. The Eire government's formal protest over the visit, because eight UDR men had been charged with sectarian crimes, was rejected by the Foreign Office.

At least 109 people were killed following cyclones and floods which raged across South Africa, Mozambique and Swaziland. An entire village of about 3,000 people also disappeared in South Mozambique. The fate of the villagers is unknown.

Saturday, February 4

The £60 million communications satellite Westar 6 went missing after being launched from the space shuttle Challenger. It was later located in the wrong orbit. A second, Indonesian, satellite was launched and lost, and a large balloon designed for tracking manoeuvres exploded.

Sunday, February 5

The body of a senior Indian diplomat, Ravindra Hareshwa Mhatre, kidnapped on February 3, was found shot at a farm at Hinckley, Leicestershire. The Kashmir Liberation Army claimed responsibility.

The Duke of Beaufort, founder of the Badminton Horse Trials, died aged 83.

Monday, February 6

A dusk to dawn curfew was imposed over part of Matabeleland in an anti-insurgent operation in the Zimbabwe province.

French farmers again blockaded British meat at Le Havre, Cherbourg, Calais and Boulogne in defiance of President Mitterrand.

Lord Byers, Liberal leader in the

House of Lords, died aged 68.

Tuesday, February 7

As Lebanon lurched into civil war President Reagan announced that the 1,600 American Marines forming part of the peacekeeping force in Beirut would be transferred to ships off the Lebanese coast. A few hours later the withdrawal of British forces there was also announced. More than 40 US embassy personnel were evacuated from the capital as a storm of shelling hit the city, killing about 100 people. Muslim units of the Lebanese army were defecting *en masse* to the Shia and Druze militias. On February 9 the US Navy claimed that Syria's commander in Lebanon and a large number of his staff had been killed in a bombardment from the US battleship *New Jersey*. On February 10 evacuation of British and American civilians began as the refugees were airlifted by helicopter to Cyprus.

A £33 million programme of repairs to the Severn bridge, which would take five to six years, was announced, together with a two-year study into the possibility of a second crossing of the river—either a tunnel or another bridge.

Captain Bruce McCandless, 46, became the first human being to enter space without a safety line. He made his historic space walk from the shuttle Challenger, 165 miles above the Earth and travelling at 17,400 mph.

Robert Maxwell, the publisher, made a take-over bid for Manchester United football club by buying out the club chairman's 51 per cent holding.

Wednesday, February 8

The Yugoslav President, Mika Spiljak, opened the XIVth Winter Olympics at Sarajevo.

Trafalgar House reached conditional agreement to buy the loss-making Scott Lithgow yard from British Shipbuilders. The 2,000 workers walked out in protest because of job losses that would ensue.

A gunman shot and fatally wounded the United Arab Emirates' Ambassador to France, Khilifa Ahmed Abdel Aziz Al-Mubarak, outside his home in Paris.

The Soviet Union launched a spacecraft, Soyuz T10, with a crew of three men to link up with the Salyut 7 orbiting station and to carry out scientific, technical, medical and biological experiments.

Thursday, February 9

Esso cut the price of four-star petrol by 3½p a gallon. Other leading companies shortly followed suit.

Harold Macmillan was granted an earldom to mark his 90th birthday.

Miners' leaders decided to tighten up the 14-week overtime ban by calling on transport unions to blockade the import of foreign coal.

Avalanches in Austria and Switzerland killed at least 22 people.

Mary Skeaping, the ballet dancer, teacher and producer, died aged 81.

President Yuri Andropov of the Soviet Union died after 15 months in office aged 69. He was succeeded by Konstantin Chernenko, 72.

Friday, February 10

In Britain prices in the shops fell by 0.1 per cent in January, the first reduction for 14 years.

Sunday, February 12

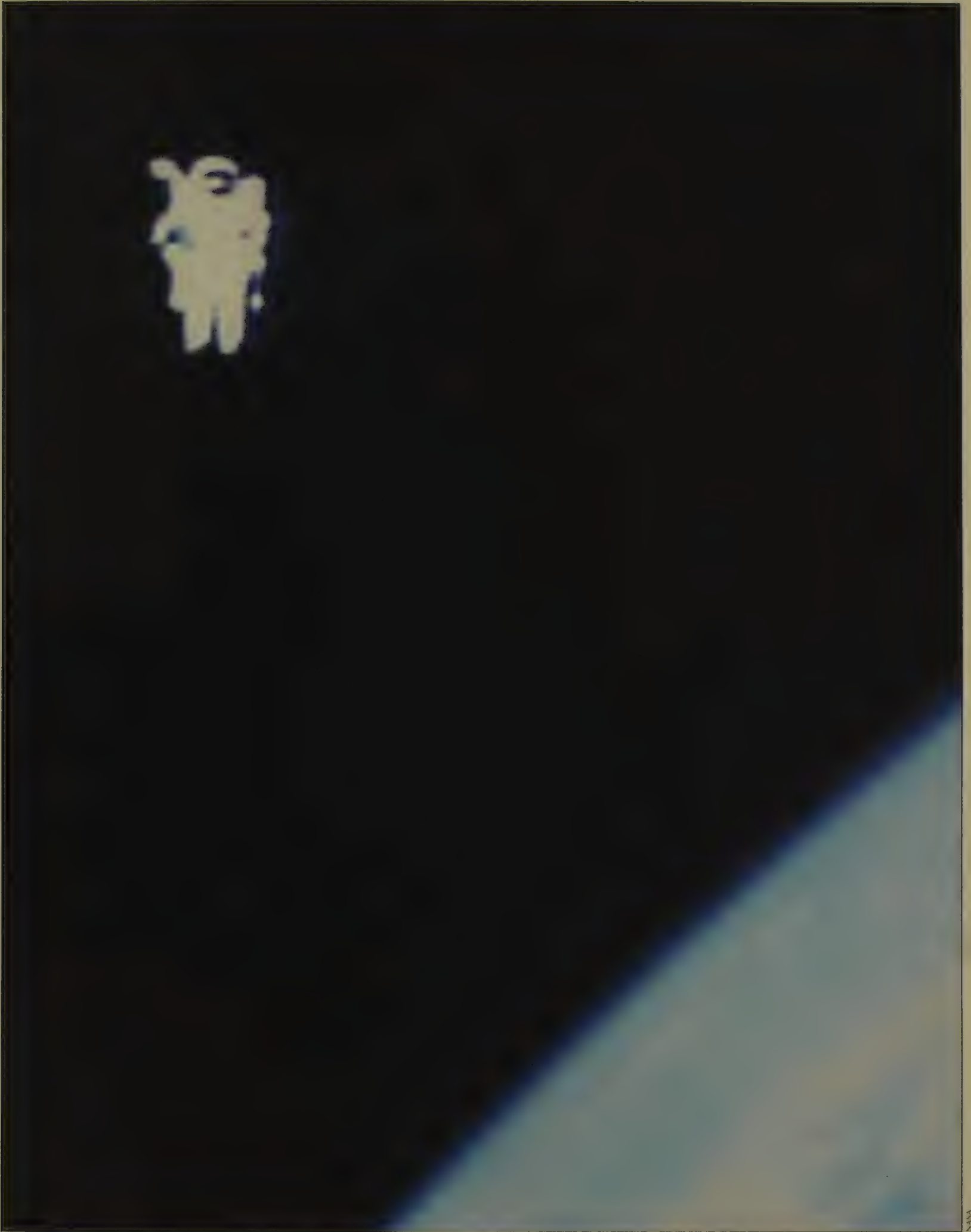
More than 60 people were injured, three seriously, when a floor collapsed above an empty shop which was being used for a party attended by about 200 young people at East Ham, east London.

Saxonspring Hackensack, a Lhasa Apso, was chosen Supreme Champion at Crufts.

Tom Keating, the artist, died aged 66.



The body of President Andropov lying in state in the Hall of Columns in Moscow, guarded by a Red Army soldier.



Alone in space: Captain Bruce McCandless became the first astronaut to walk in space without a safety line during the 10th flight of the space shuttle Challenger. Using the jet power of a hand-controlled backpack, McCandless manoeuvred up to 300 feet from the shuttle while they both orbited the Earth at a speed of 17,400 mph.

Winter Olympics: 1,590 competitors from 49 countries took part in the XIVth Winter Olympic Games in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, which opened on February 8. Heavy snow and winds forced the postponement of several outdoor events, including the men's and women's downhill skiing, eventually won by Bill Johnson of the US and 17-year-old Michela Figini of Switzerland. Among East Germany's successes were Karin Enke's golds in the 1,500 and 1,000 metre speed-skating. Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean gave Britain its one gold medal of the games.



REX FEATURES



ALLSPORT/LEAVE JONES



ALLSPORT/LEAVE JONES



ALLSPORT/LEAVE JONES

Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean took the gold medal for ice dancing in emphatic style, achieving three maximum sixes—the first ever in Olympic competition—in the compulsory dances, top left, four more sixes for the original set pattern paso doble, top right, and 12 sixes for the free dance including nine for artistic impression, opposite. The runners-up were Natalia Bestemianova and Andrei Bukin, and Marina Klimova and Sergei Ponomarenko, both pairs from the Soviet Union, right.

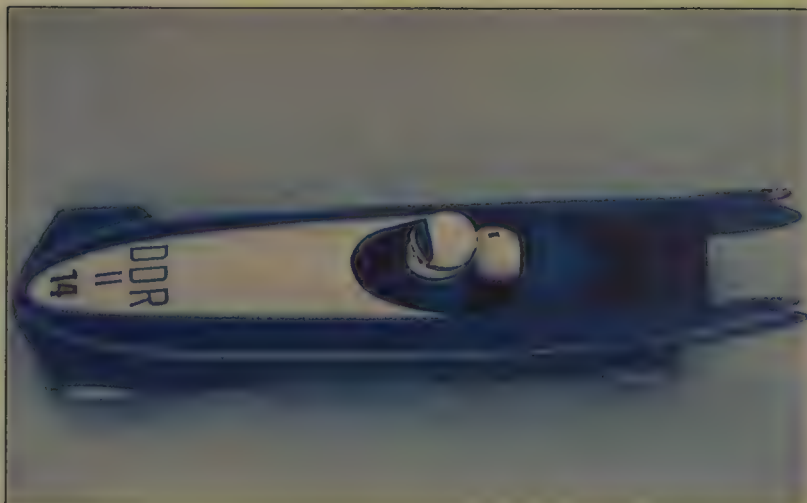
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60

ALLSPORT TREY JONES





REX FEATURES



ALLSPORT



ALLSPORT

Speed skater Karin Enke of East Germany, above left, won gold medals in the 1,500m and 1,000m races, silver in the 3,000m and the 500m sprint. Gold for the two-man bobs went to Wolfgang Hoppe and Dietmar Schauerhammer, East Germany, top. Michela Figini, Switzerland, above right, won the women's downhill.



ALLSPORT



REX FEATURES



ALLSPORT

Peter Angerer of West Germany, above left, won the 20km biathlon gold medal; Nikolai Zimiatov of the Soviet Union, above centre, took the gold medal for the 30km cross-country skiing; and the men's giant slalom was won by Max Julen of Switzerland, above right, by a margin of 0.23 seconds.



ALLSPORT

Debbie Armstrong, 20, of the United States, took the gold medal for the women's giant slalom on Mount Jahorina. She had never won an international race before. The better-fancied Christine Cooper and Tamara McKinney, also from the United States, came second and fourth and Perrine Pelen of France won the bronze medal.



ALLSPORT

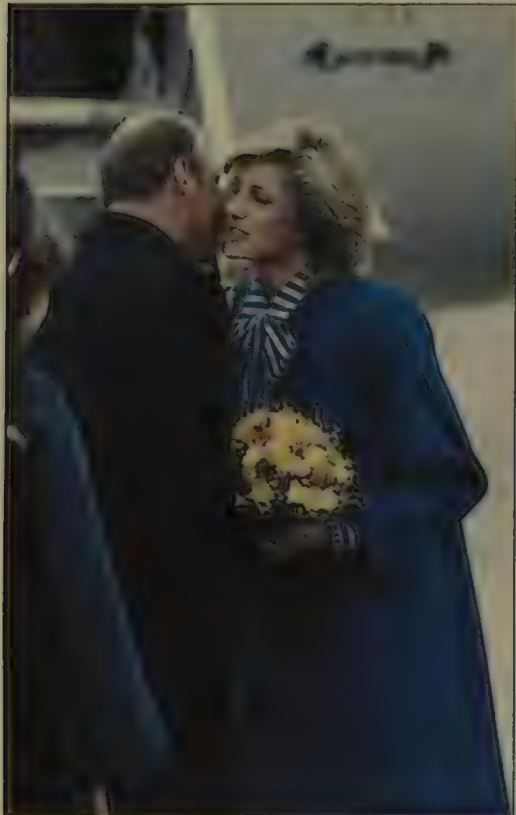


REX FEATURES

Tom Sandberg of Norway won the gold medal in the Nordic combination event, which combined 70m ski-jumping, above left, with 15km cross-country skiing. Bill Johnson, above right, of the US came first in the men's downhill ski race. Peter Mueller of Switzerland and Anton Steiner of Austria were second and third.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Royal expectations: The Princess of Wales is expecting her second baby in late September. Just before the announcement she visited Oslo alone to attend, as patron of the London City Ballet, its Norwegian premiere of *Carmen*. Afterwards she met the dancers backstage, right. On arrival at Oslo airport, below, she was greeted by her host, Crown Prince Harald.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM GRAHAM



Princess Diana greeted by children in the frozen grounds of the British Embassy, where she planted a spruce tree.



CAMERA PRESS

Portrait of a princess: The latest painting of the Princess of Wales, left, is by June Mendoza, bottom, the only woman member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. It was commissioned by the Worshipful Company of Grocers, and the Princess attended its unveiling at Grocers' Hall, below. June Mendoza has already painted the Prince of Wales as Colonel-in-Chief of the Parachute Regiment, below centre.



REN FEATURES



CAMERA PRESS



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The car is the new BMW 728i Special Equipment. Much of the special equipment on board is there to make it a safer business car, coming from A to B. Especially when

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When roads are slippery, for example, you'll find the electronic, anti-lock braking system very reassuring.

Known as ABS, the system lets you slam on the brakes in an emergency without fear of launching your car into an uncontrollable skid. Even on a road like an ice rink.

In tests, cars fitted with ABS stopped safely up to 40% quicker than those without.

ABS is a feature that's also shared by the other two cars in the Special Equipment range: the 732i and the 735i.

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An on-board computer monitors,

among other things, the temperature outside the car. If it reaches the temperature at which black ice forms, it sounds a warning bell.

All of which is not to say, however, that a BMW Special Equipment 7 Series is just a foul weather friend.

When the sun is out, you can let it in at the touch of a button with the electric sun

roof. When it turns humid, the automatic air conditioning in the 735i will keep you cool and relaxed.

And all year round, all three cars provide a sense of financial well being, thanks to the frugality of their advanced, automatic gearbox. It has an overdrive fourth gear that actually makes it more fuel-efficient than a manual.

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Bridging the centuries

by Sir Arthur Bryant

In the January issue of *The Illustrated London News* there appeared illustrations of the most recent Commonwealth tour by the Queen, as significant I believe as anything depicted in the whole of the magazine's existence. They show, as no words alone could do, two things. One is the way in which the Commonwealth nations, building on ways of life, institutions, influences and ideas which this country in its imperial days gave them, have retained so many of the best of them. The other is the way the Queen, when Parliament gave up political responsibility for the many countries of the former Empire, as the sole constitutional link left between its multiracial nation members, assumed as its titular Head the continuing responsibility of offering them sympathy, understanding, encouragement and example.

In this, bridging 1,000 years, she is following the example of her remote ancestor, Alfred of Wessex, the founder of the hereditary Christian monarchy of this country, and transmitting the great tradition which she has inherited from him.

Of him and this tradition, I have written in my *History of Britain and the British People*:

"Underlying all Alfred's work was the depth of his Christian faith. He reminded his subjects that while Christ had come into the world to fulfil the Law, he had bade men be merciful and gentle and do unto others as they would be done by. It was this deeply sincere attempt to model both his life and reign on his Master's that made Alfred's achievement so unforgettable and enduring. He not only saved a Christian state by his exertions—and its people by his example—but made it worth saving. His legacy to his country and the world was his conception of what a Christian on the throne should be.

"Because of this his work—and kingdom—endured. Having saved Wessex, and with it the English nation, he made no attempt to conquer others. He did not, like Charlemagne, massacre his prisoners or extend his rule by terror like the Greek emperor who sent 15,000 blinded Bulgars back to their heathen land to prove the might of civilization. He did as he would be done by. He defeated enemies, not made them. The suzerainty he won outside his own borders was not imposed by the sword but by character and example. Such generosity to less fortunate neighbours made Alfred arbiter of all western England to the Dee. Even the Welsh, who had warred incessantly against his Saxon race, acknowledged his gentle, unenforced supremacy. So did the Danes he had defeated and who made their homes in eastern England.

"He left to those who came after him a free land recovering from its wounds, and an ideal of Kingship that was not of vain-glory but of Christian service."

As head of the Commonwealth the Queen never seems to put a foot wrong. Utterly unpretentious and unassuming she performs thereby the greatest possible service to her far-flung subjects, and to us. It is a service which, in a very different age and circumstances her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, also performed, with love and understanding for her far subject peoples.

What is so deeply impressive is the way the Queen is able to evoke in the Commonwealth countries she visits the memory of all that was best in our association with them. The tour of Bangladesh and India recalled, as nothing else could have done, the association of two peoples, very different from one another yet linked by British and Indian history for two centuries in a common Raj and under a common crown of which, now that that Raj has ended, a binding, and not dividing, memory remains.

These four pages of record in the

January issue epitomized our romantic link with the vast Indian peninsula. In Bangladesh, accompanied by President Chowdhury, the Queen is seen being saluted by a detachment of Bengal Lancers in their historic red, white and blue, whose lovely horses and waving pennants recall for me boyish dreams back in far Edwardian London. Then—in imagination a Bengal Lancer designate—I used to listen spellbound to the stories of my father's bearded chief and colleague, General Sir Dighton Probyn, founder of Probyn's Horse, who had fought through the Mutiny and had known Hodson of Hodson's Horse and John Nicholson and other dead heroes.

In these pages we see our gentle and smiling Queen visiting the Save the Children Fund's Malnutrition Unit in Bangladesh, receiving a marigold from an equally smiling and delighted patient and later on her way to the presidential palace in Dhaka.

Earlier, frontiers which were crossed in the Queen's binding presence and that of the romantic history she enshrines scarcely seemed frontiers at all as, against a background of decorated

and bemedalled, turbaned and scarlet-coated presidential guards, our ambassadorial sovereign and Head of the Commonwealth talked with a smiling Indian Prime Minister, Mrs Gandhi. And then, in complete contrast to that scene of two great women, one regal, one political, in conversation, the royal visit passed, first to the Red Fort at Delhi and afterwards to St Thomas's Girls' School.

But the crowning moment of the royal tour of India came at the presidential palace in Delhi when the Queen presented to a perhaps even greater, and adopted, daughter of India—Mother Teresa, founder of the Missionaries of Charity and saint of the Calcutta slums—the insignia of honorary membership of the hereditary Crown's rarest-given and most honoured personal decoration, the Order of Merit. The picture on the cover of the January issue depicting that meeting, and of those two beaming and trusting faces—Queen and saint, manifesting honour and delight in giving and matching pleasure in receiving—is unequalled in its significance by any other I can recall in the *ILN*.

100 years ago



After two disastrous defeats by the Mahdi of Egyptian troops under British command in Kashgil and Tokar, the British government abandoned its policy of non-intervention in the Sudan. A British force was rapidly concentrated in Suakin on the Red Sea and the first advance was on Tokar. The camel artillery's battery of 7lb guns, illustrated in the *ILN* of March 29, 1884, was the first to open fire at the recapture of El Teb, where the Mahdi's men had routed the initial march on Tokar.

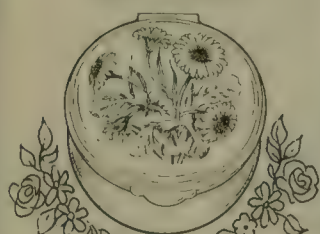


A GIFT OF FLOWERS - THAT LAST

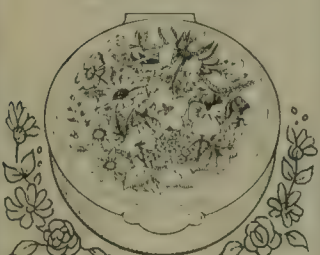
Since enamel boxes were first made in Georgian England over 200 years ago, the popularity and simple charm of floral decoration has never waned. The boxes illustrated here are examples from the wide range of enamels in the Crummles collection which are painted entirely by hand over a single transfer print in the traditional manner of the 18th Century.



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Encounter with Stefan Lorant

by Roger Berthoud



It took just under four hours in a Bonanza-line bus from New York to reach Lenox, a small town of white clapboard houses nestling in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts due west from Boston. Stefan Lorant was waiting in the biting wind on the pavement, a bulky, rather untidy figure looking much less than his 82 years, voice still redolent of his native Hungary as he greeted me, manner still full of central European warmth.

For many people over 40, Lorant is a pioneer of modern photo-journalism. Arriving in London from Hungary in 1934, he founded three soon-to-be famous magazines: *Weekly Illustrated*, the pocket magazine *Lilliput*, and *Picture Post*, whose photo-reportage achieved a uniquely wide appeal. In July, 1940, he left Britain for the USA, where he disappeared from British view and turned his back on journalism to write 10 successful books on American history. Thrice married, he now lives with two teen-aged sons a few miles from Lenox, and is working on a four volume autobiography, each part potentially self-contained, covering his careers in Hungary, Nazi Germany, England and the USA.

The British volume will, valuably, give a rather different account of the early days of *Picture Post* from that advanced in *Of This Our Time* (Hutchinson), the early memoirs of Sir Tom Hopkinson, Lorant's deputy and successor as editor of *Picture Post*. In that very readable volume and in earlier articles, Sir Tom portrayed Lorant, slightly patronizingly, as an inspired



but chaotic genius who slunk out of wartime Britain. The truth, as I learnt during two fascinating days at Lorant's book-lined old farmhouse set in 60 rolling acres, is a great deal more complex. For a start, Lorant has an excellent memory and some 50 filing cabinets documenting his life and work, including memos and letters from *Picture Post* days. A better-organized man I have rarely met.

Born and raised in Budapest, where his father and grandfather were journalists, Lorant left Hungary not long before the (Fascist) Horthy régime took over shortly after the First World War. Heading for Germany, he first found employment as a violinist in a silent-movie house on the Czech border. From there he proceeded in spring 1920 to Berlin. It was the time of the first attempted anti-democratic

putsch by the nationalists. Lorant was hit in the face by a nationalist soldier who heard his foreign accent, and moved on to Vienna.

There he secured a job as a stills photographer with a film company. Soon graduating to first cameraman, he made eight films and also learnt German. Returning to Berlin after two years he progressively switched from films to journalism, became assistant editor of *Das Magazin*, the first modern magazine in Germany; then founding editor of the Ufa film company magazine; and eventually Berlin editor of the weekly *Münchener Illustrierte Presse*. He moved to Munich to become its chief editor in 1931, keeping his Berlin office.

"I thought it was where I would



Far left, Stefan Lorant: now writing his story of *Picture Post's* early days, and of why he left England. Centre, three magazines on which he left his unique imprint; and, above, with John F. Kennedy on holiday in Jamaica in 1957.

die," he recalled. "I loved it, and the magazine's circulation went from almost nothing to 750,000." It became the forerunner of *Life*, *Paris-Match* and indeed of *Picture Post* itself.

On March 14, 1933, five days after Hitler came to power, all the chief editors of the *Münchener Illustrierte* group's publications were put into "protective custody" in prison. "I never saw a judge—no charge was brought against me." Lorant not only kept a diary of his imprisonment, part of which was in solitary confinement, but learnt 50 words of English a day from the Langenscheidt Dictionary: he was determined to get back to England, which he had visited for a week in 1931 when Chancellor Brüning went to seek help for the cause of democracy.

Lorant emerged from prison after six and a half months. "The Hungarian government made a deal that the Nazis would let me out providing I went back to Hungary. So I went to Budapest, and within 24 hours became editor of the Sunday supplement of a Hungarian newspaper, *Pesti Napló* (Budapest Diary). That was really the first modern illustrated paper—I corrected all the mistakes I had made in Munich and thought about in prison." He showed me a copy. Even by today's standards, the display of photographs by such brilliant compatriots as Brassai

and Kertész was bold.

At the same time he wrote, in German, an account of his imprisonment called *I was Hitler's Prisoner*. In search of a publisher for this, he came first to Paris and then, on April 17, 1934, to London. Allen Lane, then at the Bodley Head, told him the reader's verdict—"this book will interest only half a dozen people who know the author". It was published the following year by Gollancz, serialized by the *Sunday Express*, and eventually Allen Lane made it a Penguin Special, selling almost half a million copies.

Meanwhile, as a consequence of a dinner party introduction to Philip Emanuel, then advertising director of Odhams Press, Lorant was asked how he would revive the group's flagging, left-leaning political weekly, *Clarion*. The remarkably rapid upshot of the dummy he swiftly produced was *Weekly Illustrated*, a new picture magazine edited by Lorant and incorporating *Clarion*. In 22 issues he raised its circulation to 295,000 (Lorant checked the figure in his files). But when the management refused to put adequate funds into staffing or promoting the magazine, he left at the end of 1934, and spent the next two years freelancing for Fleet Street newspapers, especially the *News Chronicle*.

While skiing in the Tyrol with a friend, Alison Blair, he came across

and was impressed by a small-format American magazine called *Coronet*. That inspired the birth in June, 1937, of *Lilliput*, a very individual monthly pocket magazine bearing contributions from the likes of Upton Sinclair, Walter Lippmann, Liam O'Flaherty, Sacha Guitry and Stephen Leacock (all contributed to the first issue). Its juxtaposed photographs were particularly popular: Chamberlain and a llama echoed each other tellingly.

Three months later Lorant was introduced to the young Edward Hulton, son of the publisher Sir Edward Hulton. Hulton fils was starting his own publishing house, bought *Lilliput* from Lorant's Pocket Publications, and accepted Lorant's proposal that they should start up a new illustrated weekly. And so after much travail *Picture Post* was born. The first issue, on October 1, 1938, coincided with the Munich débâcle.

Lorant felt that the spread of small Leica and Ermanox cameras had completely changed the picture-magazine business. "You could take pictures without people knowing, and show life as it was. I also learnt from *The Illustrated London News*. But that was published for the upper classes, and I thought: I will show the world how a charwoman works, the day of an unemployed worker, and also how the big institutions function, which ordinary people didn't know much about. So we had big documentary pieces about the Church, the Law, the Navy, the Press and so on. Everybody kept them. Then in the centre there was a four-page colour section showing the history of British painting."

Leafing through Lorant's bound volumes of those heady early numbers. I was struck by this gently pedagogic streak, which extended to photo essays on themes like how an operation is performed, how a car is built and (catering for male tastes) "backstage at a fashion show". Lorant's brilliant layout treatments of photographs, often taken by the same cameramen he had used in Munich and Budapest, generated a sort of cumulative lyrical rhythm.

Hopkinson makes much in his memoirs of the last-minute nature of Lorant's working methods. "He doesn't realize that I was composing it in my head, almost as if the magazine was a symphony," Lorant complained. "By that stage I had after all been a magazine editor for a decade!" One can sympathize with Hopkinson: with *Picture Post's* print order nudging towards 1,750,000 copies a week, the pressures for early copy and layouts must have been heavy, and no doubt Lorant could seem irascible and unduly perfectionist. Yet reading his account through Lorant's eyes, I could see why Lorant felt demeaned by it.

After Britain declared war in September, 1939, Lorant seems to have been torn by conflicting emotions. He had experienced Nazi methods himself. Hitler could well invade England. Yet he tried to become a naturalized Briton. This privilege was denied the

editor of *Picture Post* who had supported Churchill and campaigned against the Nazis. When his car and bicycle were confiscated, he repaired to the Savoy Hotel, whence he reported to Bow Street police station to have his Alien's Certificate of Registration stamped, queuing up "as if I was a whore. It was terrible."

He had been to the USA in late 1939 to prepare a special issue of the magazine on Britain's potential ally, a mission encouraged by Churchill and discussed with Joseph Kennedy, US ambassador in London. So he still had a visitor's visa, and sailed from Liverpool on July 20, 1940, for New York. "I didn't leave for ever—I thought I would get my naturalization and come back."

Despite offers of work in New York, he decided to shun metropolitan delights and settle in a large, rented house not far from his present New England home. His first thought was to learn more of American history. Having admired Lincoln's speeches, and having a pictorial approach, he procured every available picture of the great man. A friend saw them spread out on the floor and suggested a book. The result: a pictorial biography of Lincoln which sold over 250,000 copies and which he has since reworked and expanded. It still sells some 10,000 copies a year.

Next came *The New World*, a study of American Indians as observed in the late 16th century by, among others, an English artist, John White, many of whose watercolours had never been published. If his books on Theodore and F. D. Roosevelt owed something to the Lincoln precedent, that could not be said of *Pittsburgh: the story of an American City*. Initially ridiculed as a project by big publishers, it has sold 125,000 copies since 1964. Using some of his old skills, Lorant commissioned many excellent photographs, and took a number himself. The old verve also animates his last book, *Sieg Heil! An illustrated History of Germany from Bismarck to Hitler*. It is odd that this brilliantly vivid book has not been published in Britain.

Those of his books which he has revised since 1975, like *The Glorious Burden*, a history of American presidential elections, Lorant has published himself under the imprint Authors Edition Inc: he finds most publishers inefficient, unimaginative and gutless. Larger orders are dispatched from the printer's warehouse, smaller ones from his home—popped in a jiffy bag and taken to the local post office. Naturally it gives him more per copy than the author's usual 10-15 per cent royalty, as well as the pleasure of being completely in control of the product.

Now he is in the toils of his autobiography. He wants to complete the English volume first, and has done several drafts. Contemplating what he likes to call his six lives—in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Germany, England and the USA—he offers as a sort of caption, or epitaph, the words "I dared".

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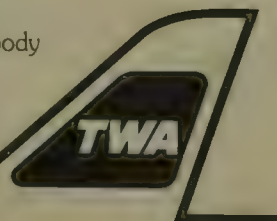
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Combating acid rain

by Nigel Sitwell

March 84

German forests die. Scandinavian lakes and Scottish lochs lose all their fish. Yet industrialized man, source of the deadly pollution, shrinks from taking the drastic corrective action needed.



REX FEATURES

For 2,500 years six graceful marble maidens supported the southern portico of the Erechtheion on the Acropolis in Athens. But since 1977 their place has been taken by six fibreglass replicas, after it was found that the originals were turning into soft gypsum.

While the Acropolis was disintegrating, a range of other worrying symptoms were becoming evident across broad areas of Europe and North America. Forests began to die as the normal soil nutrients were washed away and replaced by a lethal cocktail of toxic metals. In various places crop yields declined. And in many lakes fish were suffocating as their gills became clogged with aluminium hydroxide.

The cause of all these disparate symptoms is the phenomenon that is now widely known as acid rain. It is an insidious form of pollution that few people are directly aware of, for you cannot normally see it, nor can you measure it except with specialized equipment. Yet its effects are real enough to cause mounting concern among politicians and scientists in most industrialized countries.

Acid rain itself is caused by sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxides that are discharged into the air when coal or oil

In Britain power stations account for about two-thirds of all sulphur dioxide and for nearly half of the nitrogen oxides emitted into the atmosphere.

is burnt. Some of these gases react chemically in the atmosphere and are transformed into sulphuric or nitric acid, which eventually fall to earth as acid rain—but not just rain, for acid snow, fog, mist and dew are also known. The rest of the material falls back to earth as dry particles of sulphur and nitrogen oxides which can be just as harmful as the wet form. In fact the two occur in approximately equal amounts. In Britain, however, more of the dry form falls in southern England, while in the north and in Scotland the wet form predominates.

It will already be clear that, descriptive though it is, the term "acid rain" is not accurate. Scientists prefer to speak of "acid deposition", or "wet deposition" and "dry deposition". There are some who consider the phrase "acid rain" to be too emotive. But this might be a good thing, because there is nothing like a bit of public emotion for concentrating official minds on the need to solve problems. Whatever the scientists may prefer, the public will continue to know this particular problem as acid rain.

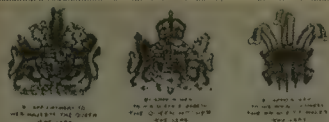
Where does all this acid rain come from? As you might expect, it comes largely from power stations, which in Britain account for about two-thirds of all sulphur dioxide and nearly half the nitrogen oxides emitted. Other large industrial and commercial users of coal and oil, such as factories, smelters and oil refineries, account for most of the rest. A comparatively small but important amount of nitrogen oxides (17 per cent of the total) is produced by motor vehicles.

Something like 60 million tonnes of sulphur dioxide are produced in Europe every year. Of this huge total Britain accounts for some 4 million tonnes, more than any other western European country, though West Germany is not far behind. You might expect Britain to be suffering more than other countries, but we do not appear to be, and one reason is that the pollutants can be transported very great distances before falling to earth. Carried at around 3,000-4,000 feet, acid rain may remain airborne for several days and travel hundreds, even thousands, of miles before coming

down. Thanks to the prevailing winds, much of the sulphur dioxide emitted in Britain—some say two-thirds—is carried eastwards. Tall chimney stacks also help remove the pollutants from the immediate area.

The international transport of sulphur dioxide is very complicated. It is generally recognized that southern Scandinavia's acid rain mostly originates elsewhere: a lot of it in Britain, but some also in other parts of Europe, notably West Germany. The Netherlands is badly affected by German emissions, while West Germany itself receives acid depositions originating in East Germany and Czechoslovakia. There is considerable movement in various directions throughout Europe, so no one country can possibly solve its own problems without concerted action by all.

Most important are the effects of acid rain, which are varied, complex and still rather imperfectly understood. However, enough is known to draw some general conclusions. Both soil and water chemistry can be significantly altered by acid rain. It can change the rate of litter decomposition and nitrogen fixation and affect the numbers of soil invertebrates. ➤➤



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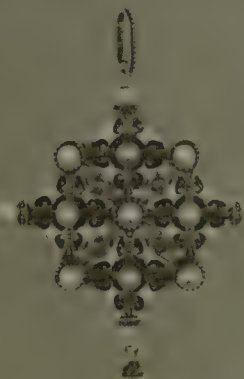
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Combating acid rain

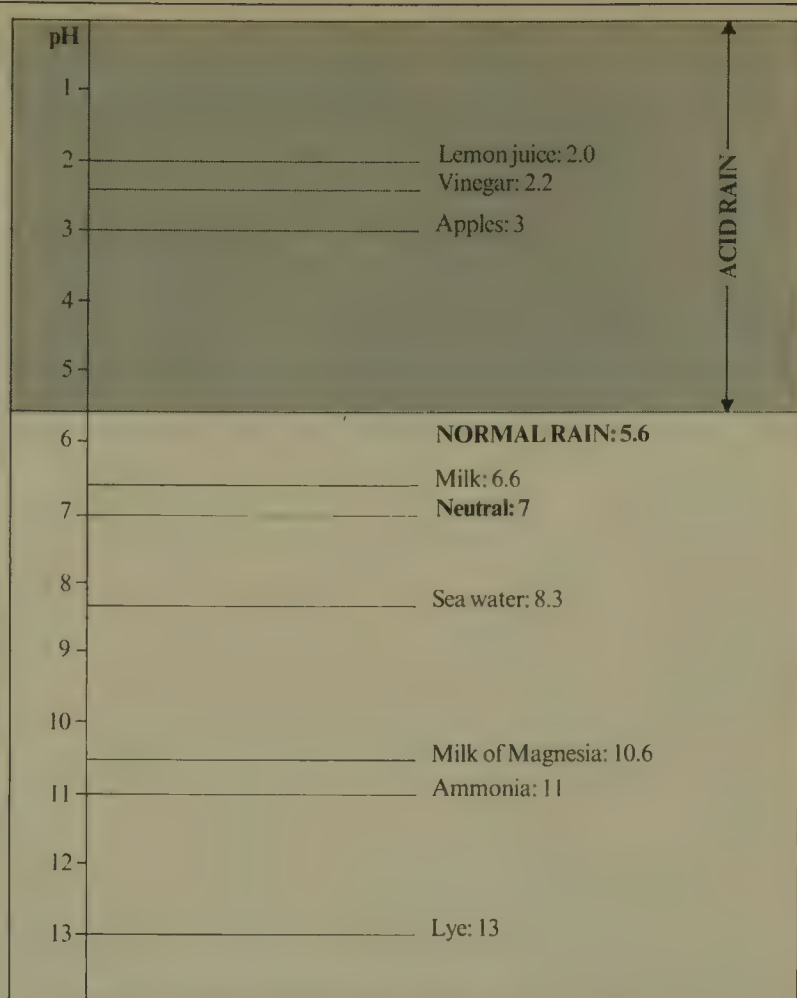
Reductions in earthworm populations and bacteria have been noted, as well as increases in undesirable fungal colonies. As soil becomes more acid, toxic metals and essential nutrients are leached out. Aluminium, in particular, which is present naturally in large amounts in most soils, can be very harmful. One effect of excess aluminium is to inhibit the growth of plant roots. It is possible that vast areas of sensitive soils may be gradually declining in fertility. If their productivity fails altogether, it could be difficult to reverse.

When lakes and other bodies of water become more acid the effects are felt at all levels in the food chain, from plants to plankton and invertebrate animals, up to fish. The water becomes deceptively clear. Soft-bodied animals such as snails, leeches and flatworms disappear, together with some insects and aquatic plants. Fish are affected in different ways. Calcium depletion leads to bone malformations (there are reports from Canada of humpbacked and dwarf fish). Then, as we have seen, aluminium clogs their gills: some have been seen to sneeze in an attempt to clear their gills. Acidity also hits fish more directly by interfering with their reproductive cycles. Some do not breed at all, while others may lay eggs that produce deformed young or which suffer high mortality. Amphibians are also affected, as are small songbirds that live along lake margins and feed on insects contaminated with toxic metals leached out of the soil.

Some 18,000 of Sweden's 85,000 lakes are now affected by acidification, and many more in southern Norway. Less research has been done in Britain, but some lochs in the Galloway area of south-west Scotland are known to be affected, and Lochs Enoch and Fleet are said to have lost all their fish. Some of the larger Lake District lakes, including Buttermere, Ennerdale and Thirlmere, are now at risk. Relatively high levels of acidity have also been reported quite regularly in the Solway area. Dr David Kinsman of the Freshwater Biological Association says that only a small change in acidity could result in considerable biological changes. This would first affect creatures like small crustacea, daphnia, zooplankton and insects that spend at least part of their lives in the water. He points out that changes in this section of the food chain would inevitably affect fish and birds.

The environmental organization Friends of the Earth, who are currently campaigning to stop acid rain, point out that these areas have been studied, and increasing acidification has been found; if other areas are studied, the chances are that acidification may be found to be much more widespread.

Some of the most dramatic effects have been observed in the forests of central Europe. In West Germany it is



How acid is acid rain?

Acidity is measured on the pH scale, with a value of 7 being neutral, such as distilled water. Values above 7 indicate greater alkalinity, values below 7 greater acidity. As the scale is logarithmic, a drop of pH from 7 to 6 means a tenfold increase in acidity and a drop from 7 to 5 means acidity is 100 times greater. Normal rain has a pH of around 5.6. A storm at Pitlochry in 1974 brought rain with a pH of 2.4, or nearly as acid as vinegar. In 1978 rain fell on Wheeling, West Virginia, with a value of 2.0, which is not far off battery acid. In lakes the danger level begins at around 5.5, while below about 4.5 the normal equilibrium is destroyed.

estimated that 34 per cent of the forest area, about 2.5 million hectares, are now affected. These figures were given in an official report dated November, 1983. Forests in Austria and the Vosges Mountains of France are also suffering, but the problem may be particularly acute in Switzerland where protective belts of trees above alpine villages guard them from avalanches, landslides and floods. The Swiss estimate that 78 per cent of their acid rain originates in other countries.

The effect of increasing acidity on conifer forests is complex and by no means fully understood, but is probably caused both by the direct action of dry deposition on the foliage and also changes in the soil. Crops, too, are affected, both directly on the leaves and indirectly through the soil. Friends of the Earth say that Scottish farmers may lose £25 million a year through the effect on crop yields.

Not all areas are equally affected by acid rain. Rich soils and limestone rocks are naturally more alkaline and thus have a buffer against the increased acidity of the rainfall. But thin, poor soils and areas characterized by rocks

such as granite are more susceptible.

It is hard to quantify the corrosive effect of sulphur compounds on buildings and building materials, but it is certain that they do have an effect. Limestone, sandstone, marble and similar materials seem especially vulnerable. Besides the Acropolis, many other architectural treasures are threatened, and a partial list might also include the Taj Mahal, the Colosseum in Rome, Cologne Cathedral (where annual repairs cost £1.5 million) and probably St Paul's Cathedral. An American study in 1979 estimated that architectural damage in the USA cost the country more than \$2 billion a year. A number of metals are affected by corrosion, including nickel, zinc and certain kinds of steel.

Last, but obviously not least, is the possible effect on human health. Sulphur particles seem to affect mainly the respiratory tract, the skin and the eyes. At present we have little idea how serious a threat this represents, but there are at least two indirect effects of acid rain that should be taken seriously. Heavy metals leached out of the soil can be ingested by fish, which



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REX FEATURES

Top, dry grassland is replacing the dense forests of West Germany where more than a third of the trees have been poisoned. Left, fish are prime victims of acidification in lakes and rivers.

then pose a danger to human health if eaten. Mercury, for example, can be very dangerous. And metals like lead, cadmium, copper and zinc may be leached out of plumbing systems if the groundwater is too acidic. In the Adirondack area of New York State householders are warned to flush out their pipes each morning to remove the metals that have leached out during the night. In Sweden toxic metal concentrations in tap water have led to corrosion of cooking pots, diarrhoea in children, and pretty blond hair turning a bilious green after washing it in water with a high copper content.

Surveying this catalogue of unpleasant effects, it seems fairly obvious that something must be done. Deciding what is not so easy. For one thing, the process has been going on a long time, and is not just a phenomenon that has appeared in the last few years. Although the effects of dry deposition are direct and immediate, other changes may take a considerable time to develop. There are grounds for believing that what is happening now is the final expression of ecological changes that started in the Industrial

Revolution and have been accumulating ever since.

Accordingly, it would be unrealistic to expect an immediate improvement, whatever action we take. Apart from direct deposition of particles on vegetation and on buildings, other effects will take much longer to reverse. One German expert, asked how long the soils and forests would take to recover if the sulphur dioxide tap were turned off tomorrow, replied that in some cases it would take "many decades".

In fact, the tap is being gradually turned off anyway. In Britain sulphur dioxide emissions were at a peak in the decade from 1962 to 72, but have been declining ever since. A variety of factors have been responsible, including fuel substitution, more efficient energy use, the modernization of industry in general and the introduction of nuclear power plants. Our emissions are now down to the level of the 1940s. Europe has lagged behind Britain, but there, too, emissions have been declining in the last two or three years.

Despite this encouraging trend, there is clearly a need to speed up the

process. One way would be to burn low-sulphur coal and oil, but supplies are limited, so there is not much leeway there. The Swedes and Norwegians have felt it necessary to pour thousands of tons of lime into their lakes as a short-term way of reducing the acidity. But this solution has been compared with swallowing aspirin to cure cancer. More effective are relatively new techniques for controlling the amount of sulphur dioxide poured out of power stations. But the big problem here is cost. The capital cost of reducing Britain's emissions by 30 per cent might be around £1 billion or more, and electricity prices might rise by 10 to 15 per cent.

The Central Electricity Generating Board and the National Coal Board are not convinced that this would achieve much, and call for more research. They have recently put up £5 million to fund a five-year study of the causes of acidification of lakes and rivers in Sweden and Norway. The research programme will be carried out by British and Scandinavian scientists under the direction of the Royal Society and equivalent bodies in Sweden and Norway.

Nitrogen oxides emitted by motor vehicles are a different matter. There are currently two main ways to curb these—one by fitting catalytic converters, as the Americans do, and the other by introducing a new breed of "lean-burn" engines that employ more efficient combustion. It is said that the converters can be tampered with to reduce their effectiveness, or even burned out completely by driving very fast. This has an advantage for the driver (if not for society as a whole)

because wrecking the converter improves a vehicle's performance.

The proposed "lean-burn" engines that several car-makers are developing use a much leaner mixture of fuel and air and so offer the added bonus of fuel economy. Unfortunately they also depend on electronic ignition which can badly affect a vehicle's performance if it goes wrong. It remains to be seen which system will become the standard for Europe (including Britain), and one of the factors will be its acceptability in the United States, to avoid problems with vehicle exports. Meanwhile several cars now have engines described as "fast-burn", precursors of future lean-burn models. They include the Ford Fiesta Valencia, the 1984 Volkswagen Golf GTI and the new Jaguar.

But the problem of cleaning up power stations is causing the most heart-searching. One solution would be to scrap all existing plants and replace them with nuclear power stations, which produce no sulphur dioxide and also no carbon dioxide, which is potentially a more serious threat to the global environment than acid rain. Environmentally it can be argued that the nuclear option is the most responsible, but other factors are involved which make it unlikely that this path will be followed—not least of which is the fact that many of those who campaign so vigorously against acid rain are also in the forefront of the opposition to nuclear reactors.

While there are enormous gaps in our knowledge of the whole acid rain problem, and there is a need for a great deal more scientific research, this does not mean that we should do nothing until we know everything . . . which seems to be the attitude of the CEEB and some branches of government, such as the Treasury. In any case, the Europeans will not allow us to sit on our hands for much longer. Dr Karl Ahrens, President of the Parliamentary Assembly of the Council of Europe, said recently that "we cannot wait any longer" for a European convention that sets air pollution limits. The West Germans, Swiss and Danes have called for a reduction in sulphur dioxide emissions by 30 per cent by 1993, while Mr L. Ginjaar, a former Netherlands Minister of Health and the Environment, would like to see the same thing achieved in only five years.

Even given the scientific uncertainties surrounding acid rain, there is a strong body of opinion in Europe, and increasingly in scientific circles in Britain, that says there is enough evidence to point to pollution from sulphur and nitrogen oxides as a major component if not the primary cause of acid rain. In those circumstances it seems prudent to do something positive. The snag is the cost of existing technology with which to do it. All of which is causing a growing number of scientists and civil servants to suggest that bodies like the CEEB would do better to develop cheaper technology than to say, "We don't have it." ●



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The legacy of Prince Leopold

by John Van der Kiste

Queen Victoria's youngest son, though dogged by ill health during his short life, was an intellectual who took an active interest in education and the arts.

Three of Queen Victoria's sons left their mark on British public life: the eldest as Prince of Wales and later King Edward VII; the second as a naval officer, eventually becoming Admiral of the Fleet; and the third as a military commander and governor-general in two of the dominions overseas. The youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, was the most artistic and scholarly, and might have made a similarly lasting contribution to the Victorian age had he not died at the early age of 30 in March, 1884.

Prince Leopold was born on April 7, 1853, Queen Victoria's eighth child. His birth was easy but unfortunately he did not thrive. "Little Leo" was much thinner than the others because of weak digestion, and his cry was feeble. On learning to walk, he bruised easily when falling over and cried out as if in severe pain. The doctors soon diagnosed haemophilia, the hereditary bleeding disease then impossible to treat. From then on he was his parents' "child of anxiety".

Despite, or perhaps because of, his delicate constitution he developed strong intellectual powers early in life. He learned to read quickly and his choice of books was often precocious. At the age of five he wanted to know all about the classical paintings on his father's study wall at Osborne House, and he showed some talent at wielding a brush himself. Music was another source of interest; he enjoyed singing and playing the piano. Yet he longed to join in the rough-and-tumble of his brothers and sisters, and it was galling for him to have to lie on a sofa for days on end to recover from minor childhood accidents. Prince Albert knew how to handle him better than anybody else, refusing to show excessive sympathy, helping him to master the slight speech defect that was a consequence of epilepsy, and always finding time to keep his agile mind occupied.

Being so frail, Leopold was also more susceptible than the rest to ordinary diseases. At the age of eight he caught measles from Prince Louis of Hesse, recently engaged to his sister Alice, and for some days was close to death. The doctors recommended that he should convalesce in a warmer climate, and that autumn he went to the south of France in the care of a Waterloo veteran, Sir Edward Bowater, who became ill on their journey and died shortly after they reached Cannes. Within days Prince Albert, exhausted by overwork, succumbed to an attack of typhoid.

For Leopold the most tragic result of the Prince Consort's death was that there was no member of the family who could give him the same encouragement in intellectual pursuits or the same measure of restrained sympathy. His widowed mother was too distraught with grief to control him, and terrified at each new accident which befell him. Without his father he became more defiant and stubborn, regularly bruising himself and being laid up for several days each time.

Thanks to a fortunate choice of tutors, Leopold's education prospered. By adolescence he had become fluent in German, French and Italian, and developed an interest in politics. When ill in bed he would read newspapers from cover to cover, and discuss a wide variety of topics. Unlike his mother, he was never shy and loved conversation; he was thus an ideal companion at receptions.

Within the family he was always popular, and a favourite uncle to the Prince of Wales's young sons "Eddy" and George, later King George V. As they were only 10 and 12 years younger than he respectively, he was more like an elder brother. With his cultured tastes he was one of the few English relations on good terms with his haughty Russian-born sister-in-law the Duchess of Edinburgh.

Despite the Queen's objections, Leopold chose to go up to Oxford, largely to escape from his over-protected home life. He studied art, science and modern languages at Christ Church, and was granted an honorary degree in November, 1872. For perhaps the only time in his life he led a normal existence, associating freely with contemporary graduates and men of letters such as John Ruskin, Benjamin Jowett and Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll). He built up a comprehensive library including these and other authors of the day, and collected ceramics and works of art relating to the Stuart period. Visits to concerts, the opera and theatre were another joy, and the composers Charles Gounod and Arthur Sullivan were among his musical friends.

Leopold's interest in education resulted in invitations to preside over various committees and open colleges. Among causes dear to his heart were increased facilities for technical education, support for the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the establishment of a national conservatoire of music.

Yet he longed to be given some more



ILLUSTRATION BY J. H. P. LIBRARY

constructive activity. It was recognized he was too intelligent for his talents to be wasted in mere representative duties and idleness. He approached Disraeli, who was not alone in detecting the young man's resemblance to his late father, and felt that he might be able to take the Prince Consort's place as a confidential assistant. Leopold was thus appointed to help the Queen with her private correspondence and dispatches, with special emphasis on foreign affairs, and was given a key to Cabinet papers. The Prince of Wales was understandably indignant that his brother should be allowed access to state secrets denied to him as heir to the throne, and it said much for his magnanimity that relations between the two Princes were not soured.

In May, 1881, Leopold was created Duke of Albany (a title that had lapsed since the death of the childless Prince Frederick, second son of George III, in 1827), Earl of Clarence and Baron Arklow. At the age of 28 he was earnestly looking for a bride. He eventually became engaged to Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, sister to Queen Emma of the Netherlands. Helen was a girl of considerable character, and not the least intimidated by her mother-in-law. They were married on April 27, 1882, and the Queen gave them the Claremont estate in Surrey as a wedding present.

Their first child, born on February 25, 1883, was christened Alice, and as Countess of Athlone lived to a record age for any member of the royal family; she died in January, 1981,

weeks short of her 98th birthday.

Much as he loved Claremont, Leopold still thirsted for regular employment independent of his mother's all-pervading presence. He had visited Canada some years previously, and when the governor-generalship fell vacant he applied for the post. The Queen asked Gladstone to veto the idea, an excuse being made that the Fenian movement was particularly active there. Undaunted, Leopold tried a few months later for the governorship of Victoria, Australia, but this, too, was rejected.

By early 1884 Helen was expecting a second child and gave birth to a son, Charles, in July. Sadly, this next Duke of Albany never knew his father. The weather in February and March was particularly severe, with biting east winds by day and frost by night. On medical advice Leopold went to Cannes, where he slipped on a staircase. Haemorrhaging occurred, and on March 28 he died.

Although grieved at his loss, Queen Victoria could not but be thankful that he had miraculously survived his precarious childhood: "For him we must not repine—his young life was a succession of trials and sufferings though he was so happy in his marriage." In spite of ill-health he had made small but perceptible contributions to the standing of education and the arts of his day. Gladstone, whose relations with his Sovereign were never easy, paid him generous tribute, writing of the "bright hope and promise laid in the grave of the Duke of Albany" ●

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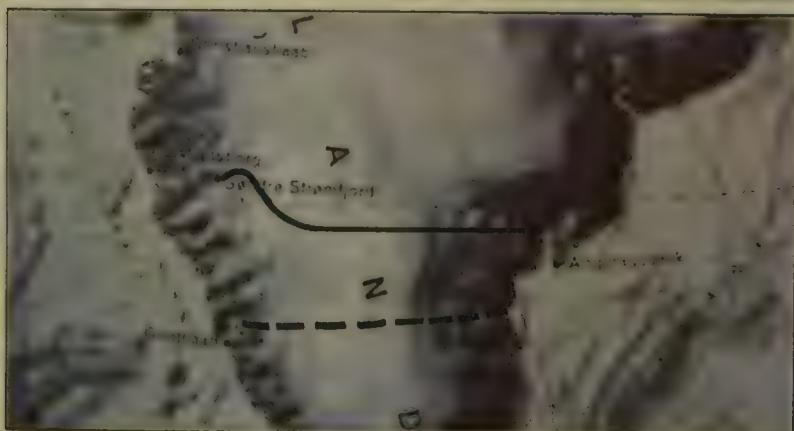
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In Nansen's footsteps

Words and photographs by John Beatty

"Death or the west coast of Greenland" was Nansen's slogan when he set out to make the first crossing of the Greenland ice-cap in 1888. Much the same choice faced the author and five friends from the north-west of England when they sought to retrace his steps two summers ago. No radio, dogs, vehicles or support of any kind was used during the 407 mile, 44 day trek. The team consisted of Stanley Woolley,

aged 42, schoolmaster (and leader); John Beatty, 30, mountaineering instructor and photographer; Dr Iain Campbell, 34, anaesthetist; Ted Courtenay, 54, electrical engineer; Robin Illingworth, 25, schoolmaster; Robert Ferguson, 27, housing trust manager. Each contributed £750 to the costs, and the Scott Polar Research Institute gave £100. This is the first account of their trip.



This was "camp miserable". The rain lashed us, our tents floated on the mosquito-ridden tundra bog, warm wet clouds drifted in from the sea and enveloped us for several days. It was a depressing start to our attempt to repeat, almost 100 years later, the historic overland crossing of the Greenland ice-cap by the Norwegian biologist Fridtjof Nansen.

Crossing Greenland's mysterious interior had become the geographical challenge of the day as the 19th century progressed: no one was sure whether a huge mountain range or an oasis lay within. There were three short-lived attempts to tackle it from west to east in the late 1870s and early 1880s. Then in July, 1888, Nansen, who had sailed down the east coast and viewed the glittering peaks beyond the ice-cap with awe and wonder, committed himself to crossing from east to west. It was to be, as he narrated later, "death or the west coast of Greenland".

Nansen went with three compatriots and two Lapps, leaving their ship in two rowing boats only 9 miles from the mouth of Sermilik Fjord on July 17, 1888—only to drift uncontrollably 300 miles to the south through the pack ice for the next 60 days. It took another 40 days to row back against the current.

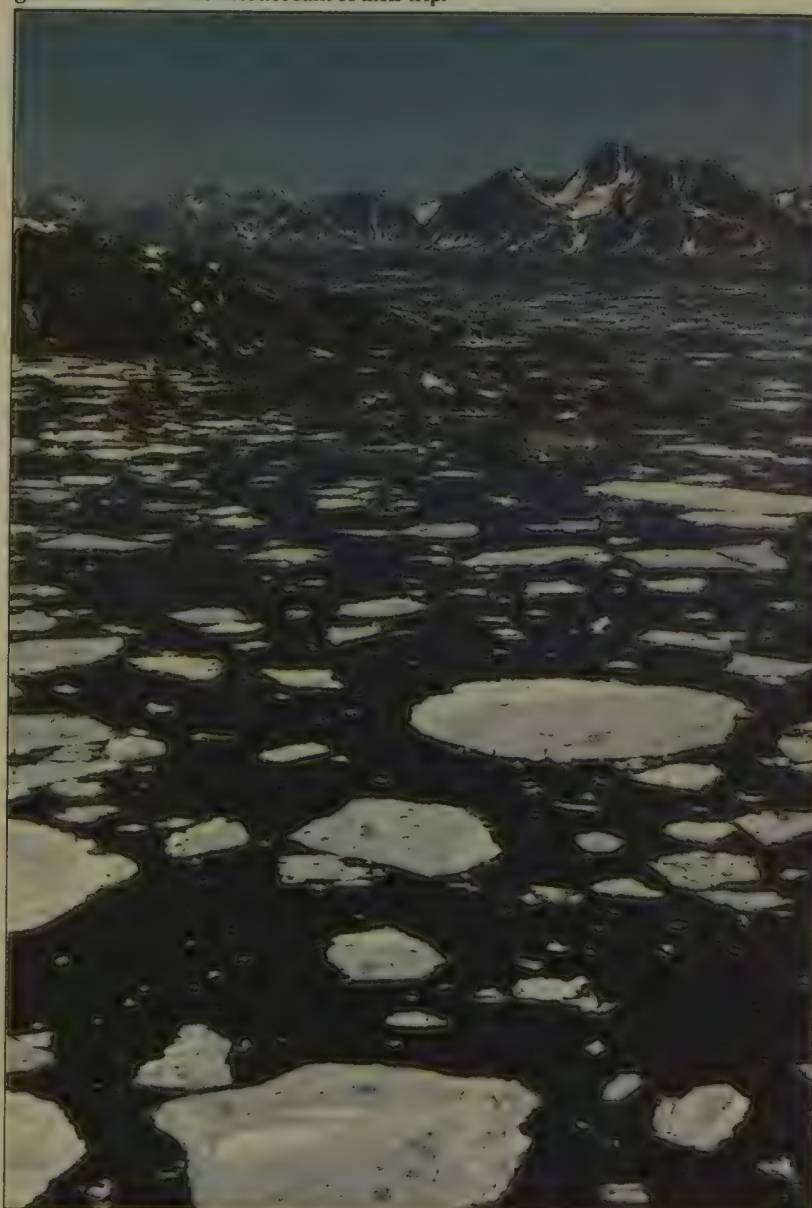
Five months' preparation now saw the six of us looking out across the

same coastal pack ice as the skipper of our Eskimo sealer nosed his boat through it, leaving the heavy floes groaning and hissing to our stern. After 16 hours we were able to unload our supplies on a prominent rock bluff. The boat reversed and we stood, isolated but excited, at the start of our adventure.

Nansen's spirit was with us as we sat around our evening meal, pondering the task that faced us. First 1,200 lb of food and paraffin had to be transferred from the coastal tundra to the edge of the inland ice-cap—only 2½ miles away, but at 60 lb a journey it took us a crippling three days. The rain ran down inside our clothes as we walked, overloaded, on slippery, moss-covered rocks, journey after journey. Just a few late alpine flowers checked the mossy summer carpet. They were the last living things we saw for seven weeks.

At last the stores sat forlornly on the barren ice fringe. Streams trickled under the sledges over the bare stone-pitted surface. The ice ahead rose fairly steeply in long, thin, grey waves to the horizon. Somewhere up there was snow—snow on which to pull the sledges, snow that has drowned this vast island—the greatest accumulation of it in the northern hemisphere, the mysterious wasteland of Greenland.

For the next 12 days each of us



Top left, engraving of Nansen's 1888 journey by A. Bloch. Above left, the 1982 route across the Arctic Circle from Angmagssalik to Søndre Strømfjord; Nansen's is dotted. Top, ice floes off Greenland's east coast. Above, the boat that brought the party to Angmagssalik harbour. Opposite, sunlight on Greenland's frozen wastes.



struggled with the appalling loads we had to carry on our backs. The bare ice was relentless. Crevasses continuously blocked our passage forward. Each day was already a protracted feud with time. The temperate coastal winds of high summer had driven back the essential snow cover some 15 miles into the ice-cap. It was vital to gain significant mileage over hard snow conducive to the smooth-sliding progress of our sledges. Even in these early stages we were near to succumbing to the enormity of our undertaking.

Days of heavy rain followed days of violent, icy gales sweeping down from the inland sea. The tents twice inverted in stormy gusts, and on one day we managed to move camp only about 400 yards. Another was spent wading through ice quagmires, melt ponds, knee-deep in slush pools that saturated our equipment; another drying our clothing. Often all hands were required to free sunken sledges. Three days earlier we had jettisoned a third of our rations, believing a lightened load would be a key to faster travel. It is folly to abandon food and fuel in the Arctic, and our calculations were now without margins. Speed was essential—we must be as swift and incisive as the biting gale.

Now at last the streams and ice swamps were behind us and the sledges

were gliding slowly. Each heave from my nylon traces sent a surge of pain through my body. Trudge... trudge... don't look up... trudge... trudge... gasping, wheezing lungs... trudge, trudge. No conversation, no smiles, no view, but deadly earnest toil for hour upon hour.

We arose and breakfasted at midnight to ensure perfect sledging surfaces, slogging on in a void to a coffee break at 5 am. Sitting round our pressure stoves like cloaked Red Indians at their winter fires we eagerly devoured the daily ration of two chocolate bars and mugs of steaming tea.

The ascent to be made was 9,000 feet over a distance of 200 miles. The incline was nearly imperceptible, save for the backward pull of our sledges. We stood to catch our breath in the frosty morning air. The temperature was a good -15°C and the coast had disappeared well below our easterly horizon. More than 100 miles were behind us and 300 ahead.

On the 28th day, after a settled spell of calm, bright icy days, anvils of grey cloud advanced from the easterly horizon. In only a few hours we were overtaken by a devastating blizzard. From the depths of our sleeping bags we could hear the storm tearing at our tent skins. We listened to the violence of the buffeting and whistling gale around us.

Loose folds in the tent flapped relentlessly and the spinning, whirling snow buried us into a deeply entrenched position. This was at least safer than being perched on the surface, where the tent could have been plucked away.

After two anxious days debating retreat or advance, we dug out the camp still in storm conditions and marched on with zero visibility. The compasses we used were adequate but not good. Nansen at least had a maritime sextant; we had only a magnetic needle and the bicycle wheel for measuring distance.

The freezing headwind and blizzard made movement difficult for the next two days. We were blown totally adrift by several miles; the horizon lay only about 5 yards ahead. For eight hours on each of those days we struggled vital miles, when any talking had to be a shout through the blizzard: we were companions bound together in the trial.

Then one morning we awoke to the dull silence of calm weather. The temperature had dropped to -53°C ; our faces were taut and burning. When we exhaled, snowflakes glittered in the thin air and floated down in a shower. Our limbs were stiff and aching. Stan broke the tents that morning with gloveless hands, a mistake he will not forget. His thumbs never warmed up again and he

lost his thumb tips several days later. How Nansen's men stayed warm I will never know. Woollen jackets wrapped their bodies; reindeer hides made rugs for the nights, a spirit stove warmed their aching fingers. But their tent was awkwardly large with heavy poles and huge open ends, which could only be string-tied. Here, at 9,000 feet, the highest and most central point of the Greenland ice-cap, there is an inhospitable stillness and coldness that heightens awareness of the beauty of the Arctic wastes. It drove us forward, over the last high dome to begin our imperceptible descent to the west coast nearly 200 miles away.

The climatic régime of most great ice regions of the world is one of stable high pressure building up in the centre with cold, descending, out-blowing winds. It was our hope that once over the high point we might experience a wind veer and have a tail-wind to chase us home. The specially prepared sails were unfurled, replicas of those used by the 1888 party. Sure enough, during the next two days the wind sprang up and indeed rose to a gale. We were driven along our route like autumn leaves, achieving record daily mileages of 25 miles, more than twice our normal daily average. The excitement of these days as we skied hard, sometimes even being pulled by

In Nansen's footsteps

the sledges! Strong winds blasting over the snow surface had ridged and pitted it, and miles and miles of *sautugi* [wavelike ridges of hard snow formed by the wind] jolted and shook us all, leaving our legs trembling with the continual strain of balancing on our skis.

The loads were becoming lighter as we used up the supplies. The shackles were loosened; the sledge runners pointed downhill and homeward. Each day we thrilled at the prospect. We saw an aircraft in the sky heading west. The real world was close at hand.

As the ice descends to 5,000 feet, the surface buckles in huge folds trapping the summer run-off in miles and miles of lakes, ponds and rivers. This formed a tedious final barrier. The memory of the ice swamps on the east coast fringe daunted us as we encountered the first lake. Ted probed the surface and found the ice thick enough to hold our weight. With gusto he took a few strides back and set off on an incredible wind-driven slide and slither, the full 220 yards of its width. We were overjoyed and followed in similar style. The autumn had overtaken us, the lakes had resumed their winter mantle, the streams and quagmires were stilled by the gathering deep frosts of the shortening days. We found the lakes were best approached with gathering speed to ensure a safe crossing. One morning we made a splendid downhill run of 3 miles to give us impetus to glide easily over a particularly vast sheet of ice lake, maybe nearly a mile square.

At last our tea breaks were more bearable. No hoar frost gathered inside the tents, and the chocolate did not have to be dipped in the tea to break it. Then one morning there was a twittering outside the tents. With disbelief we looked out to see a snowbunting flitting about the tents looking for food. Nansen recalled a similar encounter: "We thought we heard the twittering of a bird outside but were not at all certain of its reality. We blessed it for its cheerful song and with warmer hearts and renewed strength we confidently went on our way."

We had moved steeply downwards during the previous two days to 4,500 feet. Mushroom clouds billowed on the western horizon—land clouds if ever I have seen them. I stared and stared, then burst out: "Land ahead, land ahead." The entire western horizon had adopted a pale brown streak as far as we could see along its length. During the next few hours we confirmed that land lay dead ahead.

We made camp and celebrated by sharing our favourite food—a mint chewing gum, or a chocolate piece sitting on a dry biscuit. Land lay only 72 miles ahead.

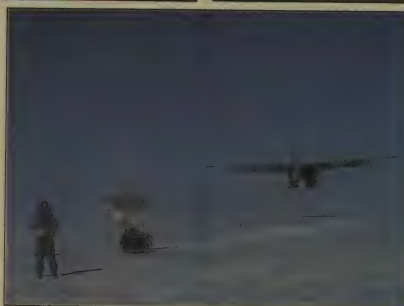
The daily mileage was sadly reduced as the ice pressure ridges became interspersed by tracteries of surface rivers that required delicate crossings or tedious navigation. The streams had

soft boggy edges, often waist-deep—the sledges sinking to the gunwales. Quite suddenly the ground changed dramatically as it became steeper where the fast-moving water had carved severe trenches in the ice. At first they formed neat slots in the surface, but as they increased in volume and cutting power the slots became canyons of enormous size with raging aquamarine torrents thundering and blasting into great tunnels and ice caves beneath us. Many days were spent trying to navigate in such country. Occasionally we encountered calm lakes with miniature icebergs floating freely in them. Such is the beauty and variety of this region.

We continued into a zone of incredibly upheaved ice where the blue air-pocketed walls hung steeply all round us. That night much discussion took place, for the sledges were becoming a burden. A decision was made: to increase our speed we must abandon the sledges, and run for the ice-edge with survival rations of food and equipment.

Then the sledges were unloaded and stripped of their lashings. We propped

Top, pulling the sledges in blizzard conditions, aided by sails, replicas of Nansen's. Above, Courtenay, Campbell and Woolley have breakfast. Right, a USAF plane makes a sighting and overflies.



them up like a shrine against the sky, as a symbol and a gesture of thanks for our delivery from this place. With rucksacks loaded with food for five days we set off in our bid to reach land.

The ice ridges soon became a maze, sometimes smooth rounds, but more often deeply slashed with horrifying crevasses and thunderous cascades of waterfalls roaring down blue chasms. The bowels of the ice in these parts were a breathtaking sight. With the Arctic atmosphere being so crystal



ochre, ginger, vermilion and russet rolling tundra countryside in the warm afternoon sunshine.

I yelped out with delight—even shock—and waved frantically back to my companions. This summit moment made me tremble in the love and warmth of achievement. Soon we were together, shaking hands and embracing the rocks around us—hands burying deep into grass and moss. In disbelief and wonder we lay silently on our backs and drew in long breaths of the scented air. The cold ramparts of the ice-castle walls hung above us, the portcullis clanged shut and barred out the singular drama we had acted out in 44 days of struggle.

During that wonderful evening we bathed in the golden sunlight, a kaleidoscope of colour and life: mountain hare, white in the whimberry tussocks, streams bubbling over stones in these watering grounds of caribou, buntings flitting between the dwarf willows. The alps had long died away, the summer was gone. We looked into the westerly sun, picked up our rucksacks and silently marched the day-long journey back to civilization. We had relived the legend of Nansen's journey, seen no oases nor central mountain range, but pursued a vision shared by all those who have experienced the spirit of polar travel. ●



Top, pitching tents in the teeth of a gale. Above, pulling sledges across ice ridges on the last leg of the journey. After doing this for seven days and covering only about 40 miles they abandoned the sledges and carried rationed supplies.

The silent sisters of St Clare

by Caroline Penn

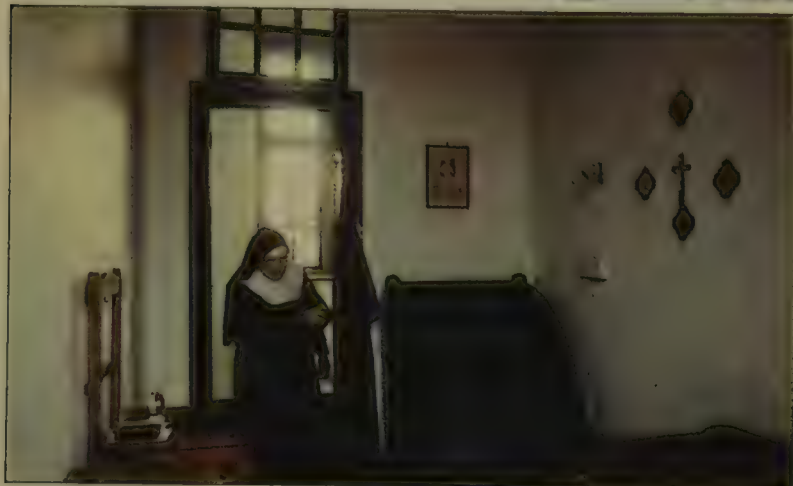
The Poor Clares are an order of contemplative nuns founded by St Clare of Assisi in the 13th century. They take not only the solemn vows of poverty, chastity and obedience but also the vow of enclosure—after four years of initiation. The 23 sisters who live behind the brick walls and iron grilles of their convent in central Liverpool uphold St Francis of Assisi's ideal of poverty and are forbidden to own property. They survive financially by the manufacture of altar breads, the embroidery of vestments and from donations. Four external sisters, who do not take solemn vows, communicate with representatives of the outside world, such as relatives, the doctor and milkman.

The nuns, who radiate cheerfulness and inner contentment, lead their strictly hierarchical and ordered lives in near silence. There are fixed times for manual work and recreation. Days begin at 5.30am with prayers and end with them at 8.30pm; they pray again at midnight. They pray for the salvation of the world.

The Poor Clares are one of the strictest orders, little changed by the Papal decree of the second Vatican Council in 1962-65. Other orders relaxed some of their rules, but the Poor Clares have remained in seclusion.



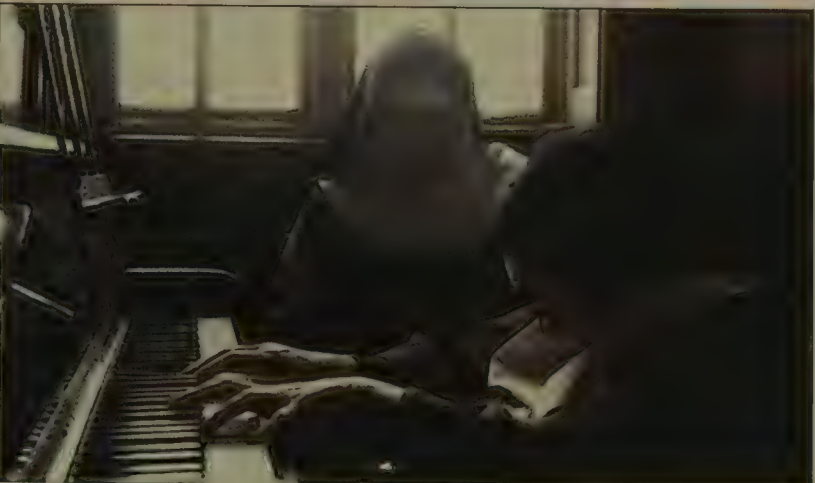
Top right, the convent, established early this century in Wavertree, Liverpool. The nuns cultivate all their own vegetables in the walled garden. Above, trimming a sheet of altar bread after baking. It is then punched out to make the breads. Right, a sister ironing wimples and vestments in the sacristy.



The cell of the Mother Vicar reflects the austerity of the nuns' lives. All the cells open onto a balcony overlooking the central enclosed courtyard.



Dinner in the refectory, which is accompanied by a reading from *The Lives of the Saints*. The nuns do not eat meat and observe strict silence at mealtimes.



Top, Sister Fidelis makes cardboard boxes in which to pack the altar breads. Above centre, evening prayer. Above, 84-year-old Sister Gerald plays the piano.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The female doctor's dilemma

From Dr Alison F. Wilcock

Dear Sir,

I was most interested to read Allegra Taylor's article, "The female doctor's dilemma" (*ILN*, December). Like so many women in medical school I was a "brilliant student", as Dame Sheila Sherlock describes, and now I would infuriate her because my career is not fulfilling that promise. Let me try to explain why the majority of women doctors do not achieve the prominence of your interviewees. I know, from talking to my female colleagues, that my experiences are more common than the success stories.

Last year my husband took another step up on his career ladder, and for the fifth time in 13 years I fell off my career ladder with a bump. When Dr Oakley and Dr Newman talk about supportive husbands being vital to a woman doctor's career advancement, they must also have been extraordinarily lucky if both husband and wife could get suitable jobs in the same geographical location at the same time. It has happened to us only once and that was the first jump after we were married. There have been times when we have worked hundreds, even thousands of miles apart for months at a time in order for one partner not to miss a career opportunity while another "kept the home fires burning".

On one occasion my husband voluntarily stepped off his ladder to assist my career development, but it was extremely hard for him to get back on again. If a woman steps aside to have a baby or allow her husband's career progress, the male chauvinists "understand" such behaviour; they have no sympathy or understanding for a helpful husband and suspect insanity or worse.

These problems are not confined to physicians' marriages. Any professionals who marry face difficulties of job transferability. I agree wholeheartedly with a senior physician in this town who told me, at a recent social event, that it would have been so much better if my husband had married a nurse, because there were always openings for nurses . . . so the message is clear: if you are a doctor, marry someone who can find a job anywhere, anytime, and definitely not a super-specialist for whom opportunities will always be limited.

It seems to me very wrong for the blame for female physician underachievement to be ascribed to "lack of ambition" on the woman's part, when the problem is more often due to excess of ambition in the spouses and lack of opportunity for the wife. Believe me, Dame Sheila, most of us are struggling very hard to make a proper career out of fragments of training and experience gained whenever an opportunity arose.

About eight years ago I decided I had best try to settle in that most portable speciality of general practice, after my training in psychiatry was interrupted by the promotion of my husband to consultant grade in a non-teaching hospital. Three years ago, when he returned to a university appointment, I embarked on a course in anaesthesia, because there was a shortage in that city. This required me to be on duty in the hospital for a minimum of 90 hours per week. Naturally I was not a very effective wife and mother when I was at home, because I needed to catch up on the sleep I had missed during the nights at the hospital. I was expected to live and work this way for years on end.

Dr Oakley asked if patients wished to be operated on by a part-time surgeon. My question to patients is, "Do you wish to have an anaesthetic given or an operation performed by a doctor who has worked such long hours that he is falling asleep on his feet and liable to make mistakes from sheer exhaustion?" I have seen anaesthetists literally snoring during a procedure because they have been up all night with a major trauma case. We all know emergencies happen, but it is high time that a proper shift system was organized among doctors.

I doubt that you will receive many letters like this. Most of my female colleagues are much too busy being supermother, superwife and superdoctor to take time to read magazines! Our only regular reading is the 20 or more weighty journals which we are obliged to study each month just to be *au courant*, and perhaps the minutes of equally obligatory educational and professional meetings which steal precious "off-duty" time.

Alison F. Wilcock
Woodstock
Ontario, Canada

Northampton's Middle Saxon palaces

From Keith Marvin

Dear Sir,

I read with considerable interest the excellent article on Northampton's Middle Saxon palaces by John H. Williams (*ILN*, December, 1983).

However, there seems to be a misstatement in the author's claim that "it has never been the seat of a bishopric". This, unfortunately, is not the case, although I rather presume that Mr Williams meant a medieval bishopric.

Since the middle of the 19th century, Northampton has been the seat of the Diocese of Northampton of the Roman Catholic church. And, of course, all medieval bishoprics in England were likewise of that faith.

Keith Marvin
Menands
New York, USA

"It wasn't just the big seats
that tempted me
to keep the lady waiting."

"The telex was as surprising as it was welcome. *Meet you Montreal Airport. Haven't forgotten. Marie-Claire.*"

As I slipped back my chair and relaxed in the Air Canada Intercontinental



Executive Class cabin, I recalled our last meeting. However, that was sheer self-indulgence. I waved away a canapé and a drink and got down to work. There was plenty of space even when the chap in front put his seat right back for a spot of shut eye. Somebody had really appreciated his lunch and the Premier Cru Chablis!

The work went well, the flight better. The cabin crew knew the difference between serving and disturbing.

The plane touched down in Montreal right on time. I was almost reluctant to leave – after all Marie-Claire obviously knows about absence making the heart grow fonder!"

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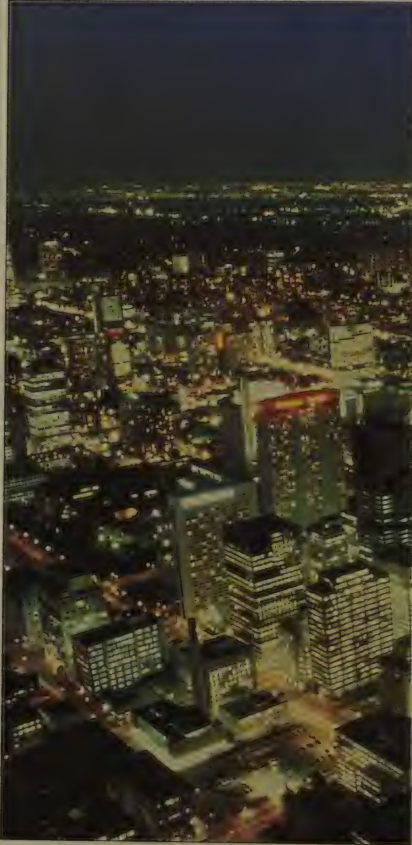
But relative peace and quiet are not achieved easily. Construction of elaborate noise baffle systems, other protective measures, equipment and improved manufacturing methods all come at a price. In fact, they account for part of some £12 million Mobil has spent on environmental programmes for the refinery.

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Toronto's transformation

by Tom Pocock

Toronto has changed dramatically. Once notoriously boring, its 150th birthday finds it not only young in spirit but attractive, cosmopolitan and capital of Canada's commerce; and the city's own individual character is still in the process of evolution.



If travellers still told tales of wondrous cities, what was once called "Toronto the Dull" would be a favourite subject. This year it will be discussed far and wide because it is celebrating its sesquicentenary: it is 150 years since it was founded by the British government who bought its site from the Mississauga Indians. The Queen and the Pope are coming to see what has happened since then; and among the festivities will be a rally of tall ships sailing up the St Lawrence Seaway from the Atlantic to Lake Ontario.

But Toronto has only recently been anything approaching a wondrous city. Rupert Brooke spoke for most visitors when, in 1913, he remarked,

"The depressing thing is, it will always be like it is, only larger." When I visited it 25 years ago I vowed I would never willingly return to a city so dreary. In those days, when Ottawa and Montreal were the political and commercial capitals of Canada, Toronto was no more than a pale shadow of Detroit and Chicago on the far shores of the Great Lakes.

Perhaps the celebrations will have more to do with the past 10 or 15 years than with the past 150 or 200, because that is when the transformation took place. Today the traveller approaching Toronto-the-once-Dull may first see a tower of gold reflected on the surface of Lake Ontario. For among the tall

buildings that now distinguish the city is the Royal Bank, its golden heights made of glass impregnated with 1,500 ounces of gold dust.

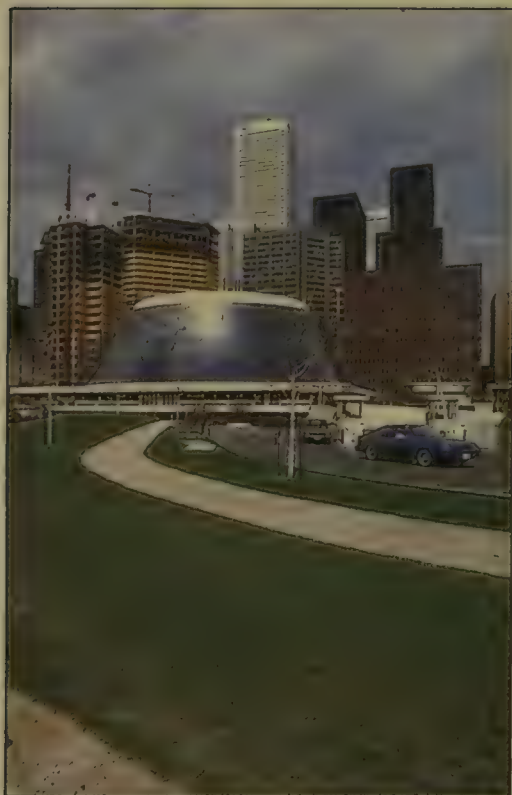
It is a foretaste of surprises and pleasures to come. The heart of Toronto—around the junction of Bloor and Bay Streets—is as smart as Manhattan around midtown Fifth Avenue, but its roads are not potholed or choked with traffic. Its shopping precincts and subways are fresh, bright and clean; there are hardly any graffiti and there is almost no litter. After dark its streets are busy, cheerful and, above all, safe.

There is a sparkle about the city from the sunlight reflected in its myriad

windows and from its lights at night, spangled on the surface of the lake which laps at the feet of new apartment blocks standing at its edge among parks where industry once smoked. The panache is not limited to the central stand of skyscrapers. In the shadow of the midtown towers thrives the Yorkville district of Victorian houses in leafy streets saved from demolition and from the hippies who colonized them in the 1960s. Partly rezoned for shops, it is now a smart quarter of small restaurants, boutiques and art galleries.

Alongside the even more splendid skyscrapers of the downtown financial district, the arts flourish in





ROBERT ESTALL



ROBERT ESTALL



THE IMAGE BANK

Toronto's transformation

new or restored shrines like the Roy Thomson Hall, with its perfect acoustics for concerts, and the Royal Alexandra Theatre which in 1962 was given a new lease of life by the Canadian discount-store millionaire, Ed Mirvish, who has also recently restored the Old Vic in London. And above all soars the CN Tower.

Not all the wonders are upwards. Beneath the city the developers, who were not allowed to build as high as they had hoped, have dug down to create underground, air-conditioned streets for shops, restaurants and entertainment that are as welcome at the height of hot and muggy summer as in the depths of the sub-zero temperatures of winter. The heart of this is the Eaton Centre, with its three levels of shops graded in strata according to their prices, the sky visible through the domed glass of a multi-storey *galleria*. It is linked with the main complex of glittering catacombs: some 2 miles of shopping precincts, including subterranean squares, like Gourmet Plaza, beneath the financial district. These are served by the subway system, by lifts to the offices above and, since the subway stations often connect directly with apartment blocks elsewhere, many citizens of Toronto can conduct their daily lives without venturing into the open, and sometimes, inclement, air.

This handsome place is not the result of steady development or long held ambition; it happened as the result of a sudden, strong swing in public opinion which should hearten all those who hope to change the minds, if not win the hearts, of city authorities. In the post-war boom that changed North America, Toronto the Dull promised to remain so but, as Rupert Brooke had prophesied, got bigger. With new



ROBERT ESTALL

The architectural development of Toronto has included the Roy Thomson Hall, top left; the Eaton Centre at the heart of an underground complex of shops and restaurants, top centre; the City Hall, top right; and the CN Tower, the world's tallest, which dominates the city skyline along the shore of Lake Ontario.

capital investment came the migrants, first from Europe, later from Asia, and 20 years ago Ed Mirvish forecast that it was about to become "the New York of Canada". Indeed a start was made—huge areas of those gaunt wooden houses came down to make way for high-rise replacements. Downtown, a seedy imitation of Manhattan's 42nd Street began to trade.

But Canadians had seen what was already happening in New York and did not like what they saw. Toronto had always been, at heart, a provincial city and they mourned the disappearance of familiar and homely streets under the march of concrete. Public opinion made itself felt in the City Hall and, under the first reformist mayor, David Crombie, the policy changed. The character, and often the buildings, of the established quarters would stay and be given new life.

The essence of this plan was that the downtown office and shopping districts should not die each evening, as they do

in most North American cities. Therefore residential zones would be mixed in with those for business, shopping and entertainment. Whenever possible, old buildings would be restored for use, and when new housing was necessary some of it would be subsidized so that all income groups could live together at close quarters.

Existing districts of character were transformed. One was Yorkville; another, the lakeside end of Yonge Street—the longest street anywhere since it runs northwards for 1,000 miles into the Arctic—where the sleazy element was swept away by decree from City Hall. Industry, which had concentrated along the lake's shore, began to be moved to the outer suburbs and the old sites replaced by parks and promenades.

Now Toronto has replaced Montreal as the commercial capital of Canada; with nearly three million inhabitants, it is the biggest and richest Canadian city. At first sight it does not

look as Canadian as one might expect, for it is a very mixed society. Only one in 10 of its citizens was born in Toronto and many of them were not born in North America.

Toronto's racial harmony is demonstrated in its variety of entertainment, which will be on display throughout this year's festivities. The city is devoted to its arts: its theatrical reputation follows those of London and New York and it probably has as many, if not more, bookshops than any other city.

Imagination and innovation are extended to teaching and the presentation of science. Children who attend "cushion concerts" at the Roy Thomson Hall bring cushions to sit on and are allowed to play during the performance; in the Ontario Science Centre also there is a high degree of audience participation.

A certain boastfulness results, about this or that being the biggest or the best, reminiscent of the United States some decades ago. The city is, for example, the squash capital of the world; and it was in a downtown Toronto cabaret that the American flashdance originated. Otherwise it seems to have little in common with its American neighbours, although New York is only 50 minutes away by air and Buffalo a mere 20. When you watch American television news in the security of Toronto, the USA often seems to be a violent, alien world.

Perhaps the secret of Toronto's success in weathering the storm of change is that it remains a provincial city, treasuring its modest inheritance and prizing it as highly, and sometimes more highly, than its recent spectacular achievements. It has yet to acquire a strong, individual character of its own, as have New York or San Francisco in about the same span of history. But it will, and one of the excitements of the city is that it is now being formed ●

THE COUNTIES

Sir Kenneth Lewis's

RUTLAND

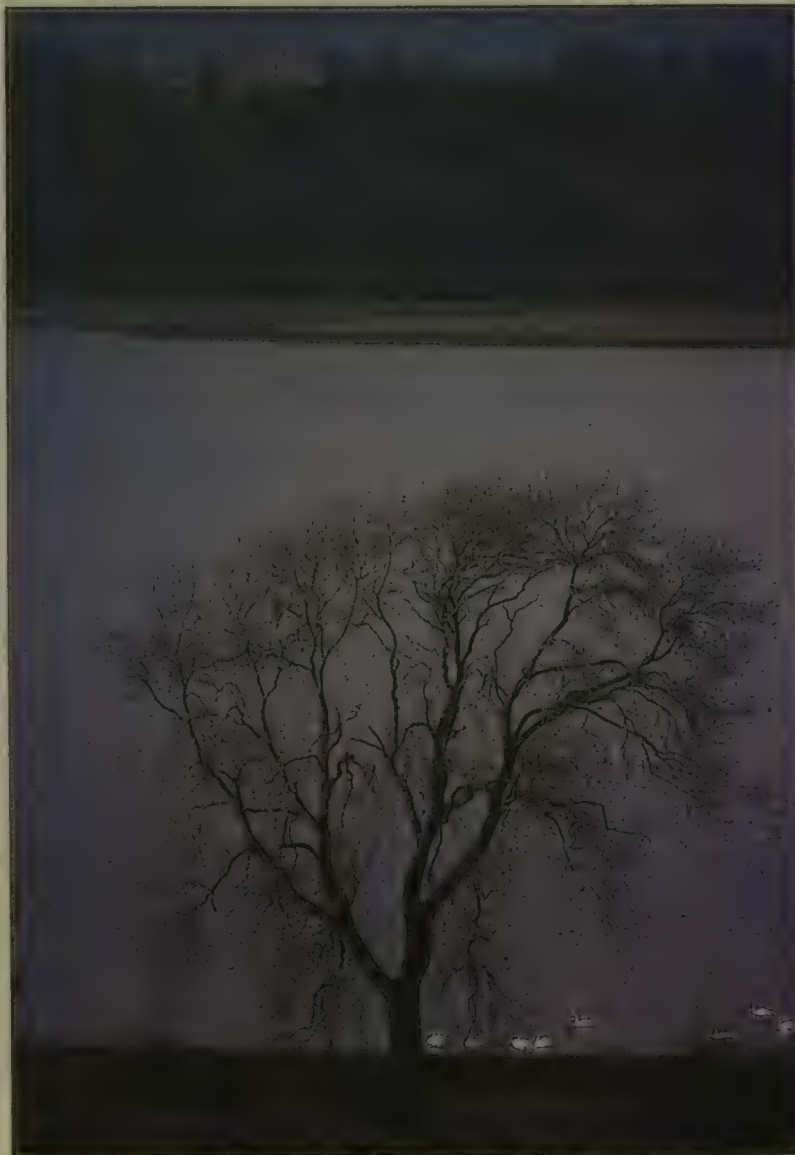
Photographs by Fritz von der Schulenburg

When they took away administrative county status from Rutland in 1972 they threatened to divide it up. They (the Ministry men in London) did not get away with it: Rutland was kept on the map as a district. National sentiment, local pride, history that went back almost 1,000 years and the Rutland motto, *Multum in parvo* (Much in little), could not be ignored.

For 24 years, as Rutland's Member of Parliament, I was involved in its battles with the Whitehall bureaucracy. Despite the attempt of the Big Battalions to demolish it, it remains its own small, independent but unique and lovely district, set in the heart of England.

Rutland survives and thrives. It is an oasis between the conurbations of the East Midlands—Leicester and Nottingham, Northampton and Corby—and the growing city of Peterborough, towards the Fens. In the limestone uplands of the north, Rutland is peppered with little hills and sparkles with grey stone villages. And in the south, even on the greyest of winter days, it is golden with attractive ironstone buildings. Rutland is unspoilt and those who come into it from the big cities do not harm it. They, too, want to keep it as it is: a place where hardly a single village or one of its 50 churches is not worth a visit.

The traveller should come into Rutland from Stamford on the old Great North Road. Stamford is a gem of a town, worthy to be the eastern gateway to Rutland, and it was linked with Rutland as a parliamentary constituency until the redistribution of seats just before the 1983 election. The road from Stamford to Rutland's capital, Oakham, is one on which to drive slowly. The scenery is a mixture of old and new which should not be missed: the landscape is centuries old; Rutland Water, set in the landscape, has been there for only a decade. The Water stretches for half of the way between Stamford and Oakham, as large as Lake Windermere. It fits beautifully into the landscape, has one of Europe's largest trout fisheries, a nature and wildfowl reserve, and an internationally known sailing centre. From Rutland's uplands on either side you can look at this great expanse of water in sunlight or moonlight and rejoice that God and man made it together. Right into the middle of Rutland Water juts the lovely village of Hambleton. On the other side of the lake the water laps round three sides of Normanton Church. Rutland refused to have the



The great house at Burley-on-the-Hill, originally built by the Duke of Buckingham but destroyed during the Civil War, seen from across Rutland Water.

church submerged and raised the money to keep it. It is a copy of St John's Church, Smith Square, Westminster, but is now deconsecrated and used as an information centre.

Along the Stamford road, towards Rutland's first town of Oakham, is Barnsdale Wood, made more striking because of the fields surrounding it, rural with sheep and cattle grazing—not to mention horses. But not to mention horses in Rutland is impossible. Rutland is Cottesmore Hunt Country, so there are bound to be horses. The Prince of Wales often rides with this famous hunt which was started by Tom Noel, whose descendant the Earl of Gainsborough still lives in Rutland and who has always played a leading part in the life of the district. In the 1930s another earl, the Earl of Lons-

dale, boxed and beat John L. Sullivan, founded the Lonsdale belts and hunted in yellow livery from his house at Barley Thorpe.

The capital town of Oakham has more horseshoes than horses. You find them in what is left of the 12th-century castle, now a Court House. Here are dozens of horseshoes on the walls—some small, some large, some royal, many crowned, all given by peers of the realm as a forfeit when they officially visit Rutland. Elizabeth I and Elizabeth II, with many dukes and earls and viscounts and barons have donated horseshoes made especially for the occasion. The de Fessers family, who came over with William the Conqueror, and who were farriers, are said to have started the custom. Doubtless it helped keep them in business. Titus

Oates, trouble-maker and rogue, was also born in Oakham in 1649. History is always a mixture.

Oakham, with its museum, its famous school, its stocks in the old attractive square, is no ancient monument. It is a lively town with a good mixture of small industry, a market, good hotels, excellent shopping and a railway station.

Rutland has only two towns, each with its public school. Oakham and Uppingham were both founded in 1584 by Robert Johnson. The year 1984 is therefore a special one for both of these schools which celebrate 400 years of a continuously high level of education. Edward Thring was the most famous headmaster in England when he transformed a small school of 30 boys at Uppingham into an establishment of magnificent buildings with a strong educational influence in the country. He also founded the Head Masters Conference.

Both Oakham and Uppingham Schools are now among the most up-to-date in the country. The ancient buildings have acquired the most modern of additions and girls and boys enjoy the best of the past, together with all that the latest technology can provide. They have the best in sporting facilities, too—cricket especially, as one might expect since it was George Finch, the ninth Earl of Winchilsea at Burley-on-the-Hill, who founded the MCC. Rutland may be ancient but it keeps up with the times.

Uppingham is the second town of Rutland. Its market place has hardly changed in several hundred years. The church is off the market place but were it not for the high tower you would have trouble in finding it: shops, a bank, the Post Office and an old inn stand in front of it. The money-changers are kept outside but only just.

Near to Uppingham is Stoke Dry which has Rutland's second lake—small and pretty to walk or drive round. Here the Dambusters practised in the Second World War. Stoke Dry is said to have been the place where the Gunpowder Plot was hatched. Sir Everard Digby, who lived there, was executed in 1606 for his part in it. One can well imagine the conspirators, gathered at the ancient inn outside the church in Uppingham, laying their infamous plans. They may even have listened to a famous preacher, Jeremy Taylor, who preached an equally famous sermon on the Gunpowder Plot in Uppingham Church.

In its long history Rutland has ➤



Rutland

had repeated trouble with Parliament. It is appropriate that a field at Ayston, near Uppingham, is called Parliament Field. Near by Cromwell gathered an army and it is said the headquarters was at the Manor House in Preston, just up the road from Ayston. Preston is easy to pass on the Main Uppingham-Oakham Road but is worth a diversion particularly in the summer. On a Sunday afternoon you can get good English tea in the Church Hall, provided by the ladies of the village.

Cromwell may have mustered the last great army to be raised in Rutland but the RAF took over, 50 years ago. Cottesmore RAF Station was famous in the Second World War. It is now multinational: Germans and Italians, working with the British, fly the new Nato Tornado aircraft. So Rutland is in the van with military aviation progress. Cottesmore village's story dates

back 4,000 years: all the ages—Bronze, Roman, Saxon, Norman—left their mark, each making its own military contribution as Cottesmore is doing today.

Rutland is also famous for Ruddle's Beer, its special brand of County Ale made at Langham which now sells far afield in supermarkets and pubs—even in Whitehall itself. There civil servants doubtless toast each other and recall what they nearly persuaded Parliament to do to Rutland without quite succeeding. They know, for example, that Rutland still has its own Queen's Lieutenant, with special responsibility for Rutland. Colonel Thomas Haywood, who was Lord Lieutenant when Rutland was still a county and was foremost among those who battled to keep the identity of the area, still represents Her Majesty in Rutland.

In Whitehall not only the pubs have Rutland connexions. So has the Palace of Westminster itself. The new House of Commons is made of Clipsham

stone whose quarries are in Rutland. Sir David Davenport-Handley who owns these quarries was one of those, with Colonel Tom Haywood, the late Sir Kenneth Ruddle of the brewery, Alan Bond, the then Clerk of the County, and myself with many others who fought and won the battle to keep Rutland a county in 1962; which it remained for another 10 years, when it became the present District Council. Sir David Davenport-Handley used to say, "If you people in the House of Commons do not keep us free from total take-over I will claim back all my Clipsham stone."

In this little area in the heart of England once upon a time a little man jumped out of a pie in front of a King. It happened at the great house of Burley-on-the-Hill, owned by Jos Hanbury who is also Lord of the Manor at Oakham. Burley-on-the-Hill is magnificent to look at from the Oakham-Stamford road and is rich in history. The Romans were there, so were the

Norman and Saxon Lords. It was a holiday centre for kings and queens. The renowned and profligate Duke of Buckingham owned it. Part of *Upstairs Downstairs* was shot there. But the pie story associated with it is special.

Jeffery Hudson, born in 1619, was a very small man, only 39 inches in height. His equally small thatched house still stands off Oakham High Street. When Charles Stuart came to Burley-on-the-Hill with Henrietta Maria in 1633 a large pie was placed on the table in front of them at a great banquet and out jumped Jeffery, then only 18 inches tall. He became famous: his portrait was painted by Van Dyck; he went to Paris with the queen at the time of the Civil War. Sadly he was captured by some Turkish pirates and sold as a slave. Eventually he was ransomed, returned to Oakham and granted a pension. But disaster followed: he was suspected of complicity in the Popish plot and imprisoned in the Westminster Gatehouse. ➔



Top left, Uppingham School. Bottom left, storm clouds over Oakham. Top right, Normanton Church, almost surrounded by Rutland Water. Above left, the maze in the village of Wing. It is 40 feet in diameter and laid out exactly like the pavement labyrinths in some French cathedrals. Above right, the church at Hambleton.



Rutland

opposite the Parliament Building.

The association with Westminster has not always been just political. In the village of Greetham in the 14th century lived Simon de Langham who became Lord Chancellor of England and then Archbishop of Canterbury, thus serving both God and Mammon, in reverse order. It could hardly happen today. But it had a good result then: Simon de Langham persuaded Edward III to give mighty gifts to the Abbey to advance its building.

Modern Rutland has over 300 miles of good but quiet roads. You can travel from village to village alongside farms and pastures which could form subjects for watercolour landscapes. The villages make Rutland. Lyddington has its Bede House, a creation of Elizabeth I's Lord Burleigh. Bede House is Gothic perfection. Market Overton has a distinctive Saxon arch tower and a sundial given by Sir Isaac Newton whose mother came from Market Overton. At Great Casterton there is a Stone Age settlement. Near North Luffenham is the site of a siege of the Royalists in the Old Hall where they held out against 1,200 Parliament troops. Today, keeping the military connexion, there is RAF Station North Luffenham to twin with RAF Cottesmore. Back on the ground at Wing there is an ancient maze. At Preston there are yew trees from the Garden of Gethsemane.

The villages are rural jewels; everybody knows everybody and people get to know those who live in the other villages while shopping in Oakham or Uppingham. Rutland has had difficulty with the Post Office. The Post Office did not want people to use Rutland in the postal address. But everybody did, of course. At Belton they went one better and added "In Rutland" to the village name, just to make sure that letters would not be lost to the other Belton in Leicestershire. The village area of Edith Weston has the most distinguished name because Edward the Confessor, who owned Rutland, gave this particular part of Rutland to his Queen Edith. On the church at Edith Weston there is a 500-year-old inscription which reads: "Crown of all the neighbouring lands. High and lifted up it stands." And when you come into Rutland from the flat Fenlands of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire so it is.

If you go into Rutland via Stamford you had best come out of it on the Kettering Road through Uppingham and via the village of Caldecott where there was once a Roman temple. Then you will see before you the beautiful village of Rockingham with its magnificent castle set high and, when floodlit at night, like a fairy-tale palace above the village. It is a gem of Northamptonshire but the best view of it is from Rutland.

Rutland is like that: inside looking out, or outside looking in, it is small but special ●

The huge expanse of Rutland Water, though man-made, is at one with the landscape.



Rutland

Area

97,276 acres

Population

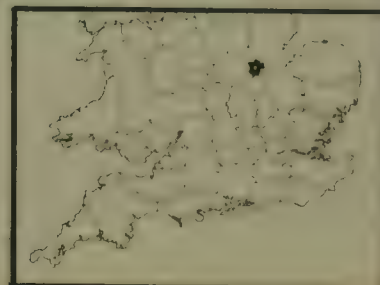
33,400

Main towns

Oakham, Uppingham

Main industries

Agriculture, cement and textile manufacture, electrical engineering





Revaluing the Pre-Raphaelites

by Edward Lucie-Smith

Famous yet execrated in their own time and later, the Pre-Raphaelites were *avant-garde* as well as nostalgic. A major Tate Gallery exhibition offers a chance to reassess their achievements.

The much written-about denizens of Bloomsbury have only one collective rival where modern biographers and essayists are concerned—the members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, founded in 1851, and those who belonged to their circle. As with Bloomsbury, this fascination is in part extraneous to the Pre-Raphaelites' actual achievements. The story of their lives is in itself so dramatic, and in some cases even tragic. Rossetti, in particular, holds our attention as a type of flawed genius, burying his poems in an agony of guilt with his wife Elizabeth Siddall, then rather shamefacedly digging them up again; yearning for the enigmatic Jane Burden, who was by that time married to his best friend William Morris; drugging himself with chloral; and ending with a bleak and ill-attended funeral at Birchington.

Looked at from another point of view, Pre-Raphaelitism forms an extremely interesting episode in the story both of English manners and of English taste. It represents the point at which Victorian stuffiness began to break down, when intellectuals began to feel an overwhelming nostalgia for the simple and the rural, when left-wing politics began to be associated in the public mind with a passion for *avant-garde* art.

The Tate Gallery's major exhibition of Pre-Raphaelite paintings, drawings and sculpture, which opens to the public on March 7 and which is by far the most comprehensive event of its kind ever attempted, is certain to find a much wider public than it would have done 15 years ago. In those days the Pre-Raphaelite concern with sharp-



Top, *An English Autumn Afternoon*, 1854, by Ford Madox Brown; oil on canvas, 27½ by 53 inches. Above, *The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple*, 1854-55, by William Holman Hunt; oil on canvas, 33½ by 55½ inches.

focus detail still seemed the very opposite of what painting should be about, quite apart from the stigma of "literariness" which had been attached to so many of their works. Worse still, people were not attuned to their mock-archaic mock-medievalism. Today, with the Photo Realists and the Neo-Expressionists to guide us, we are more at ease with realistic detail, and also with elaborate stylistic games.

Pre-Raphaelite painting was a reac-

tion against the fusty academic art of its time, as typified by the work of Daniel Maclise. It took on forms which were novel not only for England but for Europe as a whole, though admittedly in certain respects the Pre-Raphaelites had been preceded by the German Nazarenes. The whole idea of a "brotherhood"—a kind of secret society which paraded its own exclusiveness and secrecy—excited curiosity and inevitably attracted

condemnation. Though the Pre-Raphaelites, when they first caught people's attention, were young men on the thresholds of their careers, the Victorian cultural establishment felt threatened by them and reacted violently. In this respect, 20 years before the Impressionists and more than 50 years before the Fauves, they enacted a role which made them recognizably members of an *avant garde*—simultaneously famous and execrated.

Yet when we look now at the Pre-Raphaelites, in some respects they seem very remote, and indeed they grow more so the more closely we examine their work. How odd it is, for example, to reflect that these were *plein air* artists long before Monet and Pissarro. The Impressionists were affected by the scientific spirit of the late 19th century, and this presided over their attempts to render effects of light. The Pre-Raphaelites lie on the other side of a great intellectual divide.

Roughly speaking, the paintings included in the Tate Gallery's exhibition can be divided into four groups. First, there are the illustrations to the Bible and to literature. These include some of the most familiar Pre-Raphaelite paintings; among them are Millais's *Ophelia* and Holman Hunt's *The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple*. Second, there are scenes of contemporary life, such as Hunt's *The Awakening Conscience* and Ford Madox Brown's *The Last of England*. Then again there are pictures which tell no specific story, but are evocative of mood, such as Millais's *Autumn Leaves*. And finally there are the apparently straightforward portraits and landscapes. ➤➤

PAINTINGS FROM BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY



TATE GALLERY, LONDON; BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY



Revaluing the Pre-Raphaelites

The Biblical illustrations we make far more simple-minded than they really are, ignoring their immediate relevance to 19th-century religious thought. The 1850s, when the PRB came to prominence, were a time of religious controversy, excited by the Tractarians who preached a return to medieval ecclesiasticalism, as opposed to the then prevalent evangelicalism. Newman left the Church of England, and the medievalism of Pre-Raphaelite artists aroused suspicions that they were secret converts to Roman Catholicism. After all, their predecessors the Nazarenes had found it logical to go over to Rome. The intricate symbolism of the paintings themselves, where every object is charged with meaning, added to these fears.

A similar liking for symbolism pervades Pre-Raphaelite paintings of scenes from contemporary life, and this is combined with a strong tendency to moralize. Both are well seen in Hunt's *The Awakening Conscience*. Every detail—and there is a swarming multitude of details—echoes and reinforces the basic theme of a fallen woman's sudden realization of the horror of her way of life. The soiled glove which her protector has dropped suggests that her ultimate fate will be outright prostitution, but the fact that the bird which the cat is tormenting seems about to escape indicates that there is still a way out. We have lost the art of reading such pictures as they were meant to be read—intensely and extremely literally.

Another aspect of Pre-Raphaelitism foreshadows modern art by reviving some characteristics of early-16th-

century Venetian painting. Millais and Rossetti were perhaps the first artists since Watteau (himself the heir of Giorgione) to paint pictures which were reflections of a state of mind, rather than attempts to paint a moral or tell a story, or simple mirrors held up to reality. Millais's *Autumn Leaves*, painted as early as 1856, puzzled Victorian critics, who looked for a "hidden meaning" which could be precisely expressed in words. Ruskin, defending the painting against this, was brilliantly accurate when he referred what Millais had done directly to Giorgione. Rossetti, in a series of paintings of beautiful women done in the 1860s—*Monna Vanna* and all the rest—made the affinity with Venetian art even clearer; and Burne-Jones in his earliest work was virtually a pasticheur of paintings by Giorgione and the young Titian. *Autumn Leaves* can thus be placed at the beginning of a development which leads, via Whistler, Gauguin's Tahitian paintings and the Picasso of the Blue period, to the modern picture whose only real subject is art itself. Pre-Raphaelitism therefore marks a turning point in the history of painting, and is not the essentially national, or even provincial, episode which it is so often called.

By placing the pictures in chronological order, and enabling us to see how the leading Pre-Raphaelite painters developed side by side, first one taking the lead and then another, the exhibition helps us to understand the way in which they transformed the tradition they inherited, sometimes deliberately, expressing total impatience with what they found, and sometimes (it seems) as prisoners of the *Zeitgeist*, their true instincts working against their conscious will ●

Above left, *Monna Vanna*, 1866, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; oil on canvas, 35 by 34 inches. Above, *The Last of England*, 1852-55, by Ford Madox Brown; oil on wood panel, 32½ by 29½ inches. Below, *The Awakening Conscience*, 1853-54, by William Holman Hunt; oil on canvas, 30 by 22 inches. Opposite, *Autumn Leaves*, 1855-56, by Sir John Everett Millais; oil on canvas, 41 by 29 inches.



TATE GALLERY, LONDON



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ROVER

DRIVING IS BELIEVING

The archaeological jewellers

by Ursula Robertshaw

Between March 13 and 27 the very first exhibition of jewelry by the Castellani family, by Carlo Giuliano and by their followers will be held at Wartski's in Grafton Street. Highly estimated in their heyday in the mid and at the end of the 19th century, their superbly crafted pieces were bought by a celebrated clientele, and royal commissions included presentation swords for Napoleon III and King Victor Emmanuel II. Yet today their work is relatively unknown—a state of affairs which is bound to be remedied by the publication of Geoffrey Munn's scholarly and beautifully illustrated work, *Castellani and Giuliano—Revivalist Jewellers of the Nineteenth Century* (Trefoil Books, £29.95). Mr Munn has been researching the book for 10 years, and his investigations have put him in a strong position to arrange some of the dazzling loans for the exhibition.

The Castellani firm was founded by Fortunato Pio Castellani, a notable Roman goldsmith who revived the Etruscan technique of gold granulation which had been lost for centuries. He and his sons Alessandro and Augusto, appalled by mid-19th-century jewelry design, as well they might be, sought inspiration from ancient sources. Spurred by the excavations of Etruscan jewelry in 1836, in their workshops in Rome they produced superb copies of, and derivations from, not only Etruscan but also Greek and Roman jewels. Other styles were added to the repertory, including Byzantine and medieval, sometimes copied from contemporary portraits, made up by craftsmen whose technique has seldom been bettered.

Alessandro opened a branch of the firm in Paris in the early 1860s, and another in Frith Street, London, which Carlo Giuliano managed before opening his own premises in Piccadilly in 1874. Here he acquired royal patrons—Queen Victoria, Edward VII and Queen Alexandra—and customers among the artistic community such as Holman Hunt and Burne-Jones; the latter had some of his own designs made up by Giuliano, and it is thought that Giuliano's jewels were used by Alma Tadema in some of his Classical pictures.

The exhibition at Wartski's includes many distinguished loans, including pieces from the Victoria & Albert Museum, the Fitzwilliam and the National Museum of Ireland. There are also many privately owned pieces, including a multi-coloured sapphire and enamel necklace from the Queen's collection and three necklaces belonging to Princess Margaret. This is primarily a "learning" exhibition, but there are a few pieces for sale, including the cupid earrings illustrated here ●



Enameled gold brooch in the form of a Pharaoh's head, set with diamonds, pearls and a ruby. Carlo Giuliano, c 1890. Gold pendant in the form of a Bacchus head, decorated with filigree and granulation. Attributed to Castellani, c 1880. Gold chain in the form of cupids riding on doves, decorated with filigree and granulation. Probably by Melillo, c 1890. Gold chain in the Roman taste, set with pearls and green aventurines. Castellani, c 1890.

Fomalhaut observed

by Patrick Moore

Fomalhaut, the leader of the small southern constellation of Piscis Australis or Piscis Austrinus (the Southern Fish), is not one of the brightest stars in the sky. It comes 18th in order, and with an apparent magnitude of 1.2 it is well over a magnitude fainter than Arcturus or Vega. Moreover, it is never seen to advantage in the British Isles. During autumn evenings it appears low down over the southern horizon, directly below the Square of Pegasus; indeed, the two "right-hand" stars of the Square (Skat and Markab) point directly to it, which is probably the best way to identify it. From north Scotland, however, it barely rises and is extremely difficult to see at all.

From southern countries such as Australia and South Africa, Fomalhaut passes over the zenith, directly above the observer, and is easy to locate because there are no other bright stars anywhere near it. The Southern Fish is a dim, obscure constellation, and despite the presence of Fomalhaut there seems no reason for it to have a separate identity.

Fomalhaut has a faint companion 2° to its south. However, the companion is only of the 14th magnitude and much too faint to be seen in small telescopes. There is a chance that it is associated with Fomalhaut, but the distance between the two is almost a light-year so that there may be no real connexion.

Fomalhaut itself is one of our nearer stellar neighbours. Its distance from us is 22 light-years, which corresponds to approximately 130 million million miles—of the brightest stars in the sky only Alpha Centauri, Sirius, Procyon and Altair are closer. It is pure white, with a luminosity 13 times that of the Sun, and its diameter is of the order of 1,700,000 miles, as against 865,000 miles for the Sun.

So far Fomalhaut seems unremarkable enough, but over the past few months it has been the subject of intensive study by astronomers because, like the more brilliant and slightly more distant Vega, it appears to be the centre of what may be a planetary system.

The clue came from the infra-red astronomical satellite, IRAS, which was launched in January, 1983, and continued to send back data until the following November. In every way IRAS was a triumphant success. Its main task was to map the sky at infra-red wavelengths, and it discovered thousands of new infra-red sources. In addition it detected several faint comets. But perhaps the most remarkable discoveries of all have been these embryo solar systems.

The first to be detected was that of Vega. Two members of the IRAS team based at Chilton, where the signals are

received, were Dr Hartmut Aumann and Dr Eric Gillett. To test the infra-red telescope on IRAS, they turned it towards certain selected stars which were thought to be completely normal. Vega, however, showed a strong infra-red excess, which could be due only to material associated with it; and Aumann and Gillett concluded that this material was likely to be in the form of large masses, possibly even planet-sized. The existence of a fully fledged planetary system could not be ruled out.

Aumann, Gillett and their colleagues were intrigued. This was a discovery of tremendous significance; but could Vega be unusual? Other stars such as Altair did not give the same results. But then, not long before IRAS came to the end of its active career, exactly the same sort of thing was found with Fomalhaut. Here, too, there is an excess of infra-red radiation which must come from cool material associated with the star.

The discovery is even more important than might be thought at first. The detection of surrounding material will be much more difficult with remote stars for obvious reasons; and of the six nearest first-magnitude stars two have been found to be associated with planet-forming material. Of the others Alpha Centauri is a close binary, while Sirius and Procyon have faint but very massive white dwarf-star companions and could not be expected to have planetary systems as well. In fact these preliminary IRAS results confirm the view held by many astronomers (though not all) that planetary systems are likely to be common in space.

This point of view is supported by a change in our ideas as to the origin of our own Solar System. It was once thought that the planets, including the Earth, were pulled off the Sun by the action of a passing star. If this had been true, then planetary systems would have been very rare indeed, because the stars are so widely spread in space that direct collisions, or even close encounters, can hardly ever occur—just as two gnats flying about inside the Festival Hall would be unlikely to meet head-on. Nowadays, however, it is agreed that the planets grew up by accretion from a "solar nebula", a mass of dust and gas associated with the young Sun. What can happen to a completely normal star such as the Sun can also, presumably, happen to other stars; and the detection of material around Vega and Fomalhaut indicates that this really is the case.

If planetary systems are common, then the same may be true of life. As yet our knowledge is hopelessly incomplete, but at least it is not impossible that there may be other civilizations in our own part of the Galaxy—even if they do not exist in the system of Fomalhaut.

Back to the boot

by Stuart Marshall

Boots are back again. In fact, the three-box car with a bonnet, body and boot is so popular that a lot of makers must be wondering why they were ever seduced into two-box designs—that is, bonnet and body with a hatchback.

It was, I suspect, a case of a fashion gaining its own momentum. The first hatchbacks were practical rather than beautiful vehicles—cars like the Renault 4 and 16, the Simca 1100 and Austin Maxi of the 1960s. They proved so popular with buyers who wanted to carry things as well as people that the rest of the industry rushed to follow in their footsteps. The Fiat 127 and Peugeot 104, launched as saloons, became hatchbacks within a few years. Saab, Rover, Alfàsud and Volvo (the 340) incorporated tailgates, not boot lids, either at design stage or soon afterwards.

But was this what the car-buying public really wanted? In many cases it would appear not. The Saab 900 really took off in the marketplace when it appeared in a saloon version with four doors, which rapidly proceeded to out-sell the three-door and five-door versions. Being a hatchback did not help the Rover 3500. It is too late to do anything about it now, but the Rover range would unquestionably have sold better had it been a saloon, not a hatchback. With the advantage of hindsight it can be seen that the last thing BL's planners should have done was to introduce an Ambassador hatchback version late in the not very successful Princess's life. It did not help sales significantly.

Why have hatchbacks at all? Simply to give the one-car family a vehicle with greater utility than a saloon but without the boxy lines of a shooting brake. On the Continent, where the hatchback was born, estate cars are generally considered to be not very smart. Their image is of trade, not broad acres. Hatchbacks looked more respectable than estate cars though, with fold-down rear seats and a lifting tailgate, and were almost as good at shifting

bulky loads of furniture, camping gear and so on. They were not quite so handy for dogs; only the young and athletic can cope with the high rear sills of some hatchbacks.

Having started the trend to tailgates, Renault led the retreat from them. The 18 mid-size car and the smaller 9 both appeared at their introductions as four-door saloons only. Opel's first super-mini, the Corsa (we know it as the Vauxhall Nova), was offered as both saloon and hatchback at its launch, as was the Opel Kadett (Vauxhall Astra) nearly two years earlier.

Volkswagen, after several best-selling years with the Golf hatchback, created a booted version called the Jetta. Ford have just done the same with the Escort to add the Orion to their range. Many see this car as the logical successor to the Cortina, a role the hatchbacked Sierra was supposed to fill. Fiat have tacked a boot on the Strada to create the Regata; BL's Austin Rover Group will launch a booted Maestro (reputedly to be called the Montego) in a few weeks' time. Quality car producers like BMW and Mercedes must be congratulating themselves for having resisted the temptation to go hatchback.

I have no personal axe to grind as I invariably buy estate cars, but I have to say that a hatchback always seems to move up half a class when it is given a boot. The length, naturally, increases but there is more to it than that. Saloons tend to be quieter than hatchbacks. Their rear seats, not having to fold out of the way into the floor, are more comfortable. Most important of all, anything put in the boot is hidden from sight and is thus more secure, though admittedly the fold-up shelves over hatchback load spaces provide some concealment. At least your belongings are not on view as they are in an estate car.

Although the first three places in the 1984 Car of the Year contest (Fiat Uno, Peugeot 205, new VW Golf) were hatchbacks, the concept is in retreat. A medium or large car with a slanting back and tailgate will be a rarity by the end of this decade.



The new Fiat Regata saloon, which is due in Britain in a few weeks' time.

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Refurbishing Unilever House

by José Manser

A four-year, £24 million programme to renovate Unilever House, London headquarters of the Anglo-Dutch food and detergents group, has recently been completed. Bravely the board decided that some striking embellishments should figure prominently in the transformation.

Theo Crosby of Pentagram Design is an architect with trenchant views on the work of his peers. "Areas which have existing quality are being destroyed by the intrusion of modern architects. They're blinded by an ideology which doesn't require them to take note of where they are building."

This might be less startling if Crosby limited his distaste to buildings of the Modern Movement which is currently being abused by certain architects and lay people alike. But his disapprobation includes buildings far removed from the cubic simplicity and beautifully proportioned but sparsely adorned spaces which denote the product of the true Modern Movement; and he is indeed hard-pressed to name one contemporary building to which he can give wholehearted approval. In his opinion it is not space, proportion and scale which endow a building with splendour, but the art and decoration with which it is embellished. "This is what modern buildings lack. Architects won't spend a penny on the work of an artist or craftsman to go into their buildings."

Like many architects nowadays, Crosby has designed relatively few new structures, his work being largely in the field of restoring and refurbishing the old. To this extent he has been denied (or spared) the opportunity to demonstrate the way in which his theories translate into practice. In his refurbishment work though, perhaps more than any other living architect, he has been expansive in his patronage of artists and designer craftsmen on behalf of his clients. Nowhere has he been able to give vent more fully to this passion for applied decoration and design (and, to a lesser extent, art) than in the vast Unilever House which was built at the end of the 1920s and stands on the embankment near Blackfriars Bridge.

In a major reorganization of their premises Unilever have upgraded the accommodation at this stately old building. They have done so in a comprehensive and courageous way which is quite alien to the general run of large corporations in this country. Roy Ashworth of the Unilever Engineering Division was architect in charge of the



The brightly lit cafeteria and, top, detail of its fibrous plaster column capitals.

considerable planning and structural work involved. Theo Crosby applied the decoration.

Unilever House is generally described as a building with an Art Deco interior. In fact, the Art Deco content was thinly spread, not of top quality and would have entirely escaped the gaze of an untutored visitor. Nevertheless, it gave Crosby a point of reference when evolving an aesthetic for the new decorations. Many motifs in the Art Deco repertoire have been brought into play in a way which certainly never occurred in the original plain Unilever interior. Crosby has also added a liberal dosage of the Modernism which eventually superseded Art Deco. There are richly glowing Art Deco colours (from the same palette originally inspired by Leon Bakst's designs for the Ballets Russes), ornately designed wrought-iron work, generous applications of gold leaf, boldly geometric shapes and patterned mirror glass; and everywhere fibrous plaster has been used to fashion immensely complicated capitals at the top of columns, dramatic light bosses and rich encrustations at frieze level.

Rarely can a large 20th-century building have been given such a going over, rarely can interior decoration have been applied with such gusto, exuberance and confidence, and rarely can so many designers, craftsmen and

artists have been employed to this end. All the years Theo Crosby has spent searching out young designers, promoting the work of struggling craftsmen, fostering new talents, have borne fruit in this one building, the apogee of his endeavours.

The tone of a building is set by its entrance hall. Relocated by the company's architect so that it no longer opens on to what had become a fast through-traffic route, it demonstrates Unilever House's new style triumphantly. Gleaming marble floors have diamond-shaped inlays. Massive columns are clad in faceted marble, encircled with triangular bronze "uplighters" and crowned with intricate capitals, their angles and crevices agleam with gold leaf. Diamond-shaped acrylic light fittings, tipped with jewel colours and echoing the floor pattern, sweep down the length of the ceiling, bronze balustrading flanks the stairway to a lower level, and there is a great screen of sand-blasted mirror glass by Diane Redford along one wall.

An interesting aspect of the building is the incorporation of gifts from Unilever's associate companies and contacts throughout the world. Crosby, characteristically, welcomes this influx of artifacts and art works despite their fluctuating quality, and in the entrance hall the massive wood screen by Chief Erhabor Emokpae of

Benin is mercifully of appropriate grandeur and merit.

Up to 1,000 people must be fed each day in such a huge working building, and the two areas devoted to this activity are at ground and basement level, where there is little natural light. Roy Ashworth explains: "We thought dining rooms weren't as badly affected by this deficiency as offices, where people spend a major part of their day." In compensation, Unilever workers, from office boy to top brass, eat their meals in surroundings of dazzling radiance. The Art Deco theme has slipped a bit, but the commitment to decoration, colour and the patronage of their exponents remains intact.

Some of the private dining rooms where top-level entertaining takes place are garnished with rich plasterwork friezes, each of different design and colouring; several have central light bosses, inlaid with gold leaf, surmounting chandeliers, and at least one has a plastic light box of acrylic design similar to those elsewhere in the building. Everywhere in these rooms panelled walls are inset or friezed with decorative, sand-blasted mirror glass. The style is not diluted in the less sequestered regions (the visitors' large dining room, middle-management dining rooms, the carvery and the top-class cafeteria) but the execution is perceptibly coarser, brighter and further from its Art Deco inspiration. It does superbly the job for which it was intended: to provide employees with a refreshing and stimulating contrast to the offices in which they grind away the rest of the day.

Throughout the building gifts from associated companies have been augmented by special purchases from an art fund which Unilever established for the purpose. Thus encouraged by a sympathetic and steadfast client, aided by an architect such as Roy Ashworth who worked to iron out all planning and structural problems, Theo Crosby has been able to demonstrate his beliefs in a way which is granted to few designers. It will be interesting to see whether other architects (and clients) will be swayed by this major opus into similar flights of decoration.



Top, the marble-floored entrance hall reflects Art Deco influence in its colour scheme, bold geometric designs and gold-leaf ornamentation. Above left, the visitors' dining room; above centre, decorated column with light fitting in the middle-management dining room; above right, a private dining room, friezed with sand-blasted mirror glass.

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The coinage of Croesus

by Martin Jessop Price

Coins recently acquired by the British Museum provide a fascinating link between our world and that of King Croesus of Lydia in the sixth century BC.



The British Museum possesses more than 80,000 coins struck by the city states of the Greek world in ancient times. Large and important cities such as Athens are joined in the museum's collection by the coins of small towns, the very sites of which may now be unknown. Yet the coins with their variety of designs and inscriptions survive to tell us something of the kings and peoples who were responsible for their issue. Every year new varieties are recorded and the museum is able to make new acquisitions for posterity.

The invention of coinage may be attributed with certainty to the Lydians, a people whose empire in its heyday under King Croesus, in the mid sixth century BC, stretched along the western coastland of Asia Minor (modern Turkey), with the capital at Sardis. Through their land flowed the River Pactolus, and in the river bed itself were deposits of gold and silver washed by the river from inland. The gold and silver had been washed by the waters to produce an alloy known as electrum, white gold, and modern analyses of the metal content of the earliest coins show that this was the source of the metal first used for coinage.

The Greek historian Herodotus tells us that the people of Lydia were not only the first to strike coins but also the first to buy and sell in the market place. Herodotus himself was born at the city of Halicarnassus on the coast of Caria, an area that certainly came under the influence of the Lydian empire. He composed his history only a century after the time of King Croesus, and his statement coincides exactly with the finds in modern times of the electrum coins that are without question the first ever to have been issued in that area.

Even before the invention of coinage

1,2: Some designs in the early stages of the first electrum coinage were engraved without great skill. 3,4: The two sides of a nugget of white gold produced in about 600 BC. 5,6: The simple designs of the earliest coins were derived from the seals of those responsible for their issue. 7: A silver coin of Croesus or his Persian conquerors of about 540 BC.

it was the practice of those who possessed wealth in the form of gold or silver to hide their riches in a place of safety. Quite often, through an accident of death or even through simple forgetfulness that must have been particularly frustrating, the treasure was never recovered, and despite the efforts of those who knew of its existence lay where it was for centuries. Archaeological excavations occasionally come across such hoards, but more commonly they are recovered in modern times through some chance movement of earth.

In a recent London auction such a hoard of electrum coins, said to have been found many years ago at the ancient city of Colophon, was offered in several lots. It had remained in private hands ever since its discovery, and had never been recorded. The museum was able to acquire the whole hoard which proved to be one of the earliest deposits of coins ever recovered, buried by its original owner around 600 BC.

The coins are little lumps of electrum, carefully weighed according to the local Lydian weight system and stamped with hand-engraved designs to show who was responsible for their issue. The engraver had cut the design into an anvil. The lump of electrum was placed over the engraving and a rough punch, square in section, was driven onto it, forcing the metal into the design below. This is a crude

method of manufacture, but it represents the birth of the coin and in essence is not significantly different from the manner of production of coins today.

The designs themselves were derived from the personal seals which for many centuries had acted on documents as a personal signature. This new hoard contains 19 little coins of electrum, with eight different varieties of design. To the people who originally used the coins the motifs were probably recognizable as the signature of a particular king or city or even a local dignitary. Unfortunately no further inscription was included to give us a guide today to the particular person or place originally responsible for the issue of the coins.

The standard of engraving varies considerably. As with the earliest seals, it was not essential to provide a fully representational design, and in some cases on these earliest coins the engraving consists merely of parallel lines. Like a modern signature or lines on modern bank notes, these lines are sufficiently individual to provide a check against forgery.

The coins from the new hoard are typical of the earliest known phase of coinage. They are all very small, three of them only 0.1 gram in weight. The whole hoard weighs only 8.69 grams, yet it must have represented a fair purchasing power for its original owner. The smallest piece was a good day's working wage. Small though they are, the designs indicating the issuing authorities are clear enough—a winged beetle, a facing bull's head, an owl and similar motifs. Some engravers sketched the design in linear form, without carving out the detailed modelling of relief planes. This in itself is a very early feature, soon abandoned as an art form for coinage in favour of deeply engraved designs which give ancient Greek coins the quality of miniature sculptures. The head of a horse to be found on four of the coins in the hoard is one of the first designs to be boldly cut into the anvil, carefully engraved in fine detail.

Equally of interest, but for other reasons, is the discovery that one of the coins was not of pure electrum, but had been plated with a skin of electrum on a copper core. This was an intentional, and apparently successful, attempt to deceive the unwary recipient, and it can certainly be classed as the earliest known forgery of a coin. By replacing a valuable little nugget of white gold with a worthless lump of copper, the greed of the forger was likely to be satisfied.

The British Museum has also been able to acquire recently the earliest known coin struck in pure silver. This, too, was discovered while studying a hoard, though details of its discovery have been lost. The hoard mainly consisted of coins made by the Persian governors of Lydia, after the Persian empire had engulfed the Lydian kingdom and had driven King Croesus

from his throne in 547 BC. The designs of the earliest Persian coins struck at Sardis show the head and shoulders of a lion leaping to attack a bull, whose head and shoulders balance the composition. The earliest coin from the hoard, of a design hitherto unknown in silver, shows the same lion and bull, but with their heads placed back to back. The coin shows signs of wear suggesting that it had been in circulation for some time before it was buried, and without doubt this is a coin of King Croesus himself, struck perhaps not long after his accession in 560 BC.

It was this King Croesus who helped to build the famous temple of Artemis at Ephesus, on the site of the temple that was to become one of the Seven Wonders of the World. In the foundations of this building, when excavated by a British Museum team early this century, was found a remarkable treasure that has continued to intrigue scholars ever since. In the earliest context on the site, among numerous other objects such as jewelry, scarabs and votive offerings in precious metal and ivory, was found a group of electrum coins. These provide a close parallel to the coins in the hoard recently acquired by the museum. The dating of the objects found in this deposit is crucial to the study of the introduction of coinage, yet there is little agreement.

Various theories have been put forward which result in a difference of nearly 100 years for the date of the deposit. Some insist that the earliest foundations on the site represent the structure that was believed to have been destroyed by the hordes of Cimmerians from South Russia who, it was said, invaded this part of Asia Minor. This invasion is often placed in the middle of the seventh century BC, and so the objects in the deposit must then be dated before the time of the invasion. Others say that this cannot be so, and that some of the objects must have been made only around 600 BC. Those who study the history of coinage are themselves torn by the arguments for and against the dating of the earliest foundations of the temple of Artemis. Later, in the early fifth century BC, the dating of coins can be considered very accurate. Working backwards in time from what is known to be certain, many now believe that the earliest coins cannot have been struck long before 600 BC, and argue that the deposit at Ephesus must have been sealed in or soon after that date.

In an attempt to try and resolve these serious differences in the dating of the deposit found in the temple of Artemis, the British Museum is to host a symposium to reinspect the finds in the light of modern scholarship. This is to coincide with the ancient feast of Artemis, the Artemisia, on March 23 and 24, 1984.

Martin Jessop Price is Deputy Keeper of the Department of Coins and Medals in the British Museum.

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TRAVEL

Action-packed cruising

by Hazel Evans

The sunlight danced on the water, spreading a film of gold over the horizon. Behind me a steel band played gently. It was good to be cruising the Caribbean again. The day before I had felt a great surge of relief as our Miami-bound Boeing 747 pierced the grey cloud over London airport. Today I was soaking up the sunshine on board the SS *Norway*.

With a surprisingly young, mainly American clientele on board there was not much lounging around in the sun. Instead there was an overwhelming feeling that you ought to be doing something all the time, even if it was only eating or drinking. And there lay the dieter's dilemma: we were persuaded to eat as much food as we could on the one hand, while being urged to exercise on the other.

Gone are the fun sessions of physical jerks, the idle games of deck quoits; keeping fit while cruising is now a serious business, with aerobics in the forefront. As you wend your way to the Windjammer bar for a midday aperitif, you are likely to bump into participants of the *Norway's* "Fit with Fun" programme—perspiring paddleball players or refugees from basketball foulshooting—off to the sauna.

Dawn sees *Good Morning Exercises* beamed straight into your cabin on TV. But you are also tempted by the pre-breakfast snacks being served aft, where you can watch the sun come up while tucking into Danish pastries, a prelude to a four-course repast in the Leeward dining room which includes, unaccountably, kippers piled high with boiled onion rings. What the food lacks in quality on the ship, it certainly makes up for in quantity.

Mid morning, and the soda fountain on the promenade deck beckons with ice-cream sundaes. Serious eaters are already queueing for their hamburgers and hot dogs before tackling "real" lunch in the dining room. The Fit with Fun followers are meanwhile sweltering over shuffleboard on the baking hot deck, hardly noticing the sun, or doing the rumba with Audrey in the Checkers lounge. By now this particular Fit with Fun fanatic had decided that she could get enough exercise by simply walking around the vast ship.

At the end of the day comes your last chance to get fit—or grow fat. After the lavish midnight buffet, for those who still have space after the five-course dinner, you return to your cabin to find the *Goodnight Exercise* girl eyeing you reproachfully on TV. It is through your personal TV set that you find out what is where aboard the SS *Norway*, have the latest world news read to you and can learn about the history of the ship.

A thousand feet long, she was

launched in 1960 as the *France* by the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique to rival the Cunard *Queens*. She was the pride of the French merchant marine, but by the early 1970s had become uneconomic on the transatlantic run, and was laid up in 1974. Five years later she was bought by Norwegian Caribbean Lines, who did massive refurbishing and put her to cruise in the Caribbean out of Miami.

They have almost halved the crew and doubled the number of passengers, but with typical Norwegian efficiency everything runs like clockwork. Some, but not much, of the older-style opulence remains but the rest is bright, colourful, light—and wipe-clean.

The *Norway's* normal Caribbean run is a week-long, shopping-and-fun rather than sight-seeing cruise. You drop into the duty-free port of St Thomas in the American Virgin Islands, whisked ashore in fast tenders that hold 400 passengers. Alternatively you can visit the under-water aquarium Coral World, then try local food at the attractively amateurish Garden Bar up in the hills.

The next stop is Nassau, with time to take in the handsome main street and straw market. Then comes Norwegian Caribbean's own "Out Island" where you play Robinson Crusoe for the day, along with several hundred other people. Everything is discreetly well run; there are flushing lavatories disguised as fishing huts, a sizzling barbecue and a steel band.

Back on board the social life continues relentlessly with 11 bars, the disco and the dance floors in full swing. There are parties for singles, for honeymooners and for grandparents. If your mind needs some exercise there is a demonstration of ice-carving, a talk on astrology and you can even learn to speed-read. There is bridge in the library and not least of all there is your cabin where you can catch up on some of the films you missed back home.

Is it worth the money? Yes, if you like to join in things and certainly if you have a large appetite—if you just like watching human nature at work it is almost non-stop entertainment. And the sheer good-natured exuberance of the young crew helps to give the voyage a once-in-a-lifetime holiday air.

The *Norway* will continue her week-long Bahamas-St Thomas run, departing Saturday afternoons, arriving back at Miami Saturday morning until early July. Including return air fares from London to Miami, a night at Miami Beach and the cruise the rates are from £1,055 to £1,815. A third or fourth adult sharing a cabin would pay £735, children under 12 sharing with two adults, £425-£445. Norwegian Caribbean Lines, Clareville House, 26/27 Oxendon Street, London SW1Y 4EL (tel 839 4214).

The scene at sea

by David Tennant

In the numbers game, much beloved by tourism statisticians, cruising comes far down the popularity list. Last year some 14 million Britons travelled abroad for their holiday, but only about 80,000 went on a cruise. Of these 50,000 sailed from British ports, mainly Southampton, the other 30,000 being roughly divided between fly-cruising in the Mediterranean area and in other parts of the world, of which the Caribbean was the most popular.

One of the most important shipping events this year will be the completion in May of P & O's 45,000 ton liner *Royal Princess* in Finland at a cost of more than £80 million. This luxurious vessel will be based in California, will cruise in the Pacific and, if the advance publicity is anything to go by, will offer very high standards. Another noteworthy event will be the return of the *Norway* which will cruise in European waters from July to September.

Spurred on by their success last year in marketing the *QE2* on her transatlantic voyages in conjunction with Concorde, Cunard have increased the number of flights for 1984 to 168, enabling passengers to go one way by air at an additional £299 on the single fare, the other by sea. And Cunard are for the first time marketing their "new" cruise liners *Vistafjord* and *Sagafjord* which formerly sailed under the Norwegian flag. With a high reputation already for service and comfort, these ships have been refurbished for their new roles.

P & O's two large liners, the *Canberra* and the elegant *Sea Princess*, are doing extensive programmes from Southampton and on fly-cruises from Mediterranean ports. Both P & O and Cunard include first-class return rail travel from a passenger's nearest station to Southampton (or London for fly-cruises) at no additional cost.

A newcomer to the Mediterranean fly-cruises this April will be the *Sea Goddess I*, a smaller vessel of striking modern lines more akin to a luxury yacht, with only 60 suites. Of Norwegian registration and operation, she will be calling at a number of ports off the usual itineraries. This *de luxe* vessel is planned as the first of a small fleet of similar ships catering for a more exclusive market.

A typical route for the *Sea Goddess I* is from Malaga to Puerto Banus (near Marbella), Palma, Sitges, Cassis, St Tropez, Ste Maxime, and Monte Carlo, with departures on April 7, May 19 and July 28. All itineraries are for one week from Saturday to Saturday, but two can be combined. The cost is £2,200 per person.

There is a very great range of fly-cruises in the Caribbean, including vessels of Cunard, the Royal Caribbean

Cruise, Norwegian Caribbean and Carnival Lines. These voyages are for one or two weeks and can be combined with a week or more at many of the stop-over points. Prices include air travel from London to Miami or in some cases to Puerto Rico. Prices start at around £750. And the *Cunard Princess* also operates a scenically spectacular two-week voyage from Vancouver up the Canadian and Alaskan coasts from late May to the end of August. The prices are from £1,290 to £2,235, including flights from London and many UK cities at no additional cost.

Here are some sample cruises:

Sea Princess (P & O). Southampton, Cadiz, Malaga, Cannes, Santa Margherita, Civitavecchia (for Rome), Palma, Southampton. August 14 to 28. £1,232 to £2,212.

Royal Viking Sea (Royal Viking Line). Southampton, Leith, Norwegian fjords, Bergen, Shetland Islands, Skye, Dublin, Southampton. Eleven day round trip, departures May 6, 17, 28 and July 26. £1,354 to £4,912.

Vistafjord (Cunard). Fly to Venice, Dubrovnik, Athens, Mudanya (Turkey), Varna (Bulgaria), Yalta, Constanta, Istanbul, Mykonos, Crete, Malta, Genoa; fly to London. September 23 to October 7. £1,385 to £4,990.

Orpheus (Swan Hellenic). Fly to Dubrovnik, Athens, Delos, Mykonos, Rhodes, Alexandria (for Cairo), Herakleion, Sicily, Tunis, Naples and fly home. June 11 to 28. £815 to £1,595.

Norway (Norwegian Caribbean). Southampton, Amsterdam, Bergen, North Cape, Lofoten Islands, Trondheim, fjords cruise, Oslo, Amsterdam; flight or sea-rail back to UK. July 26 to August 11 (16 nights). £1,445 to £7,535.

Canberra (P & O). Southampton, Corunna, Lisbon, Algarve, Tenerife, Ponta Delgada (Azores), Vigo, Southampton. July 29 to August 11. £663 to £1,989.

Black Watch (Fred Olsen). Tilbury, Madeira, Lanzarote, Tenerife, Las Palmas, Madeira, Tilbury. Departs from March 1, fortnightly until April 26, and from September. £590 to £1,680

Cunard Line, 8 Berkeley Street, London W1X 6NR (tel 491 3930). Fred Olsen Travel, 11 Conduit Street, London W1R 0LS (tel 409 2019). Norwegian Caribbean Lines, Clareville House, 26/27 Oxendon Street, London SW1Y 4EL (tel 839 4214). P & O Cruises, Beaufort House, St Botolph Street, London EC3A 7DX (tel 377 2551). Royal Caribbean Cruise Line, 35 Piccadilly, London W1V 9PB (tel 434 1991). Sea Goddess, Equity Tours (UK), 10 Goswell Road, London EC1M 7AA (tel 253 6156). Swan Hellenic Cruises, Beaufort House, St Botolph Street, London EC3A 7DX (tel 247 7532).

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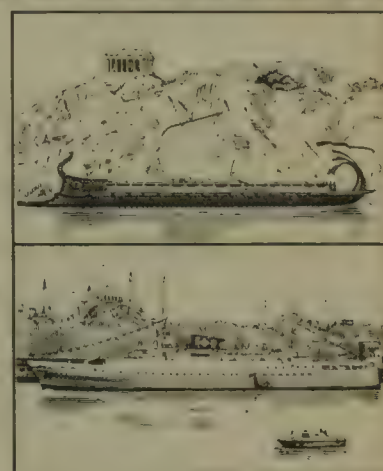
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A patriot historian

by Robert Blake

Set in a Silver Sea, A History of Britain and the British People, Volume I

by Sir Arthur Bryant
Collins, £12.50

Sir Arthur Bryant has probably given more pleasure to more readers than any living historian. He is now 85 and his birthday has been celebrated by, *inter alia*, the publication of the first volume of a trilogy on the history of Britain and the British people. Many authors have attempted such a work. Winston Churchill's four volumes on the *English Speaking Peoples*—a title which enabled him to appeal to the American market too—is one of the most famous. Such works have no point unless they are "popular" in the best sense of the word. It would be impossible for one person to write a series of learned volumes advancing the frontiers of knowledge over so vast a period of time. The author must be widely read, he must be able to convert the discoveries of others into lucid prose and he must have some sort of "vision", some concept of the nature of British history, which he wishes to put across. But he cannot expect to make an "original contribution" in the doctoral thesis sense of the words.

There is no doubt where Sir Arthur stands in terms of his vision. He writes in the opening paragraph of his introduction:

"A nation which has forgotten its past, said Churchill, can have no future. At a time when we are confused and divided as to what ours should be, I have written a *History of Britain and the British People* to recall the meaning and greatness of our past."

Sir Arthur is an unashamed patriot. He goes on to say that when he was a boy every educated Briton had some "rough general knowledge of his country's history . . . Whatever her faults Britain had conferred widening benefits on her people and on all who throughout the world enjoyed British citizenship . . ." Knowledge of this history gave its readers pride and "a desire to serve their country and prove themselves worthy of her". But now, he argues, more than one generation has grown up without that knowledge, and it is this which he seeks to restore in a history not confined to war and politics but covering society in the widest sense—the way people lived and thought, the rules that governed them, the realities behind those rules. It is a noble objective but not an easy one to achieve. The author has to be highly selective, chance his arm and trust in his own judgment. No other historian is going to agree exactly with his emphasis or his omissions.

I do not pretend to be a medieval

historian and am in no position to give an authoritative opinion on this volume which takes the story of Britain from earliest times—"The Silent Vanished Races" is the title of the first chapter—to the dethronement of Richard II. I am not quite convinced that the deposition of Edward II and Richard II really proves, as Sir Arthur seems to be arguing, that "the English could only be ruled by those who acknowledge the sanctity of their laws and liberties". As events turned out, the monarchs who tried to govern absolutely were defeated and in 1689 the Parliamentary cause finally triumphed. But there were many occasions when events might have turned out differently. By 1640 11 years of conciliar rule had made the nation more or less used to a system which was normal everywhere else in Europe. If Charles I had shown even a modicum of political sense he could easily have made the system permanent. Even after that the battles of the Civil War might have had a different outcome. And in the 1680s if Charles II had not been succeeded by a brother who was as politically inept as their father Britain could well have developed into an "enlightened despotism".

This is, however, only a minor criticism of a splendid book. Sir Arthur possesses to a high degree the arts of narrative, portraiture and description. He is very good on battles. Senlac, Crécy, Poitiers, Bannockburn have seldom been more clearly analysed. He makes the scenery of the England and Scotland of six or more centuries ago come vividly to the eye. He reminds us of the immense importance of personality—above all of royal personality. It was one of the features of all the centuries from Alfred to Richard II—and indeed far beyond—that a powerful monarchy seemed to be the only barrier against anarchy, and yet there was no means of ensuring that the monarch himself would be fit to exercise power. Alfred the Great, Canute, William the Conqueror, the first two Henries, Edwards I and III were, in their different ways, great men. But they tower among a collection of flawed figures and dubious mediocrities.

Sir Arthur Bryant is in many ways at his best on the Church. The modern tendency, natural in a sceptical age, has been to play down, or take for granted without comment, the enormous importance of the Christian religion in the history of Britain—and indeed of Europe as a whole. The younger generation for which the author is writing will, if they read his book, have no excuse for such neglect. The omnipresent role of the Church is brilliantly described. There are critics who will regard this book as old-fashioned romantic history by someone born in the reign of Queen Victoria. Sir Arthur is both a patriot and a romantic but history is not always best written by internationalists, Marxists or sceptics.

Recent fiction

by Harriet Waugh

The Other Side of the Fire

by Alice Thomas Ellis
Duckworth, £7.95

The Life and Loves of a She Devil

by Fay Weldon
Hodder & Stoughton, £8.95

Two women novelists of some prominence, Alice Thomas Ellis and Fay Weldon, have recently brought out new novels. Both can write electric prose, both are moral writers who subordinate their characters to mythic intention and both, to varying degrees, are interested in the dilemmas that face people of the female gender. At this point their paths separate. Alice Thomas Ellis, possibly because she has written fewer novels, still brings a lively freshness to her prose and characters. The characters may, as in her last novel *The 27th Kingdom* (shortlisted for the Booker Prize), represent the seven deadly sins, but this fact is not intrusive and does not separate the reader from the excitement of the story. This is not entirely true of the later novels by Fay Weldon.

In her new novel, *The Other Side of the Fire*, Alice Thomas Ellis has three prominent female characters. The one at the centre of the story is Claudia Bohannon, a beautiful, brainless housewife. It is worth quoting the opening to the novel in full as it sets the scene and the flavour perfectly. "On the last day of summer Mrs Bohannon fell in love. The poplars, fallaciously pathetic, looked horrified, their branches rising on the wind like startled hair, and a pilgrim cloud wept a few chill tears.

"It began in a garden, as these things will, and she fell in love with her husband's son.

"Bloody hell!"

"It happened like this. . ." Only, what the reader very soon realizes, but Claudia does not, is that her stepson, over whom she anguishes in guilty passion, is homosexual. Although this makes Claudia rather absurd, it does not lessen the reader's awareness of her pain.

The other two characters around whom the story revolves are Silvie, Claudia's reclusive friend, and Evvie, who is Silvie's daughter and Claudia's god-daughter. Silvie, in whom Claudia does not quite confide, is no longer interested in people falling in love. Her thoughts turn on more autumnal things, such as death. She does not need company and resents the intrusions of her daughter and of Claudia and Claudia's husband, Charles. Left to herself she rakes the garden and gives her tenderness to her disagreeable, aged dog, Gloria. As for Evvie, Silvie says of her, "She'll never get married and she's probably going to insist

on living with me for ever in dutiful-daughter fashion. She won't stay in her college during term time like everyone else doing whatever they do. She says she's going to try and come home every weekend. I may kill myself."

Evvie is a self-confident girl uninterested in men, clothes or her looks. She is studying Classics at university but is, despite her lack of interest in men, also writing a romantic novel of the Mills & Boone variety in the hope of making money. She thinks she has found a suitable hero in the local vet and tries to form a fusion between her plot and the life of the vet to increasing chaos as her fictional characters become more real to her than the lives of those around her. The comedy is sharp, stylishly elegant and not too heartless. The novel is not long—156 pages—but every page gives pleasure.

Fay Weldon has been trying to break loose from the shackles of a naturalistic format for some time and in *The Life and Loves of a She Devil* she has finally done so. In this novel she is not concerned with creating a believable plot, characters or landscape. The characters are archetypal representatives of man and woman within an archetypal relationship with the story developing as an allegory from the premise of women's plight.

The heroine, Ruth, is a large, ugly, clumsy housewife and mother of two. She has no conspicuous skills in either of these roles. The children are selfish and whining while her husband, Bobbo, is unfaithful to her with the lovely, successful romantic writer, Mary Fisher. Ruth rebels: burns her house, ruins her husband, deserts her children and slowly, cruelly destroys Mary Fisher. Most of the things that happen are not in the least bit likely, some of them quite impossible. But then this is not a personal story in which the reader suspends disbelief. This is a tale of ideal revenge written in highly polished statements to suit the artificiality of the action and in which conversation is a series of declarations. You either like this sort of thing or do not. I don't. I am uneasy reading about people when they are not presented as individuals. I found the novel effortful, and at the end not entirely rewarding.

The Life of Arthur Ransome

by Hugh Brogan
Jonathan Cape, £10.95

Swallows and Amazons and the other books in this series of stories for children, which he began to write in his mid-40s, are the achievements of Arthur Ransome's life that the world best remembers, and the circumstances of their writing prove to be the most absorbing part of this biography. It seems he did not much care for children, but they clearly brought out the best in him and give his biographer the chance to reveal a sympathetic side to his generally disordered and rather brittle character.

Gardening books

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

The Victorians and their Flowers
by Nicolette Scourse
Croom Helm, £12.95

To the Victorians botanizing was a safe occupation for young ladies, although the risqué terms of Linnaeus's sexual system of plant classification, a "licentious method", was deplored. References to the calyx as a marriage bed and stamens and pistils as decidedly permissive "husbands and wives", let alone his "lewd" anatomical names for certain plants, had to be glossed over. Floral arts and crafts streamed from maidenly fingers. The Paisley weavers perfected the pink but such ordinary flowers, together with polyanthus, auriculas, flamed and feathered tulips, were considered too vulgar for gentlemen's gardens.

Science was in the air. Men were building conservatories, planting arboretums and ransacking the globe to fill them, or poring over microscopes and reading learned papers. One bleeds for the self-taught artisan botanists.

There must be reservations about the illustrations, which are nearly all in black and white, maddeningly listed, and mostly out of focus.

The Armchair Gardening Book
by Dr D. G. Hessayon
Century, £9.95

Half the fun of gardening is reading about it. Dr D. G. Hessayon's book is an hors d'oeuvre. It runs at breakneck pace, filled with enthusiasm, each subject given one or at most two of the 234 pages, almost every one with a colour illustration. Fifteen potted biographies of gardening figures as varied as the Empress Josephine, Mendel and E. H. Wilson are followed by 32 pages on plants: proteas, orchids, bonsai, violets, lilies, lotuses. Then come 16 great gardens which include the Villa d'Este, Bodnant, Kew and the old Derry & Tom's roof garden in Kensington High Street, which can still be visited. Sections follow on many aspects of garden history, on garden wildlife from foxes to butterflies, on indoor fun with plants and finally a patchwork of topics, all amusing, practical or both. It is great fun as an introduction to the wide world of garden literature.

The Wild Flowers of the British Isles
by Ian Garrard and David Streeter
Macmillan, £14.95

A total of 1,454 species, excluding grasses, are shown on 102 double-spread colour plates. Like W. Keble Martin's famous British flora this is a labour of love.

Paperback choice

The Closing Chapter
by Lord Denning
Butterworth, £6.50

This book, written after Lord Denning's retirement from the office of Master of the Rolls, which he had held for more than 20 years, is in two parts. The first is autobiography, beginning with an account (still obviously recalled with some pain) of the publication of his previous book, *What Next in the Law*, which contained references to the unsuitability of many blacks for jury service, references which understandably caused offence and which led to the temporary withdrawal of the book and the removal of the offending passages, to a public apology, and to Lord Denning's retirement. It was a sad episode near the end of a distinguished career, causing the author to reflect in the terms of Wolsey's soliloquy from Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, but fortunately these are not the final words of *The Closing Chapter*. The second part of the book reflects on some of the legal issues in which he has been involved, and in which he so often argued for the amendment of the law in order to secure justice.

Journal of a Somerset Rector
by John Skinner
Oxford University Press, £3.95

Less well known than the diaries of James Woodforde and Francis Kilvert, but certainly as interesting, are those of the Reverend John Skinner, Rector of Camerton. Covering the period 1803-34, the years between Woodforde and Kilvert, the journals provide a vivid and generally rather appalling portrait of provincial life in the early years of the 19th century. It may be that the village of Camerton, near Bath, was not fairly representative of rural England at that time, but there can be no doubting the brutal reality of the life Skinner records, one which ultimately drove him to despair, madness and to suicide.

Lord Elgin and the Marbles
by William St Clair
Oxford University Press, £4.50

A timely historical account of the acquisition of the Elgin Marbles and their sale to the British Museum, where they remain today in spite of the Greek government's formal request for their return. This story, as the author acknowledges, is largely irrelevant to the question of what should happen to the Marbles in the changed conditions of the 1980s, but anyone who wishes to understand the facts before making up his mind on the issue should certainly read this book.

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Buying property abroad

by David Phillips

To judge from my own experience and observation, the final choice after what may have been months of house hunting is often a purely instinctive one—a snap (if not a snip) decision. But all the same I was astonished when some friends of mine went on a winter holiday to Tenerife recently and came back to announce that while they were there they had bought a house.

This was a move in the full sense of the word, for it was no mere holiday apartment they had acquired but a permanent home. I should explain that these creatures of impulse had already retired from active life and they now intend to spend their remaining days in the Canaries.

But I have heard of cases where it took three years to get sight of the *escritura*, as the key legal document in any exchange of property in Spain is called. In the meantime the delights of life on an island can begin to wear thin.

Rule number one if you are thinking of buying property abroad is to distinguish between the ideal place for a holiday (which is all you may be looking for) and a suitable place to spend the rest of your life (if that is what you want), because these two locations do not always coincide.

Rule number two is that wherever you buy property it is wise to consider how easily you would be able to dispose of it if the need or the wish arose. But this applies with even greater force to a purchase overseas, where all sorts of unforeseen circumstances may arise to make a sale desirable. On this score you may need to ponder any peculiarities in the demand-and-supply pattern in the area that attracts you.

If, for instance, you are considering buying a villa in a "development", especially one (as on the Mediterranean coast of Spain) intended for foreign buyers, you should take into account the fact that future buyers in the area will tend to buy new properties in further developments. They are more likely, in other words, to buy (as you did) from a "developer" than from a private individual selling an established property. Some reasons for this are that the developer has more scope for marketing his properties, may be able to arrange convenient financing terms and can promise after-sales management services.

Special problems can arise if you buy a property abroad through some kind of nominee transaction, perhaps for fiscal or financial reasons, or to get round local restrictions of one kind or another on foreign ownership (there always are ways round them). That cottage on a Greek island designated by a law of 1927 as a frontier zone may seem irresistible, and you may have complete trust in Mr Papaponiropou-

lakis, the local nominee, but what have you (or your heirs) got for sale when the time to sell comes?—a house with an illegal title.

When you buy property abroad, you take a currency risk and a close study of the international exchange rate is vital. But alas! the whole subject is complex and problematical. Expert opinion is now sharply divided over the likely future course of the all-important United States dollar. Some say it is overvalued, is bound to fall (they do not say when) and when the fall does come, it will be a steep one. But others say the dollar will ride high for the rest of this decade.

All the same, some currencies do have a persistently bad track record—the Greek drachma and the Spanish peseta, for example, have both roughly halved in value against the dollar over the last 10 years, and in the last year alone have dropped respectively 20 per cent and 10 per cent against the pound.

There are sometimes steps to be taken against this particular risk. One Gibraltar-based bank will accept deposits in sterling or dollars, pay interest of around 9½ per cent on them and advance pesetas for the purchase of property in Spain, on which, however, a higher rate of interest is payable. This scheme can also offer tax advantages to certain participants, but how much better off you end up depends, I would say, on some fairly elaborate calculations based on debatable estimates about the currencies concerned.

Apart from the risk of the bottom dropping out of the drachma etc, another factor to be taken into consideration is exchange controls.

Even if there are no statutory regulations on transferring funds in and out of the foreign country of your choice, there may be masses of obligatory documentation to cope with, and in any case it is always advisable to channel money in with authorization on record, so that there are no difficulties if it ever has to be taken out again. The simplest way round this problem is to import the purchase money through a local bank, which will file evidence of the transaction.

The picture is complicated by the fact that the rules are frequently changed. This year, for instance, you might not get your money out of Greece easily if you sold your property to a Greek resident, but as from next year EEC regulations will apply and this difficulty will be removed. But even then awkward questions may be asked if there are discrepancies between the legal or fiscal documents in the case.

But in spite of these snags, it should not require too much luck or astuteness to make a good investment in property abroad. The main bullish factor is the rising world demand for a suitable place to retreat to from the rest of this demanding world ●

Hunting the vin de pays

by Peta Fordham

The creation of the new appellation *vin de pays* is perhaps the most valuable step taken by the French to hold and increase their markets against the flood of wines from new sources. Of the immense production of wine in the whole country, more than 60 per cent by conservative reckoning has been of *vin de table*, the lowest assessment, comprising all the *ordinaires*, good, bad and indifferent, met in restaurants and supermarkets throughout the country.

The majority of these wines have not been allowed to show any suggestion of origin, though there have for a long time been a well known few, made by reputable firms, which have had a good acceptance and bear obvious traces of their origin. Now, from the immense and increasing flood of production, a large amount of good, sound (if sometimes undistinguished) wine has been created and diverted to profitable purposes, at a price which challenges wine from the rest of Europe.

The largest, most successful and most to be desired development has been in the south-west of France and the Midi, especially in Languedoc-Roussillon. And the speed with which the matter has been tackled here is phenomenal. In the Midi the appearance of the largest nitrogen plant in France indicated that someone was interested in *macération carbonique*, that useful invention by which clean, early matured wine can now be produced. Nicolas had already moved in and was producing good wine. But the first public concept of an *appellation* was only in 1973, promptly followed by its announcement in 1974. It then took until 1979 to work out all the details, including restriction of the grapes allowed to be used (some pretty scruffy ones with large yields were particularly popular in the Midi), the control of output and the satisfaction of all the ancillary EEC requirements. I do not think that many people, now buying the sound *vin de pays* bottles from merchant and supermarket, realize what a fantastic achievement this has been for the French—not famous for speedy, amiable co-operation.

I said that the Midi was probably the most important area. This is just, for it was the cradle of the original French viniculture. Beneath those dark-blue skies of the area, from which a blazing sun pours down on the reddish soil and deep-golden houses, is a land where a vine-shoot stuck into the earth will become a vine without further attention. It is an ideal site from which to produce quantity without quality; and if the wine was sometimes lacking in acidity, no one minded much—if in alcohol, the alcohol content could be boosted by the addition of an Algerian

wine; or, as there was always plenty of wine, it could be done by reducing excess production by boiling and adding the concentrate, as a sort of non-forbidden chaptalization. (M Chaptal, interestingly enough, was born in the region.) So, a large area, which if properly nurtured (not, as previously, madly over-fertilized!) with skilled oenological help and, above all, with finance put into it, could have been made into a vinous gold-mine, was being wasted.

All the help needed has now become available and the next decade or two, when the new and "nobler" vines will be coming fully into production, should really show a fine wine-producing region stretching from the delta of the Rhône, close to Marseilles, to the Spanish border, just south of Perpignan; and—something satisfactory to the sentimental historian—the region will be restored to its vinous tradition, which dates from pre-Roman times.

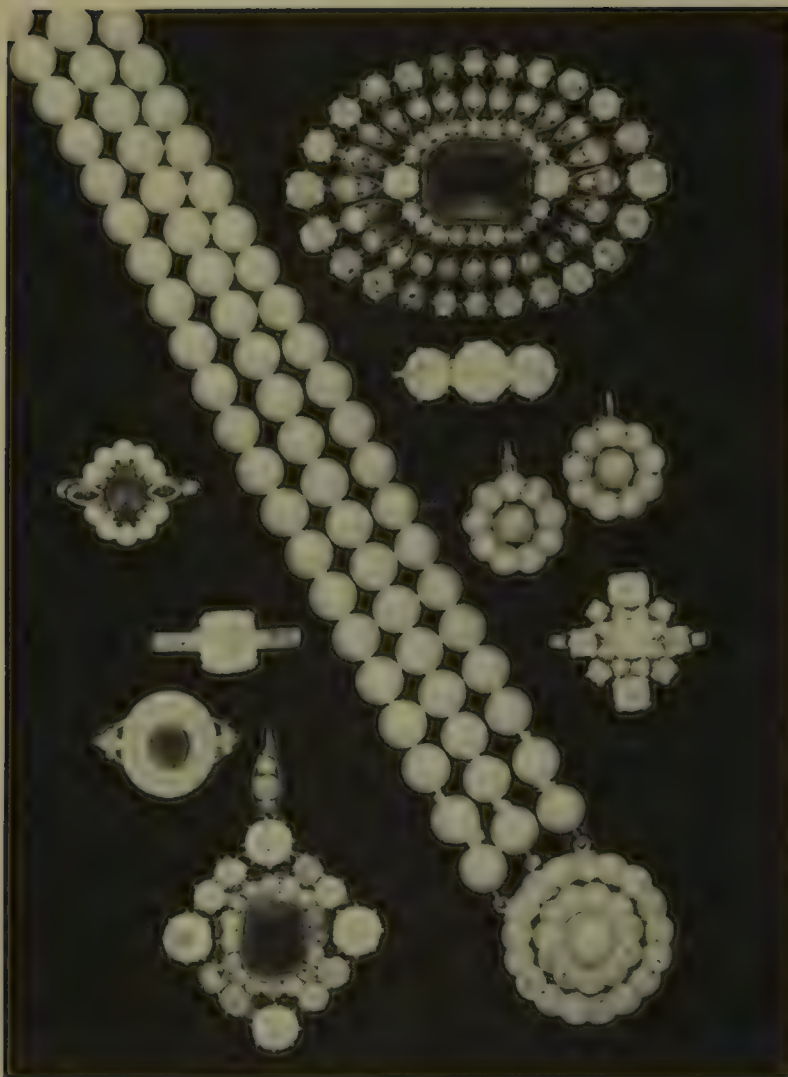
If you are looking for value, the *vin de pays* label is at least a guarantee of fair quality, reds being, as might be expected, better on the whole than whites. There are plenty of other regions, such as the Loire, where production is well under way; but there is a variety of choice in the Midi and the south-west generally which makes these wines on the whole the best to go for, at least at first. They all have to pass a tasting test, which may or may not agree with yours: for the most part it is the name of the producer which will tell the most in the end.

I did a lot of tasting in France where the wine is now to be found in much higher-class (and price!) restaurants than formerly. Over here, Chantovent's Prestige Cabernet Sauvignon Vin de Pays d'Oc is particularly good, at about £2.15 a bottle; it is accompanied by a Prestige Sauvignon, Vin de Pays du Jardin de France, which, unlike its red brother, comes from the Loire and is a nice, clean white.

Victoria Wine is a good source; two exceptionally good ones are a red du Gard, and a de L'Hérault, Dom de Bosc Cepage Cinsault/Syrah; the same Dom de Bosc label names a good white, Cepage Grenache. The best white to my personal taste was their Sables de Golfe du Lion, Listel Blanc de Blancs, but there are dozens of others to try. Altogether, hunting the *vin de pays* would be a profitable occupation for 1984. Prices range from £2 to about £2.50.

Wine of the month

A great standby for chilly spring evenings is a fine Rioja Riserva, Monte Real from Les Amis de Vin, 51 Chiltern Street, W1 (tel: 487 3419) at £3.50. I slightly prefer the 1975; but there is little to choose between it and the 1976, both of which they stock. Fine, deep, rather oaky and full of fruit ●



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CHESS

Junior tournament play

by John Nunn

At one time the only regular international event in the British chess calendar was the Hastings New Year tournament. Now many other tournaments have joined Hastings to provide entertainment for the chess public and valuable experience for our players.

Two major internationals coming up in April deserve a special mention. The third Phillips & Drew Kings Tournament will bring many of the world's top players to London from April 26 to May 11 (no play on April 30, May 5 and May 10). The full line-up is headed by world champion Karpov, followed by Korchnoi, Vaganian, Polugaevsky, Ribli, Timman, Andersson, Seirawan, Torre, Miles, Nunn, Speelman, Mestel and one other British player yet to be decided. The Soviet boycott of Korchnoi has now ended, so spectators will be able to see arch-rivals Karpov and Korchnoi playing in the same tournament for the first time since the 1973 Soviet championship. The GLC have again provided an excellent venue at County Hall.

The second event is the Oakham School Junior International Invitation Tournament, held at the school as part of its 400th anniversary celebrations. Forty of the world's best young players will be competing from April 8 to 17 (no play April 16). The hours of play for both events are 1.15pm to 6.15pm.

Turning now from the future to the past, the Computer Games Limited Brighton International, held in the seaside resort last December, gave some of the best young British players the chance to compete against visiting masters and grandmasters. This is the fifth Brighton tournament and each year the home contingent has done better than the year before. This time they took the top four places, the final scores being Nunn 7 (out of 9), Watson and Short 6, Hodgson (all GB) 5, Westerinen (Finland) 4½, Murei (Israel), Plaskett (GB) and Mednis (USA) 4, Ivanov (Canada) 3½, Burger (USA) 1.

The last round was especially exciting as Nigel Short had the chance to become the world's youngest grandmaster, at the age of 18, by beating Oxford University player William Watson. Television crews gathered in anticipation of his triumph, but their journey was in vain for Watson convincingly defeated Short to tie for second place.

One of the most brutal wins of the tournament was the following game between two of our top juniors, providing a foretaste of next month's Oakham School International.

J. Hodgson **N. Short**
White *Black*

Réti Opening

1 N-KB3 N-KB3
2 P-KN3 P-Q4

3 B-N2 P-B3
4 P-Q3 B-N5
5 P-KR3 B-R4

5... BxN 6 BxB P-K3 was also quite satisfactory for Black.

6 P-KN4 B-N3
7 N-R4

White hunts down the bishop, but this consumes valuable time and allows Black a free hand in the centre.

7 ... P-K4
8 N-QB3 B-K2
9 P-K3

White's passive opening is completely harmless, but Black reacts carelessly. The only area in which White has an advantage is the kingside, where he controls more space, so it is folly to castle immediately on that side of the board. Black should have left his king in the centre and continued developing by 9... QN-Q2, leaving open the option of castling on either side.

9 ... 0-0?
10 NxB RPxN?

10... BPxN was better, but Black is still oblivious to the danger.

11 P-N5 N-K1
12 P-KR4 P-N4
13 P-R3 P-R4

Black tries to secure counterplay, but White's attack grows from move to move.

14 Q-N4 N-B2
15 P-K4 P-Q5
16 N-K2 Q-Q2
17 Q-N3

Having supported the KN5 pawn, White is ready for the final breakthrough by P-R5 opening the KR file.

17 ... R-K1
18 B-R3 Q-Q1
19 P-R5 B-Q3
20 PxP PxP
21 P-KB4 PxP
22 BxP BxB
23 NxB Q-Q3
24 0-0-0 P-N5
25 QR-B1 PxP
26 Q-R4 PxPch
27 K-N1 Q-R6

Black threatens mate in one, but White's blow lands first.



28 Q-R7ch! Resigns

After 28... KxQ White mates by 29 B-K6, while if Black declines the sacrifice by 28... K-B1 or 28... K-B2, mate follows all the same after 29 N-Q5.

Instinctive defence

by Jack Marx

Defending at a low-level part-score is not the most glamorous posture that most bridge players would covet for themselves, since it is not easy to plan ahead to take six or seven tricks when lacking declarer's advantage of being in sole command.

However, there are satisfying occasions when the defence can be wisely directed from an early stage. Often such direction is instinctive rather than reasoned.

♠ 73 Dealer West
♥ K 7 5 3 Game All
♦ A J 9 5
♣ A K 4

♠ K 10 8 6 5 ♠ Q 4 2
♥ Q 10 9 ♥ A J 6
♦ 7 6 4 ♦ K 10 3
♣ 9 8 ♣ Q J 5 2

♠ A J 9
♥ 8 4 2
♦ Q 8 2
♣ 10 7 6 3

At both tables in a team-of-four match, South played at One No-trump against silent opponents after North had opened One Diamond. One of the Wests led a spade to East's Queen, which South sensibly ducked. South continued to duck a second spade and West won with the King. To West it seemed useless to clear the suit, since he was unlikely to regain the lead. He therefore played for his partner's hand and shifted to Heart Ten. This held the trick and so did his next lead of Heart Queen. Another heart would obviously clear dummy's suit, so he led a club to dummy's Ace. Declarer lost a diamond to East's King, but East could now clear a club trick while he still retained Heart Ace. Defenders thus took two spades, three hearts, one diamond and one club.

The second West persisted "safely" with a third spade and East was eventually left on play with a club to lead away from his Ace of Hearts.

♠ A J 9 Dealer West
♥ 10 8 2 East-West Game
♦ 10 9
♣ A K J 9 5

♠ Q 8 5 2 ♠ 3
♥ A J 9 6 5 ♥ K 7
♦ Q 7 ♦ K 8 6 5 4 3 2
♣ Q 6 ♣ 10 7 2

♠ K 10 7 6 4
♥ Q 4 3
♦ A J
♣ 8 4 3

West	North	East	South
No	1♣	1♦	1♠
2♥	2♠	All Pass	

East-West could have pushed on safely with diamonds, but were deterred by the vulnerability. West led Diamond Queen and East could see little hope unless West could enter early with a trump and proceed to cash whatever was possible in hearts.

Accordingly, he discouraged a further diamond by playing his Two. South won, led a trump to the Ace, then ran dummy's Jack to West's Queen. West rose to the occasion by leading a low heart and the defence took a rapid three tricks in the suit. Now a diamond to the King and a third diamond from East torpedoed declarer, whether he ruffed high or low in hand or in dummy. West's shortage in clubs and Eight of trumps assured him of a trump trick. Apart from a wrong guess in trumps, declarer went astray from the beginning by winning the first round of diamonds.

On the following hand from match-play, one declarer bid and made game in spades while his counterpart finished one trick lower but contrived, not perhaps single-handedly, to go one down.

♠ A Q Dealer North
♥ K Q 3 North-South
♦ A Q 8 Game
♣ A 10 9 7 3

♠ 10 9 4 ♠ K
♥ 10 7 4 ♥ A J 6 5
♦ K 9 7 6 3 2 ♦ J 10 4
♣ 5 ♣ K Q 8 6 4

♠ J 8 7 6 5 3 2
♥ 9 8 2
♦ 5
♣ J 2

To arrive at Four Spades, North-South had employed a Big Club system that had left East free to show a club suit. When West led an obviously singleton club, South did not hesitate to grab his two black Aces at once and eight more tricks a little later.

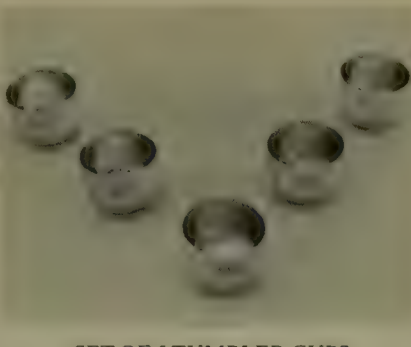
The other North-South had the bidding to themselves:

North	2NT	3H	No
South	3D	3S	

Three Diamonds was the Flint convention, whereby a weak hand with a long major opposite an opening Two No-trumps may be played at exactly Three Spades or Hearts. Opener must rebid Three Hearts regardless of holding and responder will either pass or transfer to Three Spades.

South emerged from the play rather red-faced, even though he had no guidance from opponents' bidding. He ducked the club lead, dropping the Jack under East's Queen. Since the Club Two had not appeared, East could not be sure that the lead was a singleton. Even if it were, he felt an immediate club ruff would be self-defeating. West would return a heart and a further club from East would provoke South into ruffing high; failure by West to overruff would expose the position of his own King of trumps.

East in fact far-sightedly returned a small heart to dummy's Queen. Unsuspecting, declarer ruffed a diamond in hand to take a spade finesse and the roof caved in. West got his club ruff and led a heart through dummy's King for East to cash two tricks in the suit and a total of five ●



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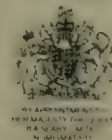
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MARCH BRIEFING

Thursday, March 1

Exhibition about the work & ideas of William Morris opens at the ICA (p83)
Igor & Valery Oistrakh give a concert at the Barbican (p78)

□ St David's Day

Friday, March 2

New films: *Champions*; *The Right Stuff*; *Carmen*; & *Over the Brooklyn Bridge* (p76)

Work by eight ceramicists goes on show at the British Crafts Centre (p84)

□ New moon

Saturday, March 3

Athletics: English Cross-Country Championships at Newark (p82)

Sunday, March 4

Linley Sambourne House & the Museum of Garden History re-open for the season (p83)

Scottish Ballet in Edinburgh give a programme in honour of Anton Dolin & John Gilpin (p81)

Monday, March 5

Cleveland Quartet play at St John's (p79)

Britten's *Peter Grimes* opens at Covent Garden (p81)

Tuesday, March 6

Talks by photographers: John Benton-Harris at the Museum of London; Angus McBean at the National Theatre (p83)

Shrove Tuesday: Pancake racing in Paternoster Sq, London (p83) & Lichfield, Staffs (p90)

Wednesday, March 7

New exhibitions: The Pre-Raphaelites at the Tate; Bill Brandt's Literary Britain at the V & A; Jim Dine at Waddington's (p84)

First day of the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition (p83)

□ Ash Wednesday

Thursday, March 8

First night of *The Aspern Papers* at the Haymarket (p74)

50th-birthday tribute to Harrison Birtwistle at St John's (p79)

Friday, March 9

The Electric Screen in Portobello Road opens with Hitchcock's *Vertigo* (p76)
Testament opens in the West End (p77)
BBCSO at the Festival Hall (p79)

Saturday, March 10

Ernest Read concert for children (p83)
John Shirley Quirk recital at the Wigmore Hall (p79)

Sunday, March 11

Last chance to see The Genius of Venice at the Royal Academy (p84)
Jorge Bolet recital at Barbican (p78)

Monday, March 12

Calligraphy '84 opens at the Central School of Art & Design (p84)
Royal Choral Society perform the St John Passion at the Festival Hall (p79)
Gloriana opens at the Coliseum (p81)



Albert Finney & Tom Courtenay in *The Dresser*, top: royal film performance March 19, opens March 20. Phyllis Cannan, above left: *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* on March 27. Calligraphy '84, above right: opens March 12.

CALENDAR

Tuesday, March 13

First night of Joe Orton's *Loot* at the Ambassadors, & of Gogol's *Marriage* at the Lyric (p74)

Peter Maxwell Davies talks at the British Library National Sound Archive (p83)

Fou Ts'ong gives a 50th-birthday concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall; LSO Tchaikovsky cycle opens at the Barbican (pp78, 79)

Wednesday, March 14

New exhibitions: Gilbert & George at Anthony D'Offay (p84); Chinese export watercolours at the V & A (p85)
Ballet Rambert season opens at Sadler's Wells (p81)

Thursday, March 15

First night of Congreve's *The Way of the World* at Greenwich (p74)
Horse racing: Tote Cheltenham Gold Cup Steeplechase (p82)

Friday, March 16

New films: *Terms of Endearment* with Shirley Maclaine; & *Never Cry Wolf* (pp76, 77)

Basketball: Wimpey Homes National Championship at Wembley (p82)

Saturday, March 17

University boat race (p82)
Rugby: England v Wales at Twickenham (p82)

Adriana Lecouvreur in concert performance at the Logan Hall (p81)
National Shire Horse Show at the East of England Showground (p90)

□ St Patrick's Day; Full moon

Sunday, March 18

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus perform the Missa Solemnis at the Festival Hall (p79)

Monday, March 19

Ice skating: World Ice Figure & Dance Championships in Ottawa (p82)

Tuesday, March 20

Film version of Ronald Harwood's play *The Dresser* opens (p76)
Early Spring flower show opens in the RHS Halls (p83)

Wednesday, March 21

Tortelier 70th-birthday concert at the Barbican (p78)
Exhibition of hand tools opens at the Boilerhouse (p85)
Juditha Triumphans at the Bloomsbury Theatre (p81)

Thursday, March 22

Camden Festival music: Songmakers' Almanac at the Great Hall, Lincoln's Inn; Redcliffe Percussion Ensemble at the Shaw Theatre (p78)

Friday, March 23

First day of The Orientalists: Delacroix to Matisse at the Royal Academy (p84)

Exhibition of Burmantofts pottery opens at the Geffrye Museum (p85)

Saturday, March 24

Horse racing: William Hill Lincoln Handicap Stakes at Doncaster (p82)
Rowing: Head of the River race (p82)
First performance of *Wooden Stars* at the Polka Children's Theatre (p83)

Sunday, March 25

Football: Milk Cup final at Wembley Stadium (p82)

Peter Serkin recital at the Wigmore Hall (p79)

□ British Summer Time begins

Monday, March 26

First night of *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* at Covent Garden (p81)

Portraits by David Donaldson go on show at the Fine Art Society (p84)

Tuesday, March 27

First night of *Starlight Express* at the Apollo Victoria (pp74, 79)

Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk in concert performance at the Logan Hall (p81)

Wednesday, March 28

First night of *Henry V* at Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon (p74)

Lecocq-Delius double bill at the Bloomsbury Theatre (p81)

Thursday, March 29

Exhibition of paintings by Cedric Morris opens at the Tate (p84)
First night of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon (p74)

George Benson gives the first of four concerts at Wembley Arena (p79)

Friday, March 30

Yentl with Barbra Streisand opens in the West End (p77)

Victoria de los Angeles recital at the Wigmore Hall (p79)

Giacometti exhibition opens at the Sainsbury Centre in Norwich (p84)

Saturday, March 31

Horse racing: Seagram Grand National at Liverpool (p82)
War & Peace opens at the Coliseum (p81)

Briefing edited by Alex Finer

Researched by Angela Bird and Miranda Madge.
Information correct at time of going to press. See listings for further details.
Add 01- in front of seven-digit telephone numbers when calling from outside London.

THEATRE
JC TREWINVanessa Redgrave in *The Aspern Papers*: reviving a family tradition.

THOUGH HENRY JAMES, a fastidious and intricate writer, had little luck in the theatre, dramatists have sympathetically re-worked his novels and stories. *The Heiress* (from *Washington Square*) is a celebrated example. Now there is to be a revival of Michael Redgrave's version of *The Aspern Papers* at the Haymarket from March 8. The novel is about an American biographer, in the ebb of the last century, who gets access to a Venetian palace and a dead poet's private documents. This was first performed as a play in 1959, with Redgrave himself. Now his daughter Vanessa returns to the theatre as Miss Tina, niece of the papers' present owner, the poet's implacable old mistress played by Wendy Hiller. Christopher Reeve is the man with a quest; and Frith Banbury directs.

□ As we know from *Cats*, still scampering after nearly two years at the New London, Trevor Nunn, director of the RSC, has not confined himself to Shakespeare. His latest production called *Starlight Express* at the Apollo Victoria from March 27, sounds almost surrealist: its characters are railway trains, and they perform on roller-skates. Andrew Lloyd Webber, prolific and unexpected man of the musical stage, has written the score of what he calls a "musical entertainment". Lyrics are by Richard Stilgoe, and the cast includes Stephanie Lawrence (so applauded in *Marilyn*). [See also Derek Jewell, p79.]

□ If Joe Orton's comedies are not for every taste, they have gathered a staunch public. *Loot*, which arrives at the Ambassadors on March 7, is the one about the coffin, the bank robbery and the determined police inspector, now played by Leonard Rossiter. Gemma Craven and Patrick O'Connell are in the cast, directed by Jonathan Lynn.

□ The Royal Shakespeare Company opens its main theatre season at Stratford-upon-Avon on March 28 with the first *Henry V* since Alan Howard's triumph there some years ago; the new Henry, very much in "the May-morn of his youth", is Kenneth Branagh and the director is Adrian Noble.

NEW REVIEWS

Where applicable a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

The Biko Inquest

Written by Jon Blair & Norman Fenton, this is a straightforward protest against injustice, a condensation of the notorious South African inquest into the death in prison of Steve Biko. The inquest verdict was simply a blank refusal to pin on anyone the responsibility for Biko's fate. The play, an ungarnished documentary, is presented

with uncompromising clarity by a new actors' co-operative, United British Artists. The cast could hardly be better: Albert Finney, who directs, speaks eloquently as the family's barrister, in effect a prosecuting counsel, & there are fortifying performances by such players as Nigel Davenport, Michael Aldridge & Richard Johnson. All show unwaveringly what these witnesses would be like away from the confines of the court.

This is the English theatre at its unexaggerated best. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354). Until Mar 4.

Hello, Dolly!

Mrs Dolly Gallagher Levi belongs to a narrative that has appeared in various forms for nearly a century-and-a-half. In our time Thornton Wilder, & lately, Tom Stoppard, have taken over the piece. But it is the musical version—Jerry Herman's score, Michael Stewart's libretto—that has returned with Danny La Rue's Dolly as a talking-point. Actually, the play depends on the decision of two young shop assistants, working in a Yonkers "feed store" during the 1890s, to have a stolen night out in New York. Though I have never fully understood why this should be so comic, the escapade has always had an endearing quality.

Dolly slips in from the margin of the plot to be its principal figure. She is a resolute matchmaker. Because we know from the first that nothing she does can possibly go awry, the story, in its musical treatment, lacks any tension, even in the restaurant scene which should be the farcical heart of the business. Really, play & musical are two different things, & never more so than in the present revival where we are so occupied in watching Danny La Rue in his expert if quite irrelevant female impersonation that the rest of the characters could stand on their heads without noticeably worrying us. Though it has to be the best remembered passage in the musical, there ought really to be matters more exciting than to watch Dolly standing at the head of a restaurant staircase, singing & being serenaded.

Still, the waiters dance their "gallop", choreographed here by the admirable David Toguri, & every now & then a fragment of plot is dropped in to help. Certainly the company, directed by Peter Coe, does everything it should. Lionel Jeffries is explosively the Yonkers merchant for whom there can be only one ending. Lorna Dallas is agreeably the hat-shop owner, Mrs Molloy, who arrives in the third scene; & Michael Sadler & Mark Haddigan are so unstrained as the young men whose idea of an outing is almost heroically blameless, that I hope to see them in a more connected narrative. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0846). Until Apr 7.

Strider—the Story of a Horse

Not many actors can say that they have appeared as a piebald gelding, but Michael Pennington gives a superb performance in the part of Strider, from foal to old age & unhappy death. Several others in the Cottesloe company are also horses in this version of Tolstoy's moral tale, translated & adapted by Peter Tegel from the Russian of Mark Rozovsky. The play takes us through Strider's life, passing from owner to owner. The last passage has to be tragic as the tale comes full circle.

Strider is Tolstoy's symbol of the inhumanity of the class system & he never relaxes his argument. With every action responsive to the text, & his eyes growing sadder & sadder, Mr Pennington is at the heart of Michael Bogdanov's production, its movement beautifully organized by David Toguri. Terry Mortimer's music, adapted from the original score, is an essential part of the night. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Sufficient Carbohydrate

It must have taken a strong nerve to imagine this as an attractive title for a play. Yet Dennis Potter has risked it, & apparently visitors to Hampstead Theatre were untroubled; we shall now have to see whether, on transference to the Albery, the

West End also responds. The title emerges vaguely from a story of what must have been a peculiarly glum holiday on a Greek island. Here the company includes an American director of a food-processing firm which sells junk food, his wife, his son by a former marriage, & an English director of the firm & his wife.

Of these, the Englishman who dominates the night is by no means a helpful personage. He drinks too much, is consistently ironical (amusingly so at times), & has an imaginative-philosophic streak which shows itself when he discerns on the horizon a mysterious freighter that for him is some kind of metaphysical symbol. Luckily, Dinsdale Landen is so good an actor that we can accept him even when he is most abrasive, which is nearly always, or uncommonly brutal. His American colleague accepts nothing; and it soon appears that the holiday has been arranged so that the Englishman can be persuaded to resign from the firm where, though a nuisance all round, he is determined, obstinately, to stay.

There is more of a plot in this play than in the average piece. Even if the goings-on are unpleasant and unpersuasive, Dinsdale Landen, Nicky Henson (as his Philistine colleague), Jill Baker & Jennifer Hilary as the wives, & Rupert Graves as the young man, serve their author unerringly, under Nancy Meckler's direction. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

FIRST NIGHTS

Mar 8. *The Aspern Papers*

Michael Redgrave's adaptation of Henry James's novel (see introduction). Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

Mar 13. *Loot*

Joe Orton's black comedy (see introduction). Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 1171, cc 930 9232). Until Apr 28.

Mar 13. *Marriage*

Gogol's farce about matchmaking in Tsarist Russia, presented by Shared Experience. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Apr 7.

Mar 15. *The Way of the World*

William Congreve's Restoration comedy with Avis Bunnage as Lady Wishfort. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc 853 3800). Until Apr 21.

Mar 19. *Table Manners*

Alan Ayckbourn's comedy, performed by the Oxford Playhouse Company. Orchard, Dartford, Kent (32 77331, cc). Until Mar 24.

Mar 27. *Starlight Express*

New musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber & Richard Stilgoe (see introduction). Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 834 6177).

Mar 28. *Henry V*

Kenneth Branagh in the title role of Shakespeare's historical play (see introduction). Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Mar 29. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

The RSC's touring production. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

ALSO PLAYING

Blasted

First West End transfer for the new Old Vic. Tim Rice & Stephen Oliver's musical is about the minstrel who discovered the imprisoned King Richard Coeur-de-Lion. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 836 0641).

Boesman & Lena

Janet Suzman & Stuart Wilson in a revival of Athol Fugard's play. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

The Business of Murder

Richard Harris has written a taut thriller that does its duty, with Eric Lander & Richard Todd. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc).

Cats

Trevor Nunn uses stage & auditorium boldly for Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc).

Cinderella

The National's pantomime is a traditional Victorian affair. Janet Dibley plays Cinderella, Susan Fleetwood is Prince Charming & Robert Stephens & Derek Newark are the Ugly Sisters. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Until Mar 10.

The Country Girl

Clifford Odets's play acted with fibre & credibility by Hannah Gordon, Martin Shaw & John Stride. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

Custom of the Country

Nicholas Wright's zestful "romantic comedy", set in Africa during 1890, acted with great expertise by such people as Sara Kestelman, Sinead Cusack & Josette Simon. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891). Until Mar 13.

Cyrano de Bergerac

In Terry Hands's grand production of the Rostand romance Derek Jacobi is splendidly masterful as swordsman, lover & poet, man of indefatigable panache. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891). Until Mar 24.

Daisy Pulls It Off

Denise Deegan's pastiche of the Angela Brazil world of school is top-hole. Sally Cookson now plays the heroine. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

Dial M for Murder

Frederick Knott's now near-classic thriller, as directed by Allan Davis, has not aged; & Simon Ward is villainously right. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9988, cc).

Evita

No weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

Glenagarry Glen Ross

A sardonically accurate American comedy by David Mamet. Cottesloe, Shaftesbury Avenue, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Hay Fever

Penelope Keith now moves through this Coward revival as to the manner born. It is all splendidly here as of old: mad tea-party, domestic histrionics & final breakfast-table absorption. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

Jean Seberg

Peter Hall has staged this musical about the American actress with the most helpful & ingenious invention. Marvin Hamlisch's score is often excellent, though Julian Barry's book is matter-of-course. Kelly Hunter & Elizabeth Counsell play Jean as young girl & her watchful elder self. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Until Apr 4.

Little Lies

This new adaptation of Pinero's famous farce *The Magistrate* can be oddly tame at times, though it has the benefit of John Mills's resolute method as Mr Posket. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

Little Shop of Horrors

The musical, an acquired taste, about a plant, a blend of cactus & octopus, that grows into a terror. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc).

Master Harold... & the Boys

Athol Fugard offers a most moving dramatized confession about an incident when, as a school-boy, he spat in the face of a black waiter in his mother's café. The play is acted with great power under Fugard's own direction by a cast from the Market Theatre, Johannesburg. Lyttelton.

Maydays

You have to be politically minded to get the best from David Edgar's ambitious play about the movement of the troubled Left & its gradual fragmentation. Realistic performances by Bob Peck, Antony Sher & John Shrapnel. Barbican. Until Mar 13.

The Mikado

New production of Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta by the Stratford Festival Theatre, Ontario. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). Until Apr 7.

Mr Cinders

An endearing musical comedy, with a score largely by Vivian Ellis, returns—in the words of its best song—to spread a little happiness. Lonnie Donegan is now the male Cinderella. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

Molière

Mikhail Bulgakov's biographical play is not especially exhilarating. Antony Sher seeks to fortify the title-part, & John Carlisle is certainly right as Louis XIV. The Pit.

The Mousetrap

Though now in its 32nd year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc).

Much Ado About Nothing

Derek Jacobi & Sinead Cusack are splendidly at ease as Benedick & Beatrice in the patrician comedy which retains its flavour in the Terry Hands production. Barbican. Until Mar 20.

Noises Off

Everything that happens in Michael Frayn's enjoyable farce is during the performance of another farce, *Nothing On*, a wild helter-skelter touring business & the kind of thing that can breed catastrophe. John Quayle plays its director. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 930 9232).

No Sex Please—We're British

Good farces do not wane, & this one, directed by Allan Davis, does not after 12 years, more than 5,000 performances & innumerable cast changes. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

Pack of Lies

Hugh Whitmore's play, subtle & distinguished, is one of the prizes of the season: so, certainly, is the performance of Judi Dench as the quiet suburban woman in Ruislip who, with her husband (acted comparably well by Michael Williams) finds herself on the fringe of an espionage case. Barbara Leigh-Hunt is also redoubtably good. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc).

The Real Thing

Tom Stoppard's comedy now with Susan Penhaligon, Paul Shelley & Judy Geeson. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

Rents

Return of Michael Wilcox's play about homo-

sexuality, set in Edinburgh. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Mar 10.

The Rivals

Peter Wood's fine revival has Geraldine McEwan as the best Malaprop I can remember, matched by Michael Hordern as Sir Anthony, in a joyful appreciation of Sheridan's text. Olivier.

Run For Your Wife

Ray Cooney's cheerfully plotted & fast-moving farce, which he directs himself, with Ian Ogilvy. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

Saint Joan

Bernard Shaw's play, with Frances de la Tour in the title role. Olivier.

The School for Scandal

"Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!"—& a good deal else. Donald Sinden, Beryl Reid & Nicola Pagett head John Barton's revival. Duke of York's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 5122, cc 836 0641). Until Mar 24.

See How They Run

Comedy with Liza Goddard, Derek Nimmo, Bill Pertwee & Christopher Timothy. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 6596, cc 930 9232). Until Apr 21.

Singin' in the Rain

Don't compare the stage version with the Gene Kelly film. This is a gentle joy in its own right, with Tommy Steele to take us through the worries of a Hollywood when the screen began to speak. Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc).

The Sleeping Prince

Wide-awake in Terence Rattigan's comedy (as at Chichester), with Omar Sharif, Judy Campbell, Debbie Arnold & John Moffatt. Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). Until Mar 3.

Snoopy—the Musical

Musical based on the American strip cartoon. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc).

Song & Dance

Liz Robertson in song, & Graham Fletcher in dance, lead Andrew Lloyd Webber's "concert for the theatre". Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

A Streetcar Named Desire

Alan Strachan's production of Tennessee Williams's play, seen last autumn at Greenwich, with Sheila Gish as Blanche Dubois. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 236 5324).

Tales from Hollywood

This tragicomic invention about war-time émigrés in Hollywood is one of Christopher Hampton's most potent plays; & his compère is grandly done by Michael Gambon. Olivier. Until Mar 8.

Tartuffe

Bill Alexander's cleverly staged revival of the Molière comedy, in a text by Christopher Hampton, has some acute performances—Nigel Hawthorne's for one—but Antony Sher's exaggerated hypocrite would not have been acceptable for a moment. The Pit. Until Mar 24.

The Tempest

Ron Daniels's production has Derek Jacobi as a Prospero of the right age & eloquence. Barbican. Until Mar 22.

Tom & Viv

Michael Hastings's play is about T. S. Eliot & his first wife. With Julie Covington & Tom Wilkinson. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc). Until Mar 3.

The White Devil

Flamboyantly staged but poorly spoken revival of John Webster's play. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc 853 3800). Until Mar 10.

You Can't Take It With You

Seldom has there been a madder stage family than that in George S. Kaufman's inventive American comedy. The National Theatre company, especially Geraldine McEwan, Ronald Hines, Janine Dusinski & Brewster Mason, has a cheerfully romping time. Lyttelton. Until Mar 20.

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Michael Pennington in *Strider* at the Cottesloe: see new reviews.

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BRIEFING CINEMA GEORGE PERRY

THE GOOD NEWS for London is that the doomed Electric Cinema in Portobello Road lives again, as the Electric Screen, under the ownership of Romaine Hart and Mainline Pictures, whose other screens at Islington and Hampstead are important filmgoing landmarks. The opening film on March 9 will be Hitchcock's long unavailable classic, *Vertigo* (reviewed below). The Sherlock Holmes, which closed recently, was reopened in February by Mainline as *The Screen on Baker Street*, although in fact there are two screens there. Intelligent programming should ensure that these cinemas will become as popular as the others in the group.

□ "This film is so cryptic as to be almost meaningless. If there is a meaning it is doubtless objectionable." That was the verdict of the British Board of Film Censors on one work banned in the 1930s. A live revue, written by Jeffrey Richards and produced by Anthony Smith, director of the BFI, and Mark Shivas, staged at the National Film Theatre on March 2 and March 10 and called *The Secret Diaries of the Film Censors*, will reveal the attitudes that governed BBFC decisions then, with excerpts from now seemingly innocuous films such as *Sing As We Go*, *Follow the Fleet* and *The Lady Vanishes* which once met with disapproval.

□ *The Film Year Book Volume Two* (Virgin, £5.95) is the somewhat clumsy title given to the current edition of Al Clark's excellent annual, which first appeared last year. Much fascinating information is crammed into its pages, including a list of films released in America that have failed to cross the Atlantic. The cost of distribution in Britain and the paucity of cinemas means that a British release is no longer automatic, even if stars such as Jon Voight, Richard Pryor or Dan Ayckroyd are in the films.

NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact locations & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

La Balance (18)

Award-winning French police thriller set in the Paris underworld, with Nathalie Baye as a prostitute & Philippe Léotard as her pimp & lover. They are coerced by a police inspector (Richard Berry) into becoming informers. Bob Swaim directs. Opens Mar 23.

Carmen (15)

Carlo Saura's film is set during rehearsals of a Spanish ballet company. With Laura del Sol & Antonio Gades; music by Paco de Lucia. Opens Mar 2.

Champions (PG)

Steeplechase jockey Bob Champion was struck down with cancer & given a matter of months to live. He underwent chemotherapy which left him bald, crippled & frail, but alive. With courage & fierce resolution he clawed his way back into the racing world & rode *Aldaniti* to win the 1981 Grand National. It is difficult to think of an actor who could play the part so well as John Hurt. He makes no attempt to venerate Champion, but presents him as an irascible, obstinate, spiky, vulnerable human being. His physical portrayal of a man wasting away from cancer is frighteningly convincing, & even though virtually every filmgoer will know the outcome of the story his struggle to regain health is still tense.

Edward Woodward turns in his usual professional performance as the trainer Josh Gifford, & the veteran American actor Ben Johnson has a brief but effective role as the Kentucky trainer Burly Cocks. Ronnie Taylor's photography, all of it on location, evokes the atmosphere of racing more strongly than any previous British film with a horsey background, even to a brilliant



John Hurt as Bob Champion: from March 2.

restaging of the Grand National.

John Irvin directed, with the real Bob Champion at his elbow, & has made a creditable work, handicapped slightly by the heavy-handed score of Carl Davis, which soars into ecstatic *crescendi* every time *Aldaniti* (playing himself) gallops against the skyline. Champion's romance with Jo, played by Jan Francis, is touching & real, but a short dalliance with an American veterinary doctor who looks like one of Charlie's Angels (Kirstie Alley) seems there merely to attract transatlantic box-office interest. Opens Mar 2. Royal charity première in the presence of the Queen Mother in aid of The Bob Champion Cancer Trust & The Injured Jockeys' Fund. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2. Mar 1.

Christine (18)

Thriller, directed by John Carpenter, about a car possessed by evil. Opens Mar 2.

The Dresser (PG)

Film version of Ronald Harwood's play about an aging actor-manager & his loyal dresser. Tom Courtenay plays the title role, with Albert Finney as the actor. Opens Mar 20. Royal Film Performance in the presence

of the Queen in aid of the Cinema & Television Benevolent Fund. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2. Mar 19.

Flight to Berlin (15)

Thriller, directed by Christopher Petit, about a woman on the run after accidentally killing someone. With Tusse Silberg, Lisa Kreuzer, Eddie Constantine, Jean-François Stevenin & Paul Freeman. Opens Mar 8.

Lianna (18)

John Sayles wrote, directed & edited this film about a college lecturer's wife who turns to lesbianism from a frustrating marriage. Linda Griffiths & Jane Hallaren play the doomed lovers reasonably convincingly, but there is an air of good intentions going awry & reducing characters to stereotypes.

Never Cry Wolf (PG)

The Disney adult films have hitherto not been all that remarkable, but here at last is an astonishing work. Filmed by Carroll Ballard, who made *The Black Stallion*, it is set in the Canadian Arctic, where a young government biologist has gone to investigate a theory that wolves are the predators who have all but wiped out the caribou. The source is a book by Farley Mowat, based on his own experiences. Charles Martin Smith plays the venturer into the wilderness, who arrives with inadequate knowledge & preparation, & learns not only survival but the beauty of the wild. He discovers from first-hand study that wolves are victims of human mythology & that, far from tearing caribou herds to pieces, they kill only to cull those animals which are diseased, living instead on mice. Realizing that his scientist colleagues will never accept such truths he uses himself as a test & lives off mice—boiled, stewed, grilled, fried and even as sandwich fillings—to prove his case.

The only other human actors of significance are a couple of Eskimos who befriend him & teach him much about the mysteries of the Northland, & Brian Dennehy as a terrifying pilot who represents the real predator—man. It took two years to shoot the film in the North, during which time the entire crew & cast were plagued by black fly. Their sacrifice was worthwhile—the film is a distinguished contribution to the ecological debate. Opens Mar 16.

Over the Brooklyn Bridge (15)

Elliott Gould plays the ambitious owner of a Brooklyn luncheonette who wants a proper restaurant in Manhattan. His uncle (Sid Caesar), a manufacturer of bras & lingerie, is willing to give him the money, but on condition he gives up his gentle girl friend & settles for a nice Jewish girl, a distant cousin (Carol Kane). It takes an understanding mother (Shelley Winters) to sense the dilemma & drive her son back into the arms of the delicious Margaux Hemingway.

Menahem Golan's comedy is lively & funny most of the time, & is helped by a superb cast, which also includes Burt Young as our hero's pragmatic friend. Gould, who is in almost every scene, has lost many of the mannerisms that marred earlier performances & is excellent. Sid Caesar, one of the greatest of television comics in black-&white days, at last gets something more than a mere cameo in a film, & is brilliant as a harassed factory owner. The mandatory Jewish wedding scene is incorporated but given a neat twist with the overdressed Margaux Hemingway arriving late on in the festivities to the amazement of the Hassidim. Insults in Yiddish & even Polish are hurled at a hilarious engagement dinner, & a glossary would probably be useful for the *goyim*, if only to explain the difference between a

klutz & a *putz*. Opens Mar 2.

The Right Stuff (15)

It's far too long, & the distributors here gave serious consideration to chopping an hour out of Philip Kaufman's epic adaptation of Tom Wolfe's book about the recruitment & training of Mercury astronauts, which lasts for around three-&a-quarter hours. It has a light touch, in spite of the weight of its subject, which is virtually a history of aviation from the first supersonic flight to the advent of manned space flights.

The meat of the film is the formation of the Mercury team with rivalry between Air Force & Navy, & the pride of the chosen seven as they don their silver suits & argue with the boffins for more pilot control of their spacecraft. The media circus concocted for them is shown to be an act of official hypocrisy: on the one hand the astronauts are deluged with gifts & attention, yet their wives are expected to forfeit all privacy in order to serve politicians' propaganda. A fuming LBJ, played by Donald Moffat, is shown, pent in his limousine, railing because the intractable Mrs Glenn (Mary Jo Deschanel) won't allow him in her house for network TV as her husband becomes the first American to orbit the Earth. Ed Harris, who plays Glenn, quickly seizes the 1959 press conference to make what in all probability was his first campaign speech.

Performances are generally good, particularly Sam Shepard as Chuck Yeager, Dennis Quaid as Gordon Cooper & Kim Stanley as the legendary Pancho Barnes who ran the bar on the Muroc, later Edwards, air base. The flight sequences are breathtaking, & the film is not only highly entertaining, but has a quirky beauty. Opens Mar 2.

Risky Business (18)

Teenage comedy about the antics of an 18-year-old boy left at home while his parents have gone on holiday. Opens Mar 9.

Romantic Comedy (15)

Arthur Hiller has directed Bernard Slade's Broadway play about a playwright & his collaborator, victims of what Hemingway called "unsynchronized passion" in that when she loved him he was married to someone else, & when he loved her she had married another. The piece worked well enough in New York with Anthony Perkins & Mia Farrow, less well in London with Tom Conti & Pauline Collins, but is disastrous now as a film with Dudley Moore & Mary Steenburgen, neither of whom lacks talent. But on the screen the intrinsic theatricality of it is too apparent. The characters are cardboard, without any depth, & bat one-liners to each other as marriages & lives disintegrate. That they thoroughly deserve each other there can be no doubt.

Rumble Fish (18)

The new film by Francis Ford Coppola is an adaptation of an S. E. Hinton novel, as was *The Outsiders*, with the alienation of the young as her continuing theme. Rusty-James, played by Matt Dillon, is an attractive young punk with a wino father & a big brother (Mickey Rourke) whom he idolizes because he is nobody's man. But there is hard learning to be done. Shot in black-&white, mostly on location in Tulsa, it is a visually extraordinary film, with the streets & warehouses forming images straight out of the Expressionist cinema. Clouds scud across dark skies as filmed by stop-motion cameras & occasional splashes of colour burst out of the monochrome picture. A Stewart Copeland (of The Police) score enhances the elegiac mood, & the smoke



Barbra Streisand in male guise: *Yentl* opens March 30 after charity première on March 29.

machine is used extensively, perhaps at its most effective when a rival gangleader & his mob appear in a steam cloud as a train passes (even though it is a diesel).

Scarface (18)

Howard Hawks's masterpiece of gangsterism has been revamped & enlarged as a tale for the 1980s by Brian De Palma. His hoodlum now is a Cuban refugee, kicked out by Castro with other jailbirds, & Miami is the centre of his rise to power as a drug dealer. The first hour is excellent, but the film lasts for nearly three, & what should have been a crisp & ruthless study of criminality becomes a flabby & platitudinous exercise in self-indulgence. Al Pacino, however, delivers a strong performance, encompassing the difficult accent of an exiled Cuban with considerable skill. It is tough for the other actors to achieve any impact at all when he is on the screen.

Terms of Endearment (15)

Shirley MacLaine plays one of those nightmare American mothers who believes so totally in her own instincts that she cannot let her daughter go, even though she marries & moves hundreds of miles away to Des Moines, Iowa, from a well heeled section of Houston. James L. Brooks's film encompasses some 30 years, from the birth of the daughter to her decline in the grip of cancer, leaving a strained husband & three children. The grown-up daughter is played by Debra Winger, exhibiting an acting capability that shows her Oscar nomination last year for



Shirley MacLaine: *Terms of Endearment*.

An Officer & a Gentleman was more than just a flash in the pan.

Jack Nicholson drifts into the film as a puffy, girl-grabbing former astronaut who settles into the house next door to Shirley MacLaine's. What follows is an off-on, bizarre courtship in which the stuffy widow, after a disastrous lunch date which she attends toggled-out in an Oscar de la Renta creation that makes Blanche Dubois look understated, discovers the joys of sex.

Terms of Endearment is a long, somewhat rambling film, but it works through the integrity of its performances, & the subtleties of the mother-daughter relationship in a screenplay also by Brooks, from a novel by Larry McMurtry. It is Brooks's first time as a feature film director, but he comes to the medium with an impeccable television background in such series as *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *Lou Grant* & *Taxi*. He has been well served by his cinematographer, Andrzej Bartkowiak, who was also responsible for Lumet's *Daniel*. Opens Mar 16.

Testament (PG)

In the wake of the controversy surrounding *The Day After* comes a more modest vision of a small American town dealing with the aftermath of the bomb. Jane Alexander plays the central role of a mother who watches the slow deaths of her children in the weeks after the holocaust has wiped out a nearby city. There is no devastation, only the collapse of a community as the services come to an end, the dead multiply & have to be buried on the front lawns, the food runs out, & the few who are left wait to die. It is an uncomfortable film, directed by Lynne Littman in a purposeful & straightforward manner, without any hysterical sermonizing, & is therefore that much more effective. Opens Mar 9.

Vertigo (PG)

The reputation of *Vertigo* as Hitchcock's masterpiece has grown during the years it has been unavailable & there has been a danger that its re-emergence would fall flat. How pleasing it is, therefore, to report that it sustains the high regard it has been accorded. Hitchcock took as his source a French mystery thriller & transformed it into an astonishing Pygmalion-&Galatea story in which a man re-creates his dead lover from a living girl. James Stewart is a San Francisco detective who has quit the force because of his fear of heights. Assigned by an old school friend to shadow

a suicidal wife he falls in love with her, then watches helplessly as she plunges from a tower. Months later, after a nervous breakdown, he sees a girl on the street who bears a close resemblance, & then sets about the replication of the dead woman. Almost at once we learn, long before he does, that he has been duped & made part of an elaborate murder plot. Hitchcock is less concerned with the mystery, but instead forces attention on the way his hero deals with a nightmare that threatens his sanity. It is a film of remarkable subtlety & beauty, constructed with an enormous care for detail. Kim Novak in the dual role skilfully conveys the ambiguities & deceptions of the character, & Stewart, always a capable, intelligent actor, gives probably his best performance. In support is Barbara Bel Geddes as a faithful, uncomplicated girl friend & Tom Helmore as a characteristic Hitchcockian smooth villain. Robert Burks's photography superbly evokes San Francisco in the autumn of 1957, frozen in time, & Bernard Herrmann's score enhances each of the phases of the unfolding story. It is a great film.

Yentl (PG)

Even though for Barbra Streisand *Yentl* is a tour-de-force (she co-produced, co-wrote, directed, & starred), it is played as a small-scale drama. She is a young woman in an orthodox East European Jewish village, denied access to the Talmud on account of her sex. Determined to become a biblical scholar, she shears her locks & dresses as a youth, moving to another place. Another student, the excellent Mandy Patinkin, befriends her unsuspectingly. When his marriage to the beautiful Hadass (Amy Irving), who should epitomize the perfect Jewish wife, is thwarted by her rich parents, he persuades his friend (Streisand) to marry her instead. It says much for Streisand that she is able to handle these scenes with taste & an absence of sniggers, & convey what has become for three people a moving dilemma, incapable of a satisfactory resolution.

The provenance of *Yentl* is a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer which Jack Rosenthal & Streisand adapted. There are a number of songs by Michel Legrand which have been incorporated into the plot to form interior monologues, sung in the idiosyncratic Streisand manner. It is an ingenious & effective use of music, & adds to the pleasure of the film, which begins in a 19th-century community so Jewish that it makes *Fiddler on the Roof* look like *The Sound of Music*, & ends with a reprise of the famous helicopter shot in *Funny Girl* of la Streisand in full belt leaning on a ship's rail. And it has to be said, this time they have done it better. Opens Mar 30. Royal charity première in the presence of Princess Alexandra in aid of MIND, Leicester Sq Theatre, WC2. Mar 29.

ALSO SHOWING

The Big Chill (15)

Friends gather after a former college friend has killed himself, & assess their lives in the intervening years. Some will find Lawrence Kasdan's film a nostalgic exercise, for others it will be the contemplation of boring people.

The Curse of the Pink Panther (PG)

Ted Wass (from television's *Soap*) plays a bumbling New York detective leading the search for the missing Inspector Clouseau. Directed by Blake Edwards, with Herbert Lom, Joanna Lumley, David Niven & Robert Wagner.

Daniel (15)

Sydney Lumet's film is a painstaking account of the psychological burden imposed on the children of two executed traitors clearly based on the

Rosenbergs. Although it has integrity & strength, the film makes no attempt to discuss guilt or innocence.

The Death of Mario Ricci (PG)

Swiss film by Claude Goretta, with Gian-Maria Volonte as a television reporter visiting a small village to interview a reclusive scientist. During his stay a local man dies in a road accident & the reporter becomes intrigued by the dramatic events which ensue.

Dream Flights (PG)

Russian film, directed by Roman Balayan, about a man who glides through life cheating those around him.

First Name Carmen (18)

Jean-Luc Godard directs this story of a girl (played by Maruschka Detmers) who persuades her uncle (Godard himself) to direct a film as a cover for a kidnapping attempt.

Gorky Park (15)

Michael Apted & Dennis Potter have teamed up to turn Martin Cruz Smith's novel into a crisply paced film. William Hurt plays a Russian detective investigating the deaths of three faceless corpses found in a Moscow park. Lee Marvin, as a sinister & powerful American, is the villain.

The Honorary Consul (18)

In spite of an excellent performance by Michael Caine as a junior British diplomat, John MacKenzie's film version of Graham Greene's novel is but a shadow of the original.

The Moon in the Gutter (18)

Jean-Jacques Beineix's new film fails to live up to the promise of his earlier work. In a credulity-straining plot, Gérard Depardieu plays a dock-worker seeking the rapist who caused his sister's suicide.

The Prize of Peril (18)

Yves Boisset's film visualizes a TV programme in the near future where, for \$1 million, a volunteer allows himself to be hunted by five volunteer killers. Michel Piccoli plays the show's odious compère & Marie-France Pisier is the producer who devised it. Gérard Lanvin, as the latest contestant, invents his own rules in an attempt to win.

Savage Islands (PG)

Jenny Seagrove is the put-upon heroine, kidnapped by pirates & traded as a human sacrifice to an island king. Luckily, redoubtable fiancé Michael O'Keefe is on the trail. This far-fetched South Seas adventure tale, directed by Ferdinand Fairfax, is redeemed from total banality by Tommy Lee Jones as a lusty buccaneer.

Star 80 (18)

Mariel Hemingway plays Dorothy Stratten in Bob Fosse's documentary-style morality tale about a Playboy model who was murdered by her husband. Roger Rees plays a sympathetic film director who tries to rescue her.

Strange Invaders (PG)

Paul Le Mat plays a man investigating the strange effects on a mid-Western town of a visit from a flying saucer 30 years before.

To Be or Not To Be (PG)

Mel Brooks's remake of Carole Lombard & Jack Benny's 1942 comedy is fresh & entertaining. Brooks & his real-life wife Anne Bancroft play actors with a Polish theatre company in the early stages of the Second World War.

Under Fire (15)

Roger Spottiswoode, has directed a gripping account of the interrelationship of three journalists against a background of the Nicaraguan civil war. Nick Nolte is a dashing photo-journalist. Gene Hackman is a *Time* correspondent, & between them is Joanna Cassidy, a radio reporter who slides from the latter to the former.

Vassa (PG)

Russian film with Inna Churikova as a woman running a shipyard in 1913.

Certificates

U = unrestricted

PG = passed for general exhibition, but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

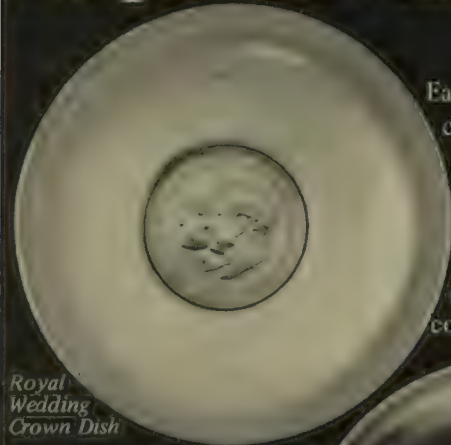
BAFTA Awards

The British Academy of Film & Television Arts awards ceremony will be held on Mar 25 & televised on ITV.



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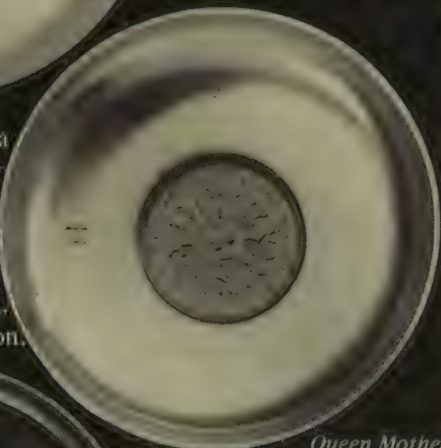
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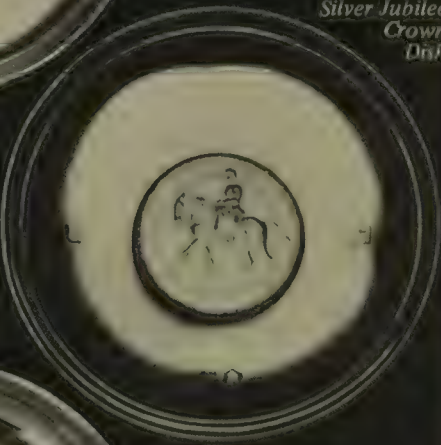
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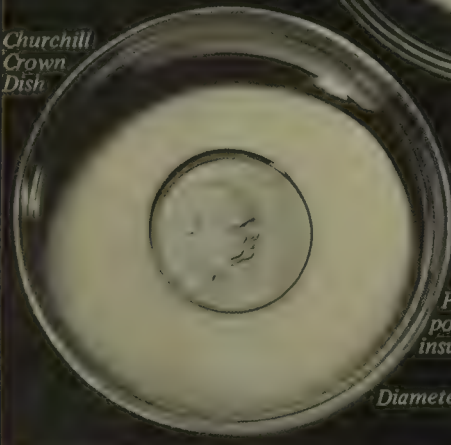


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BRIEFING

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THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA are giving a Tchaikovsky cycle at the Barbican under Yuri Simonov, chief conductor of the Bolshoi Theatre. In the course of nine concerts, spread over 12 days, they will perform all the symphonies, two piano concertos, the violin concerto and a number of popular orchestral works. The soloists are Shura Cherkassky, piano, Oscar Shumsky, violin, and Mischa Maisky, cello.

□ Two distinguished instrumentalists are giving anniversary recitals this month. Fou Ts'ong celebrates his 50th birthday with a recital at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on March 13 and Paul Tortelier takes part in a concert given on March 21 at the Barbican by the English Chamber Orchestra with four other musician members of his family to celebrate his 70th birthday. As a 50th birthday tribute to the composer Harrison Birtwistle, the Endymion Ensemble give concerts at St John's on March 8 and at Rosslyn Hill Chapel on March 25.

CONCERT AND RECITAL GUIDE

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Mar 1, 7.45pm. **City of London Sinfonia**; Igor Oistrakh, Valery Oistrakh, violins. Handel, Concerto Grosso Op 6 No 1; Elgar, Serenade in E minor, Elegy Op 58; Bach, Violin Concertos Nos 1 & 2, Concerto for two violins BWV1043.

Mar 2, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Tovey; Andrew Haigh, piano. Beethoven, Overtures Egmont & Leonore No 3, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor), Symphony No 7.

Mar 4, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Dreier; Daniel Adni, piano. Berlioz, Le carnaval romain; Dukas, The Sorcerer's Apprentice; Rachmaninov, Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini; Dvořák, Symphony No 9 (From the New World).

Mar 7, 7.45pm. **London Concert Orchestra**, conductor Heath; Felix Schmidt, cello. Mozart, Overture The Marriage of Figaro, Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Tchaikovsky, Rococo Variations; Beethoven, Symphony No 8.

Mar 9, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Groves; Cristina Ortiz, piano. Mozart, Overture Don Giovanni; Handel, Water Music; Grieg, Piano Concerto; Beethoven, Symphony No 6 (Pastoral).

Mar 11, 7.30pm. **Jorge Bolet**, piano. Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt.

Mar 13, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Simonov. Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 1 (Winter Daydreams), Overture Hamlet, Suite Swan Lake.

Mar 14, 1pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Simonov; Shura Cherkassky, piano. Tchaikovsky, Overture Hamlet, Piano Concerto No 1.

Mar 14, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, **Tallis Chamber Choir**; George Malcolm, conductor & harpsichord; Alma Sheehan, soprano; mezzo-soprano to be announced; Arthur Davies, tenor; Sean Rae, bass. Bach, Suite No 3, Harpsichord Concerto BWV1052, Magnificat in D BWV243.

Mar 15, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Simonov; Shura Cherkassky, piano. Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 2 (Little Russian), Piano Concerto No 1, Capriccio italiano.

Mar 16, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, **Choir of King's College Chapel, Cambridge**, conductor Cleobury; Ann Mackay, soprano; Charles Brett, counter-tenor; Rodney Macann, baritone. Handel, Zadok the Priest; Vivaldi, Gloria; Fauré, Requiem.

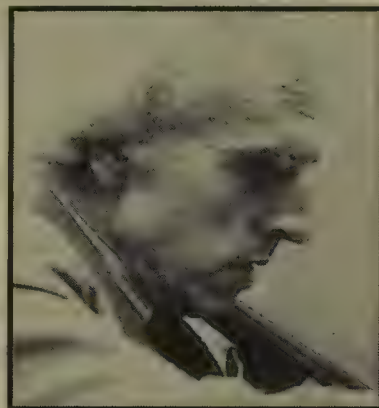
Mar 17, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Simonov; Mischa Maisky, cello. Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 3, Variations on a Rococo Theme, Fantasy Francesca da Rimini.

Mar 18, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Simonov; Oscar Shumsky, violin. Tchaikovsky, Fantasy Overture Romeo & Juliet, Violin Concerto, Symphony No 4.

Mar 20, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Simonov; Shura Cherkassky, piano. Tchaikovsky, Overture The Voyevoda, Piano Concerto No 2, Symphony No 5.

Mar 21, 1pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Simonov. Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 6 (Pathétique).

Mar 21, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Y-P. Tortelier; Paul Tortelier, Maud Tor-



Paul Tortelier: 70th birthday concert at the Barbican on March 21.

telier, cellos; Maria de la Pau, piano; Pamone Tortelier, soprano. Handel, Sonata for two cellos & orchestra; Tortelier, Variations on May Music Save Peace, Danse sur la mode gréco-chinoise; Tchaikovsky, Variations on a Rococo Theme; Haydn, Trio No 1; Saint-Saëns, Wedding Cake; Paganini, Variations for two cellos & strings.

Mar 22, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Simonov. Tchaikovsky, Suites No 4 & The Nutcracker, Symphony No 6 (Pathétique).

Mar 23, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Y-P. Tortelier; Paul Tortelier, cello. Rossini, Overture The Italian Girl in Algiers; Schumann, Cello Concerto; Ravel, Le tombeau de Couperin; Brahms, Two Intermezzi, Hungarian Dances Nos 5-7.

Mar 24, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Simonov. Tchaikovsky, Polonaise from Eugene Onegin, Serenade for Strings Op 48, Manfred Symphony.

CAMDEN FESTIVAL

Box office, Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 7727, cc 387 6293).

Mar 18, 8pm. **Camden Chamber Choir**, conductor Williamson; Linn Hendry, piano. Finzi, Seven poems of Robert Bridges; Holst, Four pieces for piano, Choral Hymns for the Rig Veda; Elgar, Four early part-songs; Hoddinott, Commission. Church of St Mary the Virgin, King Henry's Rd, NW3.

Mar 21, 7.30pm. **New London Consort**, director Pickett. Music of the home, court & theatre in 16th- & early 17th-century England. Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, WC2.

Mar 22, 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**; Lillian Watson, soprano; Ian Partridge, tenor; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. Walton, Britten, Holst, Fauré, Bordes, Coward & others, The Dream City, a salute to London. Great Hall, Lincoln's Inn, WC2.

Mar 22, 7.30pm. **Redcliffe Percussion Ensemble**, conductor Roxburgh; Simon Conning, Nicholas Unwin, pianos. Varèse, Ionisation; Stanford, Taikyoku; Takemitsu, Rain Tree; Bartók, Sonata for two pianos & percussion. Shaw Theatre.

Mar 25, 7.30pm. **Endymion Ensemble**, director Whitfield; Penelope Walmsley Clark, soprano. Birtwistle, Choral Preludes, Dinah & Nick's Love

POPULAR MUSIC

DEREK JEWELL

Song, Duet for Storb, Entr'actes & Sappho Fragments; Moore, Songs & Canticles of the Second Head; Seabourne, Jabberwocky; Walker, Four Studies with Coda. (Pre-concert talk, 6pm.) Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Rosslyn Hall, NW3.

Mar 26, 7.30pm. **London Gabrieli Brass Ensemble**, Gabrieli, Simpson, Sohal, Praetorius, Cima, Scheidt, Fantini, Speer, C. P. E. Bach, Boyce, Britten, Walton, Brubeck, Gout. Gray's Inn Hall, South Sq, WC1.

Mar 31, 8pm. **Highgate Choral Society, Musicians of London**, conductor Wright; Tracey Shadwell, soprano; Ethna Robinson, contralto; Neil Mackenzie, tenor; Robert Hayward, bass. M. Haydn, Requiem solenne in C minor; Mozart, Vesperae de Dominica K321, Credo Mass K257. St Michael's Church, South Grove, N6.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Mar 1, 7.30pm. **Orchestra da Camera**, conductor Page; Mary King, mezzo-soprano. Haydn, Symphonies Nos 43 & 47; Handel, Dramatic Scenes from Luceria; Kokkonen, Metamorphosis for 12 solo strings & harpsichord.

Mar 5, 1pm. **Cleveland String Quartet**. Beethoven, Quartet in A Op 18 No 5; Shostakovich, Quartet No 8.

Mar 8, 7.30pm. **Endymion Ensemble**, director Whitfield; Marie Angel, mezzo-soprano. Lutoslawski, Dance Preludes; Henze, Being Beateous, Quattro Fantasi; Varèse, Octandre; Birtwistle, Monody for Corpus Christi.

Mar 12, 1pm. **Raphael Trio**. Haydn, Piano Trio in F sharp minor H26; Brahms, Piano Trio in B Op 8.

Mar 14, 7.30pm. **Wren Orchestra of London**, conductor Judd; Janis Kelly, soprano; Robin O'Neill, bassoon; Rolf Wilson, violin. Britten, Les illuminations; Weber, Bassoon Concerto in F; Stevenson, Rapsodia Concertato; Schubert, Symphony No 5.

Mar 15, 1.15pm. **Janice Roebuck**, mezzo-soprano; **Mark Tucker**, tenor, **Julius Drake**, piano. Recital of English song, culminating in Britten's Abraham & Isaac performed by candlelight.

Mar 19, 7.30pm. **Parley of Instruments**, directors Goodman, Holman; Crispian Steele-Perkins, Stephen Keavy, baroque trumpets. Purcell, Corcelli, Vivaldi, Manfredini.

Mar 20, 8pm. **David Wilson-Johnson**, baritone; **David Owen Norris**, piano. Schubert, Die Winterreise.

Mar 23, 7.30pm. **New Macnaghten Concerts, Music Projects/London**, director Bernas. Antheil, Ballet mécanique; Bryars, Essarene for four pianos, voices & percussion.

Mar 26, 7.30pm. **English Baroque Soloists**, conductor Gardiner; Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. Mozart, Symphony No 29, Piano Concertos in B flat K450 & K456.

Mar 29, 1.15pm. **Frances Kelly**, classical harp. Parry, Lesson IV in F; Croft, Saraband & Ground; Naderman, Variations on a theme of Mozart; Spohr, Fantaisie; Dussek, Sonata in C minor.

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)

Mar 1, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, London Choral Society**, conductor Rattle; Alison Hargan, soprano; Willard White, baritone. Poulenc, Stabat Mater; Walton, Belshazzar's Feast. FH.

Mar 1, 7.45pm. **Gwenneth Pryor**, piano. Mozart, Fantaisie in D minor K397; Beethoven, Sonata in C Op 2 No 3; Chopin, Polonaise-Fantaisie in A flat Op 61; Debussy, Six Preludes, L'isle joyeuse; Prokofiev, Sonata No 3. EH.

Mar 4, 3pm. **Cleveland Quartet**; Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano. Dvořák, Evening Songs; Brahms, Piano Quintet in F minor Op 34; Beethoven, Quartet in C sharp minor Op 131. EH.

Mar 6, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Lopez-Cobos; Cho-Liang Lin, violin. Mendelssohn, Incidental Music for A Midsummer Night's Dream, Violin Concerto; Brahms, Serenade No 1. FH.

Mar 6, 20, 27, 7.30pm. **Samuel Dilworth-Leslie**, piano. Fauré, complete works for piano. PR.

Mar 7, 7.30pm. **London Mozart Players**, conduc-

tor Blech; James Watson, trumpet; Claude Frank, piano; Mozart, Symphony No 38 (Prague); Haydn, Trumpet Concerto; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor). FH.

Mar 9, 7.30pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Herbig; Erich Gruenberg, violin. Stravinsky, Fireworks, Violin Concerto; Shostakovich, Symphony No 4. FH.

Mar 10, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Loughran; Philip Fowke, piano. Britten, Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra; Ireland, Piano Concerto; Elgar, Enigma Variations. FH.

Mar 11, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Kasprzyk; Krystian Zimerman, piano. Prokofiev, Lieutenant Kijé; Chopin, Piano Concerto No 2; Stravinsky, The Rite of Spring. FH.

Mar 12, 7.30pm. **English Chamber Orchestra, Royal Choral Society**, conductor M. Davies; Eiddwen Harrhy, soprano; Paul Esswood, counter-tenor; Robert Tear, Kenneth Bowen, tenors; Ian Caddy, baritone; Stephen Roberts, bass. Bach, St John Passion (in German). FH.

Mar 13, 7.45pm. **Fou Ts'ong**, piano. Handel, Chaconne in G; Schubert, Sonata in B flat D960; Dun, Seven Preludes; Chopin, Barcarolle in F sharp Op 60, Three mazurkas Op 67 Nos 2 & 4 & Op 68 No 4, Polonaise-Fantaisie in A flat Op 61. EH.

Mar 14, 5.45pm. **Francis Grier**, organ; **Choir of Christ Church, Oxford**. Messiaen, Messe de la Pentecôte; Machaut, Messe de Notre Dame. FH.

Mar 14, 7.30pm. **Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic Society**, conductor Kord; Roman Jablonski, cello. Elgar, Overture In the South; Lutoslawski, Cello Concerto; Rachmaninov, Symphony No 2. FH.

Mar 15, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Groves; Murray Perahia, piano. Elgar, Introduction & Allegro for strings; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 3; Dvořák, Symphony No 5. FH.

Mar 16, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor de Burgos; Robert Cohen, cello. Dvořák, Cello Concerto; Debussy, Nuages, Fêtes; Stravinsky, Suite, The Firebird. FH.

Mar 18, 3pm. **Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich**, piano. Berg, Sonata Op 1; Brahms, Fantasien Op 116, Intermezzo Op 117; Beethoven, Sonata in C (Waldstein). EH.

Mar 18, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Haitink; Helen Donath, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, alto; Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass. Beethoven, Missa Solemnis. FH.

Mar 20, 6pm. **Medici String Quartet**. Bush, Diatonic; Hoddinott, New Quartet; Cowie, String Quartet No 3. PR.

Mar 20, 7.45pm. **The Fires of London**, conductors Maxwell Davies, Carewe; Mary Thomas, mezzo soprano; Donald Stephenson, tenor; Brian Rayner Cook, baritone; Tom Yang, Mark Wraith, dancers; Simon McBurney, mime. Bach, Maxwell Davies, Preludes & Fugues in C sharp & C sharp minor; Payne, A Day in the Life of a Mayfly; Edwards, Laikaan; Maxwell Davies, The No 11 Bus (staged). EH.

Mar 21, 5.45pm. **Marie-Claire Alain**, organ. Bach, Franck, Alain. FH.

Mar 21, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Haitink; Salvatore Accardo, violin. Walton, Crown Imperial, Violin Concerto; Elgar, Symphony No 2. FH. (Edward Greenfield talks on Walton & Elgar, 6.30pm. RFH Waterloo Room. £1, students 50p.)

Mar 21, 7.45pm. **London Mozart Players**; Tamas Vasary, conductor & piano. Rossini, Overture The Silken Ladder; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 1; Britten, Simple Symphony; Schubert, Symphony No 2. EH.

Mar 23, 7.30pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductors Lutoslawski, Zender; Moray Welsh, cello. Lutoslawski, Symphony No 3; Britten, Symphony for cello & orchestra; Shostakovich, Symphony No 1. FH. (Witold Lutoslawski talks & answers questions, 6.15pm. FH. £1.)

Mar 23, 7.45pm. **London Bach Orchestra**; Nona Liddell, director & violin; Michael Laird, Crispian Steele-Perkins, trumpets; Janos Keszei, timpani. Handel, Concerto Grosso in B flat Op 6 No 7; Vivaldi, Concerto in C for two trumpets; Mozart, Serenade in D K239; Bach, Violin Concerto in E BWV1042; Hertel, Concerto in C for eight timpani. EH.

The biggest news this month is the new **Andrew Lloyd Webber** musical (see also Theatre, p 74). The whole idea of putting *Starlight Express* on roller skates is due to the fascination of both Webber and Trevor Nunn, the director, with the street disco and general movement of roller skaters, both in New York's Central Park and the inner city of London. It is a bit of a gamble, inevitably, and they are having to re-shape the interior of the Apollo Victoria to cope with it, but since trains move, I guess it makes a kind of sense to put the participants of the show on wheels.

Lyrics for the show are by Richard Stilgoe, and at a cost of £2 million it already looks like being the most expensive live show ever staged in London. Such music as I have heard in recording sessions sounds pretty good to me, with puns much in evidence, for example a soulful song, sung by Stephanie Lawrence, called "Only He Can Move Me." She is, of course, talking about a railway engine.

One interesting point about the show is that the choreographer, Arlene Phillips of Hot Gossip fame, has made a sensible proviso that there should be two sets of understudies in case of accidents. Plainly it is not difficult to find a singer or dancer in a hurry, but singing and dancing rollerskaters may not be so easy to come by.

For the rest, there are some intriguing dates around town headed perhaps by **George Benson**, one of the people who have

made the transition from straight jazz player to top-slot jazz star. His mellifluous tones and exciting guitar playing will be heard at Wembley Arena (902 1234; March 29, 30, 31 and April 1). The duo **Daryl Hall and John Oates** are also at Wembley (March 9), having begun their brief tour at Brighton on March 6.

Ronnie Scott's Club (439 0747) has some interesting goings-on. They begin with two weeks by **Spear**, a quartet led by the former Thelonious Monk tenor-sax man, Charlie Rous, who comes with Kenny Barron (piano), Buster Williams (bass) and Ben Riley (drums) on March 5. They are followed on March 19 by **Dee Dee Bridgewater** for a week and then the great **Art Blakey**, who brings his latest flock of **Jazz Messengers** to the Club for a fortnight on March 26. There is also a fascinating new band playing for a single night on Sunday, March 25, when veteran trombonist **Bobby Lamb** leads in other lams in the shape of the Trinity College Big Band.

At the Pizza Express in Dean Street (437 9595) the great American tenor-saxist, **Al Cohn**, will continue his series of dates on March 2 and 3 with the Eddie Thompson Trio, March 7 with the Paul Sealey Trio, and March 10 when the Tony Lee Trio will be the accompanists. There are hopes that the one-time Count Basic trumpet star, Harry "Sweets" Edison, will come later this month but no precise dates have been confirmed. Ring the venue to check.



Oscar Shumsky: plays on March 18 with LSO in Tchaikovsky cycle at the Barbican.

Mar 24, 7.45pm. **London Orpheus Orchestra & Choir**, conductor Gaddam; Ilse Wolf, soprano; Sybil Michelow, contralto; Wynford Evans, tenor; Jonathan Roberts, bass; Leslie Pearson, harpsichord; John Birch, organ. Bach, Mass in B minor. EH.

Mar 25, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Groves; John Lill, piano. Debussy, La mer; Rachmaninov, Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini; Delius, Brigg Fair; Sibelius, Symphony No 7. FH.

Mar 27, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Barshai; Leonid Brumberg, piano. Beethoven, Overture Coriolan, Piano Concerto No 4, Symphony No 7. FH.

Mar 28, 5.45pm. **Karl Hochreither**, organ. Bruhns, Pepping, Bach, Schönberg. FH.

Mar 28, 7.45pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**; Philip Ledger, conductor & harpsichord; José-Luis García, violin. Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 6; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons. EH.

Mar 29, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor A. Davis; John Ogdon, piano. Delius, A Song of Summer; Rawsthorne, Piano Concerto No 2; Simpson, Symphony No 5. FH.

Mar 31, 7.45pm. **Handel Opera Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Farncombe; Timothy Wilson, counter-tenor; Alan Duffield, tenor; John Michael Flanagan, bass; Robert Aldwinckle, organ.

Handel, Music for the Royal Fireworks, Anthem for Peace, Arrival of the Queen of Sheba, excerpts from Solomon, Concerto Grosso in D minor Op 6 No 10, Foundling Hospital Anthem. EH.

WIGMORE HALL

Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141).

Mar 1, 7.30pm. **Nigel Rogers**, tenor; **Richard Burnett**, fortepiano. C.P.E. Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Rust, Zumsteeg, Schubert, Reichardt.

Mar 4, 3.30pm. **Yoko B-Katayama**, piano. Chopin, Polonaise-Fantaisie Op 61, Sonata in B minor Op 35; Debussy, Estampes; Ravel, Le tombeau de Couperin.

Mar 8, 7.30pm. **Vladimir Pleshakov**, piano. Chaussou, Dukas, Roussel, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt.

Mar 10, 7.30pm. **John Shirley-Quirk**, baritone; **Martin Isopp**, piano. Schubert, Die Winterreise.

Mar 14, 7.30pm. **Magda Tagliaferro**, piano. Debussy, Pour le piano; Chopin, Nocturne in D flat Op 27 No 2, Two mazurkas, Ballade in A flat Op 47; Schumann, Sonata in F sharp minor Op 11.

Mar 15, 7.30pm. **Barthold Kuijken**, flute; **Johann Sonleitner**, harpsichord. Bach, Sonatas in A BWV1032, in B minor BWV1030, Preludes & Fugues in F & F minor from The Well-Tempered Clavier Book 2, Partita in A minor BWV1013.

Mar 18, 3pm & 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**; Caroline Friend, Miriam Bowen, sopranos; Felicity Palmer, mezzo-soprano; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Peter Savidge, baritone; John Tomlinson, bass-baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. Rimsky-Korsakov, Glinka, Balakirev, Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Mussorgsky, songs.

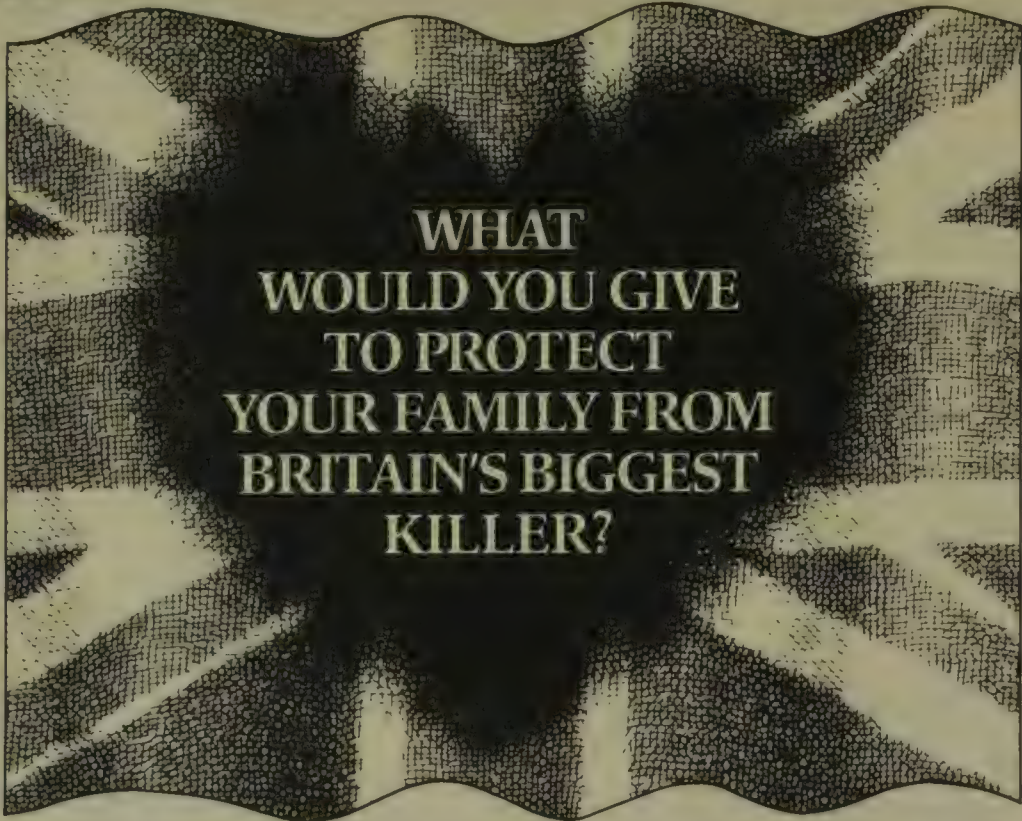
Mar 21, 7.30pm. **Mady Mesplé**, soprano; **Dalton Baldwin**, piano. Poulenc, Fiançailles pour rire; Liszt, Five songs; Satie, Air du rat, Spleen, La grenouille américaine; Ravel, Five Greek folk-songs; Rodrigo, songs.

Mar 24, 7.30pm. **Nash Ensemble**; Thomas Allen, baritone. Debussy, Danse sacrée et danse profane; Dutilleul, Piano Sonata; Ravel, Chansons madoécasses; Françaix, Divertissement for bassoon & string quintet; Poulenc, Le bal masqué for voice & ensemble.

Mar 25, 3.30pm. **Kodály String Quartet**. Mozart, Quartet in G K387; Bartók, Quartet No 3; Brahms, Quartet in C minor Op 51 No 1.

Mar 25, 7.30pm. **Peter Serkin**, piano. Beethoven, Sonatas Nos 27-29.

Mar 30, 7.30pm. **Victoria de los Angeles**, soprano; **Joseph Villa**, piano. French & Spanish songs.



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OPERA

MARGARET DAVIES

Bellini's *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*, which the Royal Opera revives this month, is one of more than 30 operas based on *Romeo and Juliet* and one of the few to have survived. The libretto, by Felice Romani, follows only the broad lines of Shakespeare's play, the characters having been reduced to five principals, among whom Romeo is a *travesti* role which was sung at the 1830 première by Grisi. The Covent Garden production will be produced and designed by Pier-Luigi Pizzi.

□ The main operatic attraction of the Camden Festival promises to be *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, which will be given in Shostakovich's original 1934 version, banned in his own country between 1936 and the appearance of the revised version in 1963. It will be performed by Chelsea Opera Group with Phyllis Cannan singing the title role, but regrettably only in concert form. There will be productions of *Juditha Triumphans*, which Vivaldi based on the story of Judith and Holofernes taken from the Apocrypha, and a Lecocq-Delius double bill comprising *Doctor Miracle* and *Margot la Rouge*, both being staged for the first time in Britain.

CAMDEN FESTIVAL (see introduction)

Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St, WC1 (388 7727, cc 387 6293).

Juditha Triumphans, conductor Dean, with Robin Martin Oliver, Helen Cucharek, Jean Bailey, Karen Shelby, Timothy Wilson. Mar 21, 23, 24.

Doctor Miracle, conductor Timms, with Jill Washington, Nuala Willis, Peter Jeffes, John Ayldon. **Margot la Rouge**, with Anne Mason, Kim Begley, Rodney McCann, Maria Moll, Alan Watt. Mar 28, 30, 31.

Concert performances at Logan Hall, Bedford Way, WC1.

Adriana Lecouvreur, conductor Shelley, with Amanda Thane, Warwick Dyer, Angela Hickey. Mar 17.

Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk, conductor Williams, with Phyllis Cannan, John Gibbs, Martyn Hill, Donald Stephenson. Mar 27.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Patience, conductor Morris, with Patricia O'Neill as Patience, Derek Hammond Stroud as Bunthorne, Christopher Booth-Jones as Archibald Grosvenor, Anne Collins as Lady Jane. Mar 1, 10.

The Barber of Seville, conductor Judd, with Donald Maxwell as Figaro, Ann Murray/Anne-Marie Owens (Mar 7, 9) as Rosina, Keith Lewis as Almaviva. Mar 2, 7, 9, 13, 15, 22.

The Mastersingers of Nuremberg, conductor Elder, with Gwynne Howell as Hans Sachs, Kenneth Woollam as Walther, Janice Cairns as Eva. Mar 3, 8.

Gloriana, conductor Elder, with Sarah Walker as Queen Elizabeth, Anthony Rolfe Johnson as Essex, Jean Rigby as Frances Essex, Elizabeth Vaughan as Lady Penelope Rich, Neil Howlett as Lord Mountjoy. Mar 12, 14, 17, 21, 24, 27, 29.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA

Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Martha (see reviews). Mar 2, 5, 9.

The Gondoliers. Mar 1, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, cc 240 1911).

La Bohème, conductor Mauceri, with Iлона Tokody as Mimì, José Carreras as Rodolfo, Marilyn Zschau as Musetta, Thomas Allen as Marcello. Mar 3 (1.30pm).

Peter Grimes, conductor Haitink, with Jon Vickers as Peter Grimes, Heather Harper as Ellen Orford, Jonathan Summers as Balstrode. Mar 5, 14, 17, 20.

I Capuleti e i Montecchi, conductor Muti, with Editra Gruberova as Giulietta, Agnes Baltsa as Romeo, Dano Raffanti as Tebaldo, Gwynne Howell as Capellio, John Tomlinson as Lorenzo. Mar 26, 30.

Out of town

OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351, cc).

Orpheus & Eurydice, **Tosca**, **The Bartered Bride**. Mar 3-24.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-331 9000).

La Bohème, Mar 17m, 20, 22. **L'Egisto**, Mar 15, 21, 24m.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

The Valkyrie, **The Merry Widow**, **The Magic Flute**, **Jenufa**.

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 32446, cc 0222 396130). Feb 28-Mar 10.

Apollo Theatre, Oxford (0865 244544, cc). Mar 20-24.

Excluding **The Magic Flute**.

Empire, Liverpool (051-709 1555, cc 051-709 8070). Mar 13-17.

Reviews

Flotow's long-neglected *Martha* was a happy choice to open New Sadler's Wells Opera's second season. Its graceful airs & lively choruses embellish a romantic adventure which results from an encounter at Richmond Fair between a maid of honour & a simple farmer who turns out to be the missing Earl of Derby. Regrettably the producer, Nicholas Hytner, deprived us of the chance to judge it on its own merits by updating the period from the reign of Queen Anne to that of Queen Victoria, placarding its village hall setting with such bracing exhortations as "Improve thyself" & "Owe no man anything" & turning it into a kind of Victorian morality. But he could not disguise the work's distinct melodic charm which includes the tenor aria "M'appari" & repeated renderings of "The Last Rose of Summer", to which Marilyn Hill Smith as Martha & John Brecknock as her lover, Lionel, did adequate justice.

Gounod's *Mireille* was seen to far greater disadvantage in Antoine Bourseiller's production, borrowed from Geneva by ENO, for Bernard Daydé's characterless block set, hung with billowing white drapes, conveyed nothing of the Provençal light & atmosphere or of the mystic element of Mistral's story. There was some compensation in Serge Baudo's idiomatic conducting, but even Valerie Masterson's admirably sung portrayal of the heroine could not breathe life into a non-existent production.

Massenet's *Esclarmonde* made its first appearance at Covent Garden in a production mounted 10 years ago (it looked much older) for San Francisco, in pastel tinted sets designed by Beni Montresor which echoed the blurred colouration of the music. Joan Sutherland was responsible for its revival and her performance in the role of the sorceress the main focus of interest. The voice may have shed some of its bloom & lustre but her singing drew more excitement from the score than did Richard Bonyng's conducting of this over-heated medieval extravaganza. Ryland Davies & Diana Montague sang stylishly as the young lovers Enéas & Parséis, but Ernesto Veronelli was ill at ease in the taxing part of Roland.

BALLET

URSULA ROBERTSHAW



Royal Ballet's Stephen Jefferies as Colas: his début in *Rhapsody* is on March 1.

THE SPRING SEASON by Ballet Rambert at Sadler's Wells provides this month's main novelties. London gets its first chance to see the new works by North and by Bruce premièred on tour last month; and *Voices and Light Footsteps* by Richard Alston, danced to Monteverdi, will also be shown. This is a development and expansion of *Bellezza Flash*, commissioned by London Weekend Television for *The South Bank Show* in 1982.

□ Scottish Ballet commemorate two great men of dance, Anton Dolin and John Gilpin, in a programme aptly named *Tribute* in Edinburgh on March 4. Alicia Markova, Evelyn Laye and Moira Shearer introduce an evening that will include works by Dolin, and *Le Spectre de la Rose*, which was re-created by Gilpin for the company in 1982. The programme *Nework '84* in Glasgow shows works specially composed for performance in open space, as distinct from a proscenium theatre.

□ Some interesting débuts at the Royal Opera House this month include Jay Jolley dancing his first Colas on March 1, Stephen Jefferies taking the lead in *Rhapsody* on March 15, and Wayne Eagling as Mercutio on March 22.

BALLET RAMBERT

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20 cc).

Chicago Brass, **Capriol Suite**, **Five Brahms Waltzes in the manner of Isadora Duncan**, **Concertino**, North's **Entre Dos Aguas**, **Murderer Hope of Women**, Bruce's **Intimate Pages**, **Colour Moves**. Alston's *Voices & Light Footsteps* (see introduction). Mar 14-31.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

La fille mal gardée, deservedly a firm favourite, with Ashton at his sunniest & funniest, designer Osbert Lancaster at his wittiest & Hérol's score, arranged Lanchberry, a happy delight. Mar 1. **Swan Lake**, the Petipa/Ivanov classic, with additional choreography by Ashton & Nureyev, in Leslie Hurry's designs. Mar 2, 10, 12.

Triple bill: Afternoon of a Faun, Robbins's version—narcissism & awakening sensuality *à la barre*; **Different Drummer**, MacMillan's latest, inspired by *Woyzeck*; revival of MacMillan's *Song of the Earth*, one of his most moving works, danced to Mahler. Mar 3, 7, 21, 23.

Triple bill: Rhapsody, an Ashton dazzler with Rachmaninov's score underlining the extrovert

virtuosity of the dancers; **Enigma Variations**, Elgar's friends—& a crucial passage in his life-pictured in dance by Ashton; **Les Noces**, Nijinska's classic evocation of a peasant wedding, deceptively simple. Mar 8, 15, 16, 24.

Romeo & Juliet, MacMillan & Prokofiev translate Shakespeare into dance—the best of the three versions currently to be seen in Britain. Mar 13, 22. **Triple bill: La Bayadère**, Petipa's classic produced by Nureyev; **Midsummer**, Alston's setting of Tippett's shimmering score; **Elite Syncopations**, MacMillan & Scott Joplin having fun. Mar 28, 31.

Out of town

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486)

Coppélia, **The Swan of Tuonela**, **Petrushka/The Winter Play/Raymonda Act III**. Mar 19-24

SCOTTISH BALLET

Tribute (see introduction).

Royal Lyceum, Grindlay St, Edinburgh (031-229 9697/8/9, cc 031-229 4353). Mar 4.

Nework '84 (see introduction)

Third Eye Centre, Sauchiehall St, Glasgow (041-332 7521). Mar 6, 7.

Romeo & Juliet, John Cranko's version. Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234). Mar 28-31

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BRIEFING

SPORT

FRANK KEATING



THOUGH THE GRAND NATIONAL on March 31 may be the British nation's choice as its favourite pagan festival in the calendar, for the steeplechasing *cognoscenti* the meeting at Cheltenham a fortnight before represents the great climax to their season. The supposedly staid and frightfully English Regency spa town in Gloucestershire plays host for three days from March 13 to 15 to a jostling end-of-term party. It is a truly happy gathering—the only enemy being the bookmaker!

□ The tides make this year's Boat Race earlier than usual. Oxford, coached by the astonishingly successful Dan Topolski, will be looking to make another assault on the record books. They have been unbeaten for eight years, and Hammersmith Bridge has been the only place to watch if you have wanted to get the impression of a "race" as opposed to a procession. But this time, according to Cambridge, it is going to be different.

□ The Five Nations' Championship will be decided on March 17—or possibly even the fortnight before. The England v Wales match at Twickenham will nevertheless, as always, hold its own singular challenge. To the Welsh it has ever been the ultimate Them v Us test. As their own rugby totem and minstrel, Max Boyce, has it: when Welsh players get at last to the pearly gates, the great scorer in the sky won't ask "how you played the game—but whether you beat England!"

HIGHLIGHTS

ATHLETICS

Mar 3. English Cross-Country Championships, Newark Showground, Notts.

Mar 3, 4. European Indoor Championships, Gothenburg, Sweden.

Mar 7. Rank Xerox Indoor International: England v Poland, Cosford, nr Wolverhampton.

Mar 10. Philips Indoor International: England v USA, Cosford.

BADMINTON

Mar 21-25. All-England Championships, Wembley Arena, Middx.

BASKETBALL

Mar 16, 17. Wimpey Homes National Championship semi-finals & finals, Wembley Arena.

FOOTBALL

Mar 17. Schoolboys' International: England v Scotland, Wembley Stadium, Middx.

Mar 25. Milk Cup final, Wembley Stadium.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Ipswich Town, Mar 10; v Wolverhampton Wanderers, Mar 24.

Charlton Athletic v Grimsby Town, Mar 10; v Oldham Athletic, Mar 24.

Chelsea v Oldham Athletic, Mar 3; v Blackburn Rovers, Mar 16.

Crystal Palace v Leeds United, Mar 3; v Huddersfield Town, Mar 17.

Fulham v Newcastle United, Mar 3; v Manchester City, Mar 17; v Carlisle United, Mar 31.

Millwall v Rotherham United, Mar 3; v Bradford City, Mar 11; v Lincoln City, Mar 24.

Orient v Bolton Wanderers, Mar 6; v Newport County, Mar 17.

Queen's Park Rangers v Coventry City, Mar 10; v Southampton, Mar 24.

Tottenham Hotspur v Stoke City, Mar 3; v West Bromwich Albion, Mar 17; v Wolverhampton Wanderers, Mar 31.

Watford v Sunderland, Mar 10; v Queen's Park Rangers, Mar 17; v Liverpool, Mar 31.

West Ham United v Wolverhampton Wanderers, Mar 10; v Everton, Mar 24; v Queen's Park

Rangers, Mar 31.

Wimbledon v Preston North End, Mar 3; v Wigan Athletic, Mar 10; v Walsall, Mar 24.

HOCKEY

Mar 3. England v Wales (women), Phoenix & Gloucester Cricket Ground, Bristol.

Mar 10. England v Ireland (women), Wembley Stadium.

Mar 24. Scotland v England (women), Helensvale, Glasgow.

HORSE RACING

Mar 13. Waterford Crystal Champion Hurdle Challenge Trophy, Cheltenham.

Mar 14. Sun Alliance Steeplechase, Queen Mother Champion Steeplechase, Cheltenham.

Mar 15. Tote Cheltenham Gold Cup Steeplechase, Daily Express Triumph Hurdle, Cheltenham.

Mar 24. William Hill Lincoln Handicap Stakes, Doncaster.

Mar 31. Seagram Grand National Steeplechase, Liverpool.

Point-to-points:

Mar 3. Duke of Beaufort, Didmarton, Glos; Mid-Surrey Farmers', Charing, nr Ashford, Kent.

Mar 17. New Forest, Larkhill, nr Amesbury, Wilt; Southdown & Eridge, Parham, W Sussex.

Mar 24. Fitzwilliam, Cottenham, nr Cambridge.

Mar 31. Crawley & Horsham, Parham.

ICESKATING

Mar 19-24. World Ice Figure & Dance Championships, Ottawa, Canada.

ROWING

Mar 17. 1pm. University Boat Race, Putney, SW15 to Mortlake, SW14.

Mar 24. 9.45am. Head of the River Race, Mortlake, SW14 to Putney, SW15.

RUGBY

Mar 3. France v England, Paris.

Mar 3. Ireland v Scotland, Lansdowne Rd.

Mar 17. England v Wales, Twickenham.

Mar 17. Scotland v France, Murrayfield.

Mar 31. Thorn-EMI County Championship final, Twickenham.

LONDON MISCELLANY

MIRANDA MADGE



William Morris in 1889: the ICA looks at his work and ideas from March 1.

THE ICA IS CELEBRATING the 150th anniversary of William Morris's birth with an exhibition about his work and ideas opening on March 1. There are sections showing Morris's attitudes towards history, architecture, art, work and society, illustrated by things he made or designed and with a commentary compiled from his own writings. Ambitious commissioned installations include a computer graphics tour of the Red House built by Philip Webb for Morris, which not only reveals the structure of the house and simulates the pattern of the original wallpaper and painted decoration, but gives you the impression that you are moving around the building. Five seminars (March 13 to April 10) have been organized to discuss Morris's philosophies and their application today. E.P. Thompson, Raymond Williams, Alan Lipman, Colin Ward and Tony Benn are among the speakers.

□ Booking opens on March 1 for a *son et lumière* which is to be played at Hampton Court Palace from July 1 to September 30. The stories of the Tudor residents of the Palace are told through spectacle and the voices of Judi Dench (as Elizabeth I), Donald Sinden (Cardinal Wolsey), Richard Griffiths (Henry VIII) and others. The season is in aid of the Save The Children Fund. Reserved seats are £4.50 and £5.50 (unreserved on the day only £2.50) from Son et Lumière at Hampton Court, PO Box 50, Twickenham, Middx.

EVENTS

Mar 1-Apr 29. **William Morris Today** (see introduction). ICA, Nash House, The Mall, SW1 (930 3647). Tues-Sun noon-9pm. Day pass 50p. Please ring for full details of the seminars.

Mar 4. **The Museum of Garden History** at St Mary at Lambeth reopens for the summer. The garden dedicated to the Tradescants should be full of spring flowers. From Mar 4 to 30 there is an exhibition showing the work of the National Society for the Preservation of Plants & Gardens. Lambeth Palace Rd, SE1. Open Mon-Fri 11am-3pm, Sun 10.30am-5pm.

Mar 4-October. **Linley Sambourne House** open. The home of a Victorian *Punch* artist has remained almost as it was in 1890 with its Morris wallpapers, stained glass & walls densely hung with pictures, including some by Kate Greenaway. The Countess of Rosse, grand-daughter of Linley Sambourne, wrote the foreword to the pamphlet about the house recording memories of the "white befrilled Swiss parlourmaid", the "heavy scent of rich Havana cigars mingled with lavender water" & the "little figure of the artist himself in black & white plaid suit". Linley Sambourne House, 18 Stafford Terrace, W8 (inquiries to the Victorian Society 994 1019). Open Wed 10am-4pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.50, not really suitable for children.

Mar 6, 1pm. **Pancake racing** by school children in Victorian dress. Paternoster Sq, EC4.

Mar 6-11. **Stampex '84**. Caters for all—there are bags of stamps for young collectors with 50p to spend, representatives of the Post Offices of Iceland, Norway, Gibraltar & the United States, & dealers selling rare & expensive stamps. RHS Halls, Vincent Sq & Greycoat St, SW1. Mar 6, 1-8pm, £2 including catalogue; Mar 7-9, 10.30am-8pm, Mar 10, 11, 10.30am-6pm, £1, OAPs & children 50p (after 4pm 50p & 25p).

Mar 6-20. **Platform performances at the National Theatre**: Mar 6, 5.45pm, Photographer **Angus McBean** talks about his work in the theatre; Mar 9, 6pm, **Castaway: William Cowper 1731-1800** with Peter Howell playing Cowper; Mar 12, 23, 5.45pm, **Sheridan & Eliza**, the story of the romance between Sheridan & Elizabeth Linley; Mar 13, 6pm, **Jerome K. Jerome**, portrayed by John Savident; Mar 15, 5.45pm, **Michael Hordern: A Handful of Pleasant Delights**, readings from Izaak Walton; Mar 20, 5.45pm, **Shaw's St Joan**, a lecture by T. F. Evans. National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. (928 2252). £1.50.

Mar 7-Apr 1, 10am-8pm. **Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition**. The showhouses are cushioned in landscaped gardens & there is an aviary occupied by unusual birds as the central diversion. Go to find out about the latest gadgets, appliances, DIY techniques. Earls Court, SW5. £3, OAPs & children £2.

Mar 18, 21, 22, 26. **Music in historic buildings**. The Camden Festival annually provides opportunities & incentive to visit the old buildings in the borough. This year there is Gothic song (Mar 18) in Old St Pancras Church, which has Norman doorways which survived the Victorian restorations of 1848. Lincoln's Inn Old Hall built in 1490, its Great Hall, built in 1843, & the Gray's Inn Hall of 1556 are also noble venues. Details on p 78.

Mar 20, 21. **Early spring flower show**, including special displays of camellias, daffodils, magnolias, ornamental plants, orchids & rhododendrons. RHS Halls, Greycoat St & Vincent Sq, SW1. Mar 20, 11am-7pm, 90p; Mar 21, 10am-5pm, 70p.

FOR CHILDREN

Mar 3-31. **Shows at the Polka**: Mar 3, 10, 17, 2 & 5pm. **Little Arrow Meets the Grizzlies**. Actors & puppet animals in a story about the Indians in Canada. Mar 24, 31, 2 & 5.30pm. **Wooden Stars**. A production which uses 110 different puppets including Chinese shadow puppets, Lanchester marionettes, & an antique Punch. Polka Children's Theatre, 240 The Broadway, SW19 (543 4888). £3.40, OAPs & children £1.70.

Mar 3-Apr 9, 4pm. **Animated feature films**: Mar 3, 4, **Hoppity Goes to Town**; Mar 10, 11, **The Great Muppet Caper**; Mar 18, **The Magic Boy**; Mar 25, **Twice Upon a Time**; Mar 31, Apr 1, **Hugo the Hippo**; Apr 8, 9, **The Wind in the Willows**. National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 3232). £2.20, children £1.10 includes a badge, poster to colour, a folder & specially written programme notes.

Mar 4, 3.15pm. **Fiddledeoddities**. Susan Baker shows & plays her collection of violins—from a dancing master's miniature fiddle to a walking stick violin. Piano/spinet music by Antony Saunders. Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). £1.75.

Mar 10, 11am. **Ernest Read Concert**. Music including *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, Pictures from an Exhibition & Sibelius's *March from Karelia Suite*. Howard Williams conducts & presents. Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191). £1.40-£2.90.

LECTURES

BRITISH LIBRARY NATIONAL SOUND ARCHIVE

29 Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 6603). Mar 13, 7.30pm. **Peter Maxwell Davies** talks about his own music.

Mar 27, 7.30pm. **The first 50 years of Glyndebourne opera**, Jane Glover.

Tickets free from the Archive in advance; lectures are accompanied by sound recordings.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Mar 1-29, 1.10pm. **Workshops** at which you can see objects from the Museum's collections at close quarters: Mar 8, **London theatre: toy theatres**, Nicola Johnson; Mar 15, **Tudor knitwear**, Anne Jones; Mar 22, **London theatre: playbills, posters & printed paper**, Nicola Johnson; Mar 29, **The quacks of old London**, Lindsay Fulcher.

Mar 6-30, 1.10pm. **The Photographer's London**: Mar 6, **London & New York today—the private eye**, John Benton-Harris; Mar 9, **London in 1940—a photographic commentary**, George Rodger; Mar 30, "The whole is smaller than some of the parts", Christopher Schwarz.

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 3232).

Guardian lectures: Mar 16, 6.30pm, **Costa-Gavras**, director of *Missing*; Mar 31, 6.15pm, **Trevor Griffiths**, a playwright renowned for his writing for television. Tickets £1.90.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS

66 Portland Pl, W1 (580 5533).

Mar 6, 6.15pm. **Planned apocalypse**, Prof Otto Koenigsberger.

Mar 13, 6.15pm. **The architect's eye: technique & drawing 1580-1930**, John Harris.

Mar 27, 6.15pm. **Tomorrow's cities: parasitic or sustainable?** Ann MacEwen & Joan Davidson.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Lectures in connexion with the Pre-Raphaelite exhi-

bition: Mar 4, 3pm. **Pre-Pre-Raphaelitism**, Laurence Bradbury; Mar 8, 22, 1.15pm, **Pre-Raphaelite poetry & prose** read by Gabriel Woolf & Anne Harvey; Mar 11, 3pm, **The Pre-Raphaelite revolt**, Laurence Bradbury; Mar 15, 22, 29, 6.30pm, **Introduction to the Pre-Raphaelites**, Laurence Bradbury; Mar 18, 3pm, **Pre-Raphaelite associates**, Laurence Bradbury; Mar 21, 6.30pm, **Morality & modern life in art before the Pre-Raphaelites**, Lindsay Errington; Mar 28, 6.30pm. **Vision, perception & experience—Pre-Raphaelites & their precursors**, Marcia Pointon.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Mar 4-25, 3.30pm. **The Artist & the Place**: Mar 4, **Wren & the City of London**, Charles Saumarez Smith; Mar 11, **Landseer & Scotland**, Ronald Parkinson; Mar 18, **William Morris & Kelmscott**, John Compton; Mar 25, **Hogarth & London**, Jane Gardiner.

Mar 21, 1.15pm. **Korean embroideries**, Verity Wilson.

Mar 28, 1.15pm. **Chinese export watercolours**, Craig Clunas.

SALEROOMS

BONHAM'S

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Mar 1, 22, 11am. Oil paintings & watercolours.

Mar 23, 11am. Clocks, watches, barometers & scientific instruments.

Mar 30, 11am. Bygones & rural artifacts.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).

Mar 2, 11am. Victorian pictures.

Mar 15, 11am & 2.30pm. European furniture & tapestries.

Mar 22, 11am. 19th- & 20th-century European watercolours.

Mar 26, 6.30pm. Impressionist & modern paintings & sculpture.

Mar 30, 11am. Icons & Russian works of art.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

Mar 9, 10.30am. Books, atlases & maps.

Mar 13, 6pm. Charity auction on behalf of the Arthritis & Rheumatism Council.

Mar 19, 6pm. End-of-bin & wines for everyday drinking.

Mar 21, 2pm. 19th- & 20th-century pictures.

Mar 23, 2pm. Art Nouveau & Art Deco.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Mar 1, 29, 11am. Musical instruments.

Mar 13, 11am. Modern British paintings.

Mar 14, 11am. European ceramics & glass; noon, Dolls & dolls' houses.

Mar 20, 11am. Victorian & Colonial paintings.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Mar 1, 11am. British & foreign orders, medals & decorations including the Star of the Order of the Garter worn by James II estimated at £3,000-£5,000.

Mar 6, 10.30am. European glass & paperweights, including a 17th-century wine bottle estimated at £1,500-£2,500.

Mar 14, 11am. 16th-, 17th-, 18th- & 19th-century British paintings including *Low Tide on the French Coast* by Richard Parkes Bonington estimated at £120,000-£180,000.

Mar 14, 11am. Netsuke & ojime from the H.G. Beasley collection; 2.30pm, Netsuke, intro & lacquer wares.

Mar 15, 11am & 2.30pm. Japanese works of art.

Mar 28, 11am. The Helene Anavi Collection of surrealist & post-war art, expected to raise £2 million in aid of La Fondation pour la Recherche Médicale, Paris.

ROYALTY

Mar 8. **Princess Anne**, Patron, visits the British School of Osteopathy, Suffolk St, SW1.

Mar 12. **The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh** attend the Commonwealth Day Observance Service, Westminster Abbey, SW1.

Mar 19. **Princess Anne** opens the Portland Hospital for Women & Children, Gt Portland St, W1.

Mar 21. **The Queen** attends a service at St Columba's Church of Scotland to mark its centenary. Pont St, SW1.

ART

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH



Work by Ford Madox Brown: *The Pre-Raphaelites at the Tate* from March 7.

THE TATE GALLERY'S Pre-Raphaelite exhibition, opening on March 7, takes pride of place this month, as the most complete survey of its kind ever mounted. It includes nearly all the most famous Pre-Raphaelite masterworks, with an emphasis on the early hard-edge style of the 1850s. The arrangement is chronological, which will enable visitors to follow the development of the movement year by year (see also p49).

□ On March 23 the Royal Academy opens its ambitious survey show, *The Orientalists: Delacroix to Matisse*. This mingles "advanced" artists, like the two named in the show's subtitle, with much more conservative ones, such as Jean-Léon Gérôme, whose work is now being reassessed by art historians. The exhibition documents the powerful appeal of the "mysterious East" to 19th-century sensibilities, with a wide range of paintings and watercolours. The show will be seen subsequently at the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

□ Sir Cedric Morris died in 1982 at the age of 92. On March 28 the Tate opens a memorial exhibition of 100 paintings, together with a selection of drawings. Self-taught as an artist, Morris ran a remarkable, undocinaire art school at his home in Suffolk, in partnership with his fellow-artist, Arthur Lett-Haines; its pupils included Lucian Freud and Maggi Hambling. Morris's own paintings—formal yet direct, with a very personal feeling for colour—often celebrate his beautiful garden, and especially the irises he grew.

□ At the Victoria & Albert Museum Bill Brandt's *Literary Britain* celebrates the work of the highly regarded photographer who died last December. Brandt captured many memorable images—urban back streets, artist Francis Bacon on Primrose Hill, nudes which show strong evidence of surrealist influence. See p85 for details.

GALLERY GUIDE

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Tues-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun noon-6pm. *American Folk Art: Expressions of a New Spirit*. Quilts, samplers, weather-vanes, paintings & other items made by amateurs & local craftsmen in America from the 18th century onwards. This art is avidly collected in the United States, but little known here. It often has a totally unexpected boldness which fully expresses the pioneer spirit. Until Apr 1. £1, OAPs, students & children 50p. Also, *Paintings & sculpture from the permanent collections of the Corporation of London*, including a few of Edward Curtis's photogravures of the North American Indians.

BURY STREET GALLERY

11 Bury St, SW1 (930 2902). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm. *Danish Painting of the 19th Century*. Landscapes from the "Golden Age" & later Danish interiors. Mar 20-Apr 19.

CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ART & DESIGN

Southampton Row, WC1 (inquiries to 836 6993). Mon-Sat 9am-5pm. *Calligraphy '84*. Recent work from the Society of Scribes & Illuminators, including some executed on stone, glass, fabric & ceramics. Mar 12-28.

FINE ART SOCIETY

148 New Bond St, W1 (629 5116). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. *Portraits by David Donaldson*, the Queen's Limner for Scotland. Mar 26-Apr 20.

HEINZ GALLERY

21 Portman Sq, W1 (inquiries to RIBA 580 5533). Mon-Fri 11am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm. *The Language of Michael Graves, Architect*. Mar 8-Apr 14.

JUDA ROWAN GALLERY

11 Tottenham Mews, W1 (637 5517). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm. *Michael Kenny*, sculpture & drawings. Mar 2-31.

LIBERTY

Regent St, W1 (734 1234). Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm. *Four Rooms*. A display of rooms devised by four very different contemporary artists—Anthony Caro, Marc Chaimowicz, Richard Hamilton & Howard Hodgkin. Until Mar 10.

MALL GALLERIES

The Mall, SW1 (930 6844). Daily 10am-5pm. *The National Society of Painters, Sculptors & Print-makers' 51st London Exhibition*. At various times

there will be artists at work in the galleries. Feb 22-Mar 4.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. *The Capricious View: an Exhibition of Townscapes*. Towns as imagined by artists including Guardi, Marieschi & Bellotto. Until Mar 18.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. *Karsh of Ottawa*. A retrospective of work by the Canadian photographer, best known for his wartime portraits of Churchill. Until Apr 8. *Paul McCartney: new portrait by Humphrey Ocean*. Until Apr 29.

ANTHONY D'OFFAY

9 & 23 Dering St, W1 (629 1578/499 4695). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. *Gilbert & George*. Mar 14-Apr 19.

ORLEANS HOUSE GALLERY

Riverside, Twickenham, Middx (892 0221). Tues-Sat 1-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. *The Decoration of the Suburban Villa 1880-1940*. Until Mar 4. *Romanticism Continued*. An Arts Council touring exhibition illustrating how 20th-century artists like Graham Sutherland & Paul Nash have followed in the British Romantic tradition. Mar 10-Apr 1.

QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace, SW1 (930 4832). Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. *Kings & Queens*. Paintings, drawings, miniatures, sculpture & portrait medallions from the Royal Collection. Until Sept. £1, OAPs, students & children 40p.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. *The Genius of Venice 1500-1600*. A superb survey of 16th-century Venetian painting with works by Titian, Giorgione, Palma Vecchio & Sebastiano del Piombo. Until Mar 11. £3.50, OAPs, students, unemployed, disabled, children & everybody up to 1.45pm on Sunday £2. *The Orientalists: Delacroix to Matisse* (see introduction). Mar 23-May 27. £2 & £1.40.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075). Daily 10am-dusk. *The Work of Eugène Atget: Old France*. Photographs taken mostly in the Ile-de-France describing the landscape, architecture & occupations of the people. Feb 25-Mar 25.



Floreat, 1933: Cedric Morris memorial show opens at the Tate on March 28.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. *The Pre-Raphaelites* (see introduction). Sponsored by Pearson. Mar 7-May 28. £2, OAPs, students & unemployed £1, children under 12 free. *Cedric Morris* (see introduction). Mar 28-May 13. *The Kessler Bequest*. 14 important 19th- & 20th-century paintings including works by Dufy, Daumier, Matisse & Renoir received as a gift in 1983. Until Apr 29. *Turner & the Human Figure*. Until July 15. *Hans Haacke*, recent works. Until Mar 4.



David Roberts in the dress he wore in Palestine by Scott Lauder: *Orientalists at the RA.*

WADDINGTON'S

24, 11 Cork St (499 1866). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat 10am-1pm. *Jim Dine*, graphics, sculpture & works on paper. Mar 7-31.

WALLACE COLLECTION

Manchester Sq, W1 (935 0687). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. *Titian's Perseus & Andromeda*. A special display of this recently restored painting. Until Mar 11.

Out of town

SAINSBURY CENTRE

University of East Anglia, Norwich (0603 56161). Tues-Sun noon-5pm. *Abstract Art & Design*. A collection begun in 1967 which includes a collage by Moholy-Nagy, Rietveld's red-blue chair, tubular steel furniture & work by the post-war generation of Constructivists, including Kenneth & Mary Martin, & Anthony Hill. Until Mar 11. *Alberto Giacometti: the last two decades*. Over 74 sculptures, paintings, drawings & prints. Mar 30-June 10.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL GALLERY OF MODERN ART

Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh (031-332 3754). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. *British Art 1900-38*. A last opportunity to visit the gallery in its old home in the Royal Botanic Garden. The show contrasts what was going on north & south of the Border during the first four decades of this century. Until Apr 29.

CRAFTS

BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE

43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat 11am-5pm. *Eight Ceramicists*. A display of work by a group of distinguished potters, some making "useful" wares, others purely decorative pieces which attempt to rival sculpture. They are: Gordon Baldwin, Mick Casson, Joanna Constantinidis, Ewen Henderson, Walter Keeler, Gillian Lowndes, Eileen Nisbet & Colin Pearson. Mar 2-31. In the basement gallery: *Mary Rogers*, porcelain & stoneware. Mar 1-31.

CRAFTS COUNCIL

12 Waterloo Pl, Lower Regent St, SW1 (930 4811). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. *Omega Workshops 1913-19*. Until Mar 18. £1.20, OAPs & students 60p.

Out of town

OXFORD GALLERY

23 High St, Oxford (0865 242731). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. *Julian Stair*, ceramics; *Ruth Rushby*, jewelry; *Stephen Bartlett*, reliefs; *Anthony Davies*, prints. Mar 12-Apr 11.

BRIEFING

MUSEUMS KENNETH HUDSON

TREASURES FROM KOREA are on display at the British Museum until May 27, after a slight delay due to last-minute hiccups in the arrangements. Covering 5,000 years of art, the exhibition includes gold crowns, ceremonial belts and jewelry from the fifth and sixth centuries AD, Buddhist sculpture, bronze bells and important ceramics. From February 28 the Museum is also showing Buddhist art of Central Asia brought back by Aurel Stein. Stein made three expeditions between 1900 and 1916, during which he opened up the "Cave of the Thousand Buddhas" at Dun Huang.

□ At the Boilerhouse there is a solid, practical exhibition analysing tools designed for the human hand over the last 300 years.

□ Outside London Cirencester is worth visiting for an enterprising museum exposé of Roman religion in the provinces, some of it very strange indeed.

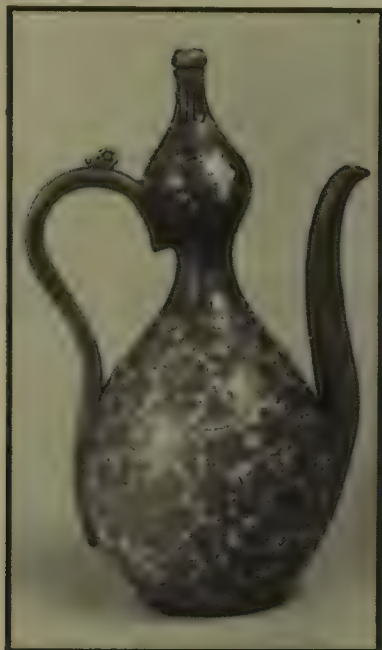
MUSEUM GUIDE

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415). Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Nursery Rhyme Books.** Until Apr 29.

BOILERHOUSE PROJECT

V & A, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (581 5273). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **Hand tools** (see introduction). From Mar 21.



12th-century wine pot with celadon glaze: Korean treasures at the British Museum.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Treasures from Korea** (see introduction). Until May 27. £2. OAPs & students £1. **Buddhist Art of Central Asia:** paintings & textiles from the Stein Collection (see introduction). Feb 28-Apr 8. **Prints & drawings exhibitions:** German drawings from a private collection; Landscape in Italy in the 16th & 17th centuries; Rembrandt & the Passion. Until Apr 29.

British Library exhibitions: T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, **Bookbindings 1884-93.** Work done at Doves Bindery at Upper Mall, Hammersmith, which shows particularly innovative use of gold tooling. **The Bicentenary of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.** Both until Apr 29.

GEFFRYE MUSEUM

Kingsland Rd, E2 (739 8368). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Burmantofts Pottery 1880-1904.** Decorative pottery made in Leeds, ranging from dazlingly glazed grotesque animals to tiles for the Prudential. Mar 23-May 20.

HORNIMAN MUSEUM

London Rd, Forest Hill, SE23 (699 1872). Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Folk Art of Montenegro.** Weapons, handicrafts & photographs from the south of Yugoslavia. The centrepiece is a characteristic room interior. Until May 10.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922). Mon-Sat 10am-

5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **The Anglo-Saxons in France 1916-18.** Engravings & woodcuts by Jean-Emile Laboureur, a sharp-eyed & not always respectful interpreter with the British Army. Until Apr 8. Until mid June the Museum also has a tip-of-the-iceberg display from its vast collection of **First World War art**, while **Bomber**, a photographic exhibition illustrating the role of bomber aircraft, can be seen throughout 1984.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

Wellington St, Covent Gdn, WC2 (379 6344). Daily 10am-6pm. **London Transport's Zoo Posters.** Until May 8.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Billingsgate: London's Fish Market.** Photographs of the last two years of the market which has now closed. Until Apr 29. **Paintings, Politics & Porter: Samuel Whitbread II & British Art.** The exhibition illustrates the public & private life of this remarkable Georgian brewer. Until Apr 29.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm. Long-running exhibitions include: **Hawaii: Turquoise Mosaics from Mexico; Thunderbird & Lightning; Bemba; Raiders of the Great Plateau; Himalayan Rainbow—handloom weaving in Nepal; Pattern of Islands: Micronesia yesterday & today.**

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Romney Rd, Greenwich, SE10 (858 4422). Tues-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **The War at Sea 1939-45,** an exhibition of watercolours, pastels & gouaches shows how the maritime aspects of the Second World War appeared to 26 British artists—from action at sea to POW camps. Throughout March. The decorators are in at the moment & many rooms are closed.

SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Road, SW7 (589 3456). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Light Dimensions.** A look at the evolution of holography. Until Mar 4. £1.75. OAPs, students & children £1.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **Islamic Bookbindings.** The historical development of the craft in Egypt, Syria, North Africa & South Arabia, including a section on technique. Until Mar 4. **Wallpapers: Four Centuries of Design.** Until Apr 29. **Literary Britain: Photographs by Bill Brandt** (see p84). Mar 7-May 20. **20th-century Watercolours** from the V & A Collections. Until May 20. **Chinese Export Watercolours.** Paintings done for Western clients 1780-1900. Mar 14-May 27.

Out of town

BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM & ART GALLERY Chamberlain Sq, Birmingham (021-235 2834). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Aston Hall Past & Present: A Country House Preserved.** Aston Hall has been closed since 1982 for extensive restoration. Before it reopens at Easter this exhibition has been arranged to show the practical problems of maintaining the fabric of a large mansion & the solutions adopted today & in the past. Until Apr 1.

CORINIUM MUSEUM

Park St, Cirencester, Glos (0285 6511). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Gods & Goddesses of the Roman Cotswolds** (see introduction). Mar 1-Sept 30. 40p. OAPs & students 25p, children 15p.

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BRIEFING

SHOPS

MIRANDA MADGE



Spring officially begins on March 21 and even in the metropolis thoughts turn towards flowers and gardens. Here are some suggestions of where to buy plants, cut flowers and, for those patient enough to start from scratch, seeds.

Suttons Seeds run a small green shop in Catherine Street, WC2 (836 0619), opposite the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, marked out by a painted sign of a man driving a spade into a clod. It is as orderly as a library, with seeds arranged alphabetically, flowers upstairs and vegetables downstairs. Catalogues are free (a customer may take up to three copies) and picture many of the plants that can be grown by the green-fingered. There are also tips for the less talented.

The shop carries about 1,200 varieties of seeds packed in foil and also offers port-manteau packs—a children's flower collection is 95p and includes old favourites like candytuft, nigella and clarkia; a herb collection for 85p contains sage, thyme, sweet basil, dill and sweet marjoram. You can also mail order from Suttons Seeds, Hele Road, Torquay, Devon TQ2 7JQ.

The Camden Garden Centre at 66 Kentish Town Road, NW1 (485 8468) is celebrating its first birthday this month. A site that lay derelict for years has been transformed into a flourishing nursery.

Outside, plants are grouped according to the environment best suited for them or according to their characteristics—thus there are collections of plants suitable for growing in shade, plants for tubs or bowls, climbing plants and scented plants. There are particularly good selections of species clematis, old-fashioned shrub roses and evergreen trees, and in a pavilion devoted to alpine plants you can find tiny gentians, cowslips, dianthus, rock roses, hellebores and heathers each costing about 85p. Stacked up around the compound are sacks of compost and peat, different patterns of trellis, wheelbarrows and huge Chinese jars decorated with serpentine dragons.

In a big glasshouse there are houseplants including, when I visited, weeping figs, variegated rubber plants, orchids, flowering bulbs and kaffir lilies. Here also are tools, chemicals, propagators, mushroom growing kits, bonsai seeds, green wellington boots, barbecue equipment, netting, tough gloves and all sorts of other horticultural sundries.

The Centre is open on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 9.15am-5.30pm, on Friday 9.15am-7pm and on Sunday 10am-5pm. It is closed on Wednesday. There is parking space for 35 cars—use the entrance in Farrier Street.

For those who have no garden but long for fresh English country flowers **Pulbrook & Gould** at 181 Sloane Street, SW1 (235 3920) is the place to go. They have private suppliers with large gardens or estates who bring in branches of blossom, flowering ivy, wild catkins, eucalyptus, currant and other blooms and types of foliage which you never see in the florists who rely solely on the new Covent Garden market. Using these

materials **Pulbrook & Gould** create arrangements with a natural grace and individuality.

You can walk into the shop, fill your lungs with heady scent, and just buy a bunch of calendula, parrot tulips, velvety polyanthus or a spray of japonica. Alternatively there are mixed nosegays of flowers arranged in little vases or bowls, or there may be flat dishes planted out rather like an Easter garden with miniature yellow irises, variegated ivy and moss. Or you can discuss an order.

Below the shop and in a nearby basement there is a small army of 40 people constantly at work preparing orders. They will work to specifications of colour scheme or cost and can usually procure any flower you have set your heart on (obviously with some seasonal restrictions).

In the past commissions have included decorating a church with frothy heads of cow parsley culled from the hedgerows for a white wedding. Prices vary greatly according to availability and the amount of time the job takes.

COUNTER SPY

□ **The National Gallery Children's Book** (£3.95 from the Gallery and major book-sellers) will please all those young visitors who have enjoyed the holiday trails. It is based on the same principle of inducing a child to look carefully at a painting by asking cunning questions. There are also pages showing the work of a picture restorer, instructions for making a cartoon (as Raphael understood the term) and a perspective drawing, and useful information about the attributes of plants and saints.

□ **Laura Ashley** has brought out two new catalogues: the 1984 edition of the home decoration annual (£1.25) and a slimmer volume showing the clothes in the spring/summer collection (95p). Both include mail order facilities. The lovely old-fashioned sprig patterns with which **Laura Ashley** made her reputation are retained but the company has now diversified its style and is promoting an array of stripes, large florals, paisleys and rather harsh geometric designs. The range of products now embraces a porcelain doll in Victorian costume (£39.50), a cotton knit jumper (£29.95), double-sided quilted fabric (£7.45 per metre), wallpaper borders (£2.65 per pack), floor tiles, paint, roller blinds and sofas. The catalogues are available from **Laura Ashley** shops, book-shops or by post from the **Laura Ashley** Mail Order Department, Carmo, Caersws, Powys, Wales SY17 5BR.

□ **Selfridges** is celebrating its 75th birthday with an exhibition culled from its archives, on show from March 1 to 17. **Harrods** is promoting goods from Hong Kong from March 3 to 31. There will be special Chinese cookery demonstrations, Cook's Way will take on the guise of a Hong Kong street market selling fans, baskets, brassware, kites etc, and there will be a Chinese garden in the Central Hall.

BRIEFING

HOTELS

HILARY RUBINSTEIN



IN PICTURE LIBRARY

Most Continental hotels warmly welcome children; not so in Britain. "No children, no dogs" is a notice in many stylish establishments, and sometimes it is only the children who are barred from entry. I wish we had more places to recommend which could be depended on to provide a first-rate holiday for both generations like those below, all of which meet our criteria. Tariffs for children vary greatly, according to age, appetites, type of accommodation and time of year, so it is always advisable to write ahead to find out what reductions are available.

The **Underscar Hotel** is a mile or so from Keswick, in a beautifully secluded spot half-way up the side of Skiddaw, looking across Derwentwater to the fells. It was built in the 19th century in Italianate style as a magnate's country house, but despite its architectural grandeur is a friendly and informal place, where the owners go out of their way to offer good food and accommodation at prices that are not crippling. They pride themselves on the flexibility of their prices. In addition to the 18 hotel bedrooms there are five self-catering flats, four of which are suitable for families. The hotel stands in 45 acres of grounds with putting, and a games room with table tennis, pool, darts and various board games.

In Cornwall the **Crantock Bay Hotel** is a jolly hotel owned by Mr and Mrs David Eyles, a mile outside the village of Crantock in a beautiful, absolutely quiet position on the West Pentire headland, facing the Atlantic. On both sides and easily accessible are sandy and rocky beaches, good surfing, caves and pools. The hotel has 30 bedrooms, almost all with bath and all with baby-listening facilities. There is a lounge, TV room, games room; dancing, table tennis, bar billiards (competitions are held), with slide shows and children's parties two or three times a week. Special meals are provided for the very young. The 4½ acre grounds contain putting green, croquet and a children's play area.

Another family hotel in a striking isolated position on cliffs overlooking the sea is the **Gara Rock Hotel** at East Portlemouth, in the South Hams district of Devon, which boasts one of the mildest and driest climates in Britain. It is an easy-going place, with an open-air, solar-heated swimming pool, children's adventure playground and rock and sand beaches at the foot of the cliff. Entertainments such as The Brain of Gara Rock quiz, dancing, table-tennis tournaments and magic shows for children are laid on for those who want to take part; there is an early supper for younger children; the bar offers a children's lunch menu and non-alcoholic cocktails. The land surrounding the hotel is owned by the National Trust and there are magnificent cliff walks. Some

rooms are grouped together to suit families with small children, and there are also self-catering units.

Bigger and heartier is **Knoll House** at Studland in Dorset (the Studland Peninsula is also National Trust owned). It has been in the possession of the Ferguson family for 25 years and has 30 family suites (that is, pairs of intercommunicating rooms), 20 double and 29 single rooms, all with bath, telephone and baby-listening. There are six lounges, three games rooms, solarium, a junior restaurant, a main restaurant, a playroom with supervision for small children during lunchtime if parents want some peace. In the 100 acre grounds are children's playground, swimming pool, paddling pool, golf course, two hard tennis courts and putting green. The hotel has direct access to a 3 mile sandy beach with all the usual water sports. In season there are discos, quizzes and other entertainments. Someone called Knoll House "a middle-class Butlin's", and, like Butlin's, it has many aficionados who revisit year after year.

In Scotland, **Philipburn House** in Selkirk is very much geared to the needs of families with young children — with swings, chutes, Wendy houses, woodland tree houses, games rooms, trampoline and so on in the 5 acres of grounds. It also maintains a high standard of cooking at dinner, which is strictly for adults except on special occasions. The hotel is run by Jim Hill, a first-class chef, and his wife Anne. There is wonderful walking and fishing in the surrounding Border country, and there is also riding and pony-trekking.

□The Underscar Hotel, Applethwaite, Keswick, Cumbria (0596 72469). Bed and breakfast range from £15.50 to £36.50, half board from £20 to £44. (Four-person self-catering apartments range from £69 per week in February to £205 in August.)

□Crantock Bay Hotel, Crantock, Newquay, Cornwall (0637 830229). Dinner, bed and breakfast ranges from spring bargain rate (not including Easter) of £12.60 to summer peak rate of £19.95.

□Gara Rock Hotel, East Portlemouth, nr Salcombe, Devon (054 884 2342). Bed and breakfast ranges from £20 (April) to £25 (midseason); half board from £27 to £36. Also special winter rate, October to March, of £13.50 for bed and breakfast.

□Knoll House Hotel, Studland, Swanage, Dorset (092 944 251). Adult prices range from £25 to £36 daily half board, £175 to £273 a week full board, depending on time of year and whether or not you have your own bathroom. Also five-day and weekend packages, at reduced rates.

□Philipburn House Hotel, Selkirk, Borders, Scotland (0750 20747). Bed and breakfast ranges from £15 (low season) to £25 (high season); half board from £20 to £35.

The above prices, unless otherwise stated, are per person per day and include VAT and service except at Crantock Bay, Knoll House and Philipburn House where there is no service charge.

Hilary Rubinstein is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*, published annually by the Consumers' Association/Hodder, price £7.95. The *Guide* would be glad to hear from readers who have recent first-hand experience of any unusually good hotels. Reports to *Good Hotel Guide*, Freeport, London W11 4BR.

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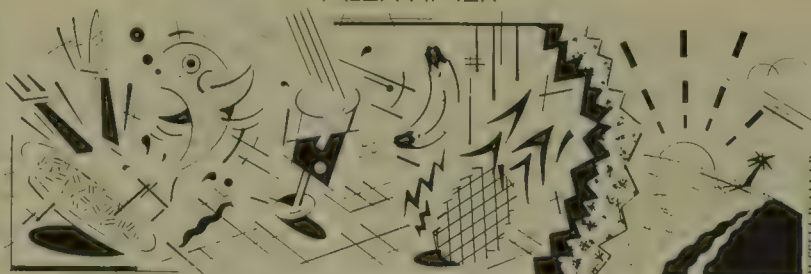
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BRIEFING

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ALEX FINER



A RECENT TRIP to the West Indies attuned my taste-buds to Caribbean flavours. Fortunately the range and quality of authentic ethnic cuisine in London has since permitted me to satisfy the craving.

I had eaten well in Barbados—particularly at Boomers (cheap and funky), at Château Creole (good home cooking) and at Greensleeves (fit for gourmets). There was *roti* (bread pancakes filled with curried meat) at the Bridgetown market stalls. Hotel restaurants served tasty flying fish for lunch—although their callaloo soup, based on the leaves of the taro plant, was often prepared without the salt pork, dumplings, garlic, spices and hot pepper sauce that gives body and bite to this Creole concoction. I caught up with a full-blooded Bajan feast on a visit to Enid Maxwell's popular Sunday buffet lunch at the Atlantis near Bathsheba. A spread of breadfruit, plantain, pickled banana, cassava, candied yam and deep-fried spinach cakes accompanied pepperpot, dolphin, chicken and pork souse. (This last delicacy made from pig's head, tongue and feet with lime juice and hot peppers is not for the squeamish.)

The good news I have discovered is that the **Caribbean Sunkissed Restaurant** is as ambitious, and much more conveniently located, in Maida Vale. Its owner, Denis Edmunds, is from St Lucia and his menu incorporates a broad spectrum of Caribbean favourites. Callaloo and pumpkin soups are among the starters. Main courses include deep-water shark, salt fish and ackee (a fruit first brought to Jamaica by Captain Bligh on the *Bounty*), and roast pork calypso with a dark sauce of rum, ginger, garlic and vinegar. Only the currygoat is a fraud comprising mutton.

The fresh mixed vegetables can include yam pancakes, plantain, dash-reen, okra and stuffed christophene (tropical marrow). One portion of the rice and peas is enough for two. House wine is £4—a full-bodied 1980 Maçon just £5.75. The décor downstairs is plain, apart from an imposing mural, but the reggae and ska, as well as the service, pep up the ambience. Expect a bill of £20-£25 for two, mindful that a similar meal in Barbados would cost as much or more.

I do not usually associate Japanese restaurants with good value but **Koto** near Regent's Park is another admirable ethnic discovery. It is decorated with paper lanterns and gives pride of place to a *saké* heating and measuring machine. Quarter bottles cost £1.50, house wine is £3.90 and Chivas Regal and Bell's occupy prominent positions on the bar shelf.

The owner, Hiroyoshi Arai, will take time to explain the difference between *shogayaki* and *teriyaki*, *sukiyaki* and *shabu shabu* but novices are well advised to choose one of the five set meals. The *tempura* dinner, for instance, includes a little *sashimi* (raw fish) and a soup with bean curd and small coils of spring onion, before the main course of prawn and vegetables deep-fried in a light batter and served with pickle and a ginger dip. On a return visit you may feel confident enough to choose *à la carte* and to eat upstairs squatting at one of the low banquet tables. About £25 for two.

The **Bombay Palace** near Marble Arch belongs to the breed of Indian restaurant which boasts separate cocktail lounges. The entrance to both, by a canopied walkway and through a blast of hot air, reminded me instantly of New York rather than Bombay, so it was no surprise to learn that this is the first British manifestation of a small North American chain which began five years ago in Manhattan. House wine is £5.20 and ice buckets are readily produced. The menu, which features north-west Indian Punjab dishes, includes large tandoori prawns at £4.95 and *murgh keema masala*, the house speciality at £3.25, which is a minced chicken dish with ginger, garlic, onion, tomato and yoghurt.

□ **Caribbean Sunkissed Restaurant**, 49 Chippenham Rd, W9 (286 3741). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 6pm-midnight. cc A, Bc. □ **Koto**, 75 Parkway, NW1 (482 2036). Mon-Sat 12.30-3pm, 6.30-10.30pm. cc All. □ **Bombay Palace**, 50 Connaught St, W2 (723 8855). Daily noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm.



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GOOD EATING GUIDE

A changing selection of *ILN* recommended restaurants appears each month. Estimated prices are based on the average cost of a meal for two, including a bottle of house wine. The symbol £ indicates up to £20; ££ £20-£35; £££ above £35.

Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx = American Express; DC = Diner's Club; A = Access (Master Charge); and Bc = Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as cc All.

Bubb's

329 Central Markets, Smithfield, EC1 (236 2435). Mon-Sat 12.15-2pm, 6.45-9.30pm.

A real taste of France in a crowded & jovial setting close to the meat market at Smithfield. Must book & be prepared to negotiate an alarmingly small spiral staircase if you eat upstairs. cc None ££

The Buttery, Berkeley Hotel

Wilton Pl, SW1 (235 6000). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30-11.30pm.

An emphasis on Venetian cuisine in the stylish second restaurant in the Berkeley. Try a selection of fresh pasta to start & a main course from the display of fresh fish. cc A, Bc £££

Camden Brasserie

216 Camden High St, NW1 (482 2114). Tues-Sun noon-3pm (Sat, Sun until 3.30pm for brunch), 6.30-11.30pm.

Highly recommended because of the charcoal grill & the quality of the fresh ingredients. A short menu in informal surroundings. Try the rib of beef for two. cc None ££

Dumpling Inn

15a Gerrard St, W1 (437 2567). Mon-Fri noon-2.30pm, 5.30pm-midnight. Sat, Sun noon-11.45pm.

The dumplings are in, pork & beef especially. Excellent Peking duck, & toffee apples. Peking

cuisine. cc AmEx, Bc, DC ££

The Four Seasons

Inn on the Park, Hamilton Pl, W1 (499 0888). Daily noon-3pm, 7-11pm.

The restaurant reaches high culinary standards under Edouard Hari's direction in the kitchens. Four-course set lunch at £13.50 & excellent five-course all-inclusive dinner at £22.50. cc All £££

Fox & Anchor

115 Charterhouse St, EC1 (253 4838). Mon-Fri 6am-3pm.

Breakfast or lunch at this Smithfield pub/eaterie & you won't need dinner. Huge helpings; excellent value. cc None £

Frère Jacques

38 Long Acre, WC2 (836 7823). Daily 12.30-3pm, 6.30-12.30pm.

A bright, fishy bistro with attractive décor & a choice of daily specials. cc All ££

Green's Champagne Bar

36 Duke St, St James's, SW1 (930 1383). Mon-Fri 11.30am-3pm, 5.30-7.30pm.

Floquet & Fils house champagne goes well with the West Mersea No 1 oysters, smoked salmon, lobsters, crab or quail's eggs. A quick & expensive treat. cc None £££

Joe Allen

Exeter St, WC2 (836 0651). Mon-Sat noon-1am, Sun noon until midnight.

A cheapish, fun place to eat, especially late at night. The Caesar salad, ribs, liver & onions, carrot cake & pecan pie are all recommended from the American menu chalked on blackboards in this large, crowded basement. cc None £

John Adam Restaurant

Mostyn Hotel, Bryanston St, W1 (935 2361). Mon-Fri noon-2pm, daily 6-10pm.

Two- or three-course set menus for lunch, & à la carte in the evenings in this restaurant which has a listed Adam ceiling & separate entrance from Portman St. cc. All ££

Langan's Bistro

26 Devonshire St, W1 (935 4531). Mon-Fri 12.30-

2pm, Mon-Sat 7-11.30pm.

The original & cheapest of Peter Langan's restaurants has a false ceiling of open umbrellas, walls crowded with prints & photographs, affable service & most importantly, good & inventive French cuisine. cc. None ££

Last Days of the Raj

22 Drury Lane, WC2 (836 1628). Mon-Sat noon-2.30pm, 6-11.30pm, Sun 6-11.30pm.

The Bangladeshi co-operative who also own Lal Qila & The Red Fort built their reputation here with fine Indian food. Excellent vegetables, delicate spices, sizzling tandooris. cc All £

Peachey's

205 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 6744). Mon-Fri noon-3pm, Mon-Sat 6-11.30pm.

Friendly service & care in the kitchen continue to keep this neighbourhood restaurant popular. Next door to the Screen on the Hill cinema. cc All ££

Porte de la Cité

65 Theobald's Rd, WC1 (242 1154). Mon-Fri noon-3pm.

The service is good, the vegetable starters worth considering, & there is a range of solidly French main courses. Good cheeses. A popular lunchtime executive haunt. cc All ££

Pratts

Camden Lock, Commercial Pl, NW1 (485 9987). Brasserie: Daily 9am-midnight; Restaurant: Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30pm-midnight.

Brasserie & restaurant share attractive former stables in Camden Lock. Service can be slow & the pretty *nouvelle cuisine* may leave the hungry still peckish. cc All £££

Read's

152 Old Brompton Rd, SW5 (373 2445). Daily 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-11pm.

Attentive service & agreeable décor. Caroline Swatland's highly inventive menu has won many admirers. cc All ££

La Rochetta

40 Clerkenwell Green, EC1 (253 8676). Mon-Fri noon-3pm, 7-10.30pm.

A friendly reception, home-made minestrone & a wide selection of scaloppine at this family-run Italian restaurant. cc None £

Savoy Grill

Strand, WC2 (836 4343). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 6-11.15pm.

In fine form & enjoying renewed popularity with a wide menu to choose from. Daily dishes from the trolley & set-price meals for those dining before or after the theatre. cc All £££

Sheekey's

29 St Martin's Ct, WC2 (836 4118). Mon-Sat 12.30-3pm, 5.30-11.30pm.

A theatrical ambience for a wide range of fish dishes—from scallops to turbot & salmon—along with an oyster bar for the single-minded in search of an expensive mollusc snack. cc All £££

Taste of India

25 Catherine Street, WC2 (836 2538). Daily noon-2.30pm, 5.30pm-midnight.

Cocktails & tandoori with linen, flowers & chutneys on the table, peach-coloured walls & subdued lighting. Owned by Muhtab Chowdry, formerly of Last Days of the Raj. cc All ££

Tourment d'Amour

19 New Row, WC2 (240 5348). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, Mon-Sat 6.30-11.30pm.

Former Rank Xerox boardroom butlers have made a great success with this attractive restaurant offering three-course menus of classic French food which are changed monthly. cc All ££

The White House Restaurant

Albany St, NW1 (387 1200). Mon-Fri 12.30-3pm, Mon-Sat 6.30-11.30pm.

Comfortable, good service & a broad French menu. cc All £££

The Wyvern Restaurant, Cumberland Hotel

Marble Arch, W1 (262 1234). Mon-Sat 12.30pm-2.30pm, 6.30-10.30pm.

Simple grills & elaborate English classic dishes at one of Lord Forte's many London dining rooms. Flambé desserts at £3.75; a set menu for £12.75. cc All £££

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Mar 24. **Princess Anne** visits Downside School, Stratton-on-the-Fosse, Somerset.

HAPPILY, THE BUCHANAN BLEND IS STARTING TO SHOW ITS AGE.



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ANOTHER AGE

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